

The Waverley Novels by
Sir Walter Scott

Woodstock
Old Mortality



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INTRODUCTION TO WOODSTOCK

THE busy period of the great Civil War was one in which the character and genius of different parties were most brilliantly displayed, and, accordingly, the incidents which took place on either side were of a striking and extraordinary character, and afforded ample foundation for fictitious composition. The Author had in some measure attempted such in *Pereril of the Peak*; but the scene was in a remote part of the kingdom, and mingled with other national differences, which left him still at liberty to glean another harvest out of so ample a store.

In these circumstances, some wonderful adventures which happened at Woodstock in the year 1649 occurred to him as something he had long ago read of, although he was unable to tell where, and of which the hint appeared sufficient, although, doubtless, it might have been much better handled if the Author had not, in the lapse of time, lost everything like an accurate recollection of the real story.

It was not until about this period, namely, 1831, that the Author, being called upon to write this Introduction, obtained a general account of what really happened upon the marvellous occasion in question, in a work termed *The Every-day Book*, published by Mr. Hone, and full of curious antiquarian research, the object being to give a variety of original information concerning manners, illustrated by curious instances, rarely to be found elsewhere.¹ Among other matter, Mr. Hone quotes an article from the *British Magazine* for 1747, in the following words, and which is probably the document which the Author of *Woodstock* had formerly perused, although he was unable to refer to the source of his information. The tract is entitled, *The Genuine History of the Good Devil of Woodstock, Famous in the World in the Year 1649, and never accounted for, or at all understood to this Time.*

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 582-590, Lond. 1827 (*Laing*).

The teller of this *Genuine History* proceeds verbatim as follows :

Some original papers having lately fallen into my hands, under the name of *Authentic Memoirs of the Memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford, commonly known by the Name of Funny Joe, and now intended for the Press*, I was extremely delighted to find in them a circumstantial and unquestionable account of the most famous of all invisible agents, so well known in the year 1649, under the name of the Good Devil of Woodstock, and even adored by the people of that place, for the vexation and distress it occasioned some people they were not much pleased with. As this famous story, though related by a thousand people, and attested in all its circumstances, beyond all possibility of doubt, by people of rank, learning, and reputation, of Oxford and the adjacent towns, has never yet been accounted for, or at all understood, and is perfectly explained, in a manner that can admit of no doubt, in these papers, I could not refuse my readers their share of the pleasure it gave me in reading.

There is, therefore, no doubt that, in the year 1649, a number of incidents, supposed to be supernatural, took place at the king's palace of Woodstock, which the Commissioners of Parliament were then and there endeavouring to dilapidate and destroy. The account of this by the Commissioners themselves, or under their authority, was repeatedly published, and, in particular, is inserted as Relation Sixth of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*,¹ by George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow, and approved collector of such tales.

It was the object of neither of the great political parties of that day to discredit this narrative, which gave great satisfaction both to the Cavaliers and Roundheads ; the former conceiving that the license given to the demons was in consequence of the impious desecration of the king's furniture and apartments, so that the citizens of Woodstock almost adored the supposed spirits, as avengers of the cause of royalty ; while the friends of the Parliament, on the other hand, imputed to the malice of the fiend the obstruction of the pious work, as they judged that which they had in hand.

At the risk of prolonging a curious quotation, I include a page or two from Mr. Hone's *Every-day Book*.

'The honourable the Commissioners arrived at Woodstock manor-house, October 13th, and took up their residence in the King's own rooms. His Majesty's bedchamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the presence-chamber was the place where they sat for despatch of business. His Majesty's dining-room they made their wood-yard, and stowed it with no other wood but that of the famous Royal Oak from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of the

¹ Originally published at Edinburgh, 1685, 12mo (*Laing*).

King about it, they had dug up by the roots, and bundled up into fagots for their firing.

'October 16.—This day they first sat for the despatch of business. In the midst of their first debate there entered a large black dog, as they thought, which made a terrible howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and doing some other damage, went under the bed, and there gnawed the cords. The door this while continued constantly shut, when, after some two or three hours, Giles Sharp, their secretary, looking under the bed, perceived that the creature was vanished, and that a plate of meat which one of the servants had hid there was untouched, and showing them to their honours, they were all convinced there could be no real dog concerned in the case; the said Giles also deposed on oath, that, to his certain knowledge, there was not.

'October 17.—As they were this day sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be none there. Presently after they heard also all the wood of the King's Oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber, as also the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture forcibly hurled about the room, their own papers of the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken. When all this had some time ceased, the said Giles proposed to enter first into these rooms, and, in presence of the Commissioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the door, and entering, with their honours following him, he there found the wood strewed about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers torn, and the ink-glass broken over them all as they had heard, yet no footsteps appeared of any person whatever being there, nor had the doors ever been opened to admit or let out any persons since their honours were last there. It was therefore voted, *nem. con.*, that the person who did this mischief could have entered no other way than at the keyhole of the said doors.

'In the night following this same day, the said Giles, and two other of the Commissioners' servants, as they were in bed at [in] the same room with their honours, had their bed's feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with such violence as shook them up from the bed to a good distance; and this was repeated many times, their honours being amazed spectators of it. In the morning the bedsteads were found cracked and broken, and the said Giles and his fellows declared they were sore to the bones with the tossing and jolting of the beds.

'October 19.—As they were all in bed together, the candles were blown out with a sulphurous smell, and instantly many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room; and one of them, putting his head above the clothes, had not less than six forcibly thrown at him, which wounded him very grievously. In the morning the trenchers were all found lying about the room, and were observed to be the same they had eaten on the day before, none being found remaining in the pantry.

'October 20.—This night the candles were put out as before; the curtains of the bed in which their honours lay were drawn to and fro many times with great violence; their honours received many cruel blows, and were much bruised beside, with eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen wooden trenchers, which were thrown on the bed, and afterwards heard rolling about the room.

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'Many times also this night they heard the forcible falling of many faggots by their bedside, but in the morning no faggots were found there, no dishes or trenchers were there seen neither; and the aforesaid Giles attests that, by their different arranging in the pantry, they had assuredly been taken thence, and after put there again.

'October 21. — The keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay with them. This night they had no disturbance.

'October 22. — Candles put out as before. They had the said bitch with them again, but were not by that protected: the bitch set up a very piteous cry; the clothes of their beds were all pulled off; and the bricks, without any wind, were thrown off the chimney-tops into the midst.

'October 24. — The candles put out as before. They thought all the wood of the King's Oak was violently thrown down by their bed-sides; they counted sixty-four faggots that fell with great violence, and some hit and shook the bed; but in the morning none were found there, nor the door of the room opened in which the said faggots were.

'October 25. — The candles put out as before. The curtains of the bed in the drawing-room were many times forcibly drawn; the wood thrown out as before; a terrible crack like thunder was heard; and one of the servants, running to see if his masters were not killed, found at his return three dozen trenchers laid smoothly upon his bed under the quilt.

'October 26. — The beds were shaken as before; the windows seemed all broken to pieces, and glass fell in vast quantities all about the room. In the morning they found the windows all whole, but the floor strewn with broken glass, which they gathered and laid by.

'October 29. — At midnight candles went out as before; something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the window; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some whereof fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes' distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who, coming into their honours' room, gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, many of them like common pebbles and boulders, and laid them by, where they are to be seen to this day, at a corner of the adjoining field. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard throughout the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both the Commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help; and Giles Sharp, snatching up a sword, had wellnigh killed one of their honours, taking him for the spirit as he came in his shirt into the room. While they were together, the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house, and all the windows of an upper room, were taken away with it.

'October 30. — At midnight something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently upon the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones were thrown in; these were all found in the morning, and the floors, beds, and walls were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

'November 1. — Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds, that had not their honours

called in Giles and his fellows, the house had been assuredly burnt. An hour after the candles went out, as usual, the crack of many cannon was heard, and many pails full of green stinking water were thrown on their honours in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken; the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them.

'One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed; and as he¹ watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle, to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out, when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and, at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another burst like the discharge of a broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such; these shook the house so violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this were all alarmed, and, running to the house, they all joined in prayer and psalm-singing, during which the noise still continued in the other rooms, and the discharge of cannon without, though nobody was there.'

Dr. Plot² concludes his relation of this memorable event³ with observing that, though tricks have often been played in affairs of this kind, many of these things are not reconcilable with juggling; such as, 1st, The loud noises beyond the power of man to make, without instruments which were not there; 2d, The tearing and breaking of the beds; 3d, The throwing about the fire; 4th, The hoof treading out the candle; and 5th, The striving for the sword, and the blow the man received from the pommel of it.

To show how great men are sometimes deceived, we may recur to the tract entitled *The Secret History of the Good Devil of Woodstock*, in which we find it, under the author's own hand, that he, Joseph Collins, commonly called Funny Joe, was himself this very devil; that, under the feigned name of Giles Sharp, he hired himself as a servant to the Commissioners; that, by the help of two friends—an unknown trap-door in the ceiling of the bedchamber and a pound of common gunpowder—he played all these extraordinary tricks by himself; that his fellow-servants, whom he had introduced on purpose to assist him, had lifted up their own beds; and that the candles were contrived, by a common trick of gunpowder, to be extinguished at a certain time.

¹ Probably this part was also played by Sharp, who was the regular ghost-seer of the party.

² [From this point to the end of the quotation the diction is slightly altered by Scott.]

³ In his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*.

The dog who began the farce was, as Joe swore, no dog at all, but truly a bitch, who had shortly [the day] before whelped in that room, and made all this disturbance in seeking for her puppies; and which, when she had served his purpose, he (Joe Sharp, or Collins) let out, and then looked for. The story of the hoof and sword he himself bore witness to, and was never suspected as to the truth of them, though more fiction. By the trap-door his friends let down stones, faggots, glass, water, &c., which they either left there or drew up again, as best suited his purposes; and by this way let themselves in and out, without opening the doors, or going through the keyholes; and all the noises described, he declares he made by placing quantities of white gunpowder over pieces of burning charcoal, on plates of tin, which, as they melted, exploded with a violent noise.

[One thing there was beyond all these, he tells us, which drove them from the house in reality, though they never owned it. This was, they had formed a reserve of part of the premises to themselves, and hid their mutual agreement, which they had drawn up in writing, under the earth in a pot, in a corner of the room in which they usually dined, in which an orange-tree grew. When in the midst of their dinner one day this earth of itself took fire, and burnt violently with a blue flame, filling the room with a strong sulphurous stench; and this he also professes was his own doing, by a secret mixture he had placed there the day before.]

I am very happy in having an opportunity of setting history right about these remarkable events, and would not have the reader disbelieve my author's account of them, from his naming either white gunpowder exploding when melted, or his making the earth about the pot take fire of its own accord; since, however improbable these accounts may appear to some readers, and whatever secrets they might be in Joe's time, they are now well known in chemistry. As to the last, there needs only to mix an equal quantity of iron filings, finely powdered, and powder of pure brimstone, and make them into a paste with fair water. This paste, when it hath lain together about twenty-six hours, will of itself take fire, and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame and a bad smell. For the others, what he calls white gunpowder is plainly the thundering powder called by our chemists *pulvis fulminans*. It is composed of three parts of saltpetre, two parts of pearl ashes or salt of tartar, and one part of flower of brimstone, mixed together and beat to a fine powder; a small quantity of this held on the point of a knife over a candle will not go off till it melt, and then it gives a report like that of a pistol; and this he might easily dispose of in larger quantities, so as to make it explode of itself, while he, the said Joe, was with his masters.

Such is the explanation of the ghostly adventures of Woodstock, as transferred by Mr. Hone from the pages of the old tract termed the *Authentic Memoirs of the Memorable Joseph Collins of Oxford*, whose courage and loyalty were the only wizards which conjured up those strange and surprising apparitions and works of spirits which passed as so unquestionable in the eyes of the Parliamentary Commissioners, of Dr. Plot, and other authors of credit. The *pulvis fulminans*, the secret principle he made use of, is now known to every apothecary's apprentice.

If my memory be not treacherous, the actor of these wonders made use of his skill in fireworks upon the following remarkable occasion. The Commissioners had not, in their zeal for the public service, overlooked their own private interests, and a deed was drawn up upon parchment, recording the share and nature of the advantages which they privately agreed to concede to each other; at the same time they were, it seems, loth to entrust to any one of their number the keeping of a document in which all were equally concerned. They hid the written agreement within a flower-pot, in which a shrub concealed it from the eyes of any chance spectator. But the rumour of the apparitions having gone abroad, curiosity drew many of the neighbours to Woodstock, and some in particular to whom the knowledge of this agreement would have afforded matter of scandal. As the Commissioners received these guests in the saloon where the flower-pot was placed, a match was suddenly set to some fireworks placed there by Sharp, the secretary. The flower-pot burst to pieces with the concussion, or was prepared so as to explode of itself, and the contract of the Commissioners, bearing testimony to their private roguery, was thrown into the midst of the visitors assembled. If I have recollected this incident accurately, for it is more than forty years since I perused the tract, it is probable that, in omitting it from the novel, I may also have passed over, from want of memory, other matters which might have made an essential addition to the story. Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that incidents which are real preserve an infinite advantage in works of this nature over such as are fictitious. The tree, however, must remain where it has fallen.

Having occasion to be in London in October 1831, I made some researches in the British Museum, and in that rich collection, with the kind assistance of the keepers, who manage it with so much credit to themselves and advantage to the public, I recovered two original pamphlets,¹ which contain a full account of the phenomena at Woodstock in 1649. The first is a satirical poem, published in that year, which plainly shows that the legend was current among the people in the very shape in which it was afterwards made public. I have not found the explanation of Joe Collins, which, as mentioned by Mr. Hone, resolves the whole into confederacy. It might, however, be recovered by a stricter search than I had leisure

¹ See Appendix.

for. In the meantime, it may be observed, that neither the name of Joe Collins nor Sharp occurs among the *dramatis personæ* given in these tracts, published when he might have been endangered by anything which directed suspicion towards him, at least in 1649, and perhaps might have exposed him to danger even in 1660, from the malice of a powerful though defeated faction.¹

1st August 1832.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

IT is not my purpose to inform my readers how the manuscripts of that eminent antiquary, the Rev. J. A. Rochecliffe, D.D., came into my possession. There are many ways in which such things happen, and it is enough to say they were rescued from an unworthy fate, and that they were honestly come by. As for the authenticity of the anecdotes which I have gleaned from the writings of this excellent person, and put together with my own unrivalled facility, the name of Doctor Rochecliffe will warrant accuracy, wherever that name happens to be known.

With his history the reading part of the world are well acquainted; and we might refer the tyro to honest Anthony a Wood, who looked up to him as one of the pillars of High Church, and bestows on him an exemplary character in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, although the Doctor was educated at Cambridge, England's other eye.

It is well known that Doctor Rochecliffe early obtained preferment in the church, on account of the spirited share which he took in the controversy with the Puritans; and that his work, entitled *Malleus Hæresis*, was considered as a knock-down blow by all except those who received it. It was that work which made him, at the early age of thirty, rector of Woodstock, and which afterwards secured him a place in the catalogue of the celebrated Century White; and, worse than being shown up by that fanatic, among the catalogues of scandalous and malignant priests admitted into benefices by the prelates, his opinions occasioned the loss of his living or Woodstock by the ascendancy of presbytery. He was chaplain, during most part of the Civil War, to Sir Henry Lee's regi-

¹ [See Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. viii. pp. 353-358.]

ment, levied for the service of King Charles ; and it was said he engaged more than once personally in the field. At least it is certain that Doctor Rochecliffe was repeatedly in great danger, as will appear from more passages than one in the following history, which speaks of his own exploits, like Cæsar, in the third person. I suspect, however, some Presbyterian commentator has been guilty of interpolating two or three passages. The manuscript was long in possession of the Everards, a distinguished family of that persuasion.¹

During the usurpation Doctor Rochecliffe was constantly engaged in one or other of the premature attempts at a restoration of monarchy ; and was accounted, for his audacity, presence of mind, and depth of judgment, one of the greatest undertakers for the King in that busy time, with this trifling drawback, that the plots in which he busied himself were almost constantly detected. Nay, it was suspected that Cromwell himself sometimes contrived to suggest to him the intrigues in which he engaged, by which means the wily Protector made experiments on the fidelity of doubtful friends, and became well acquainted with the plots of declared enemies, which he thought it more easy to disconcert and disappoint than to punish severely.

Upon the Restoration, Doctor Rochecliffe regained his living of Woodstock, with other church preferment, and gave up polemics and political intrigues for philosophy. He was one of the constituent members of the Royal Society, and was the person through whom Charles required of that learned body solution of their curious problem, 'Why, if a vessel is filled brimful of water, and a large live fish plunged into the water, nevertheless it shall not overflow the pitcher?' Doctor Rochecliffe's exposition of this phenomenon was the most ingenious and instructive of four that were given in ; and it is certain the Doctor must have gained the honour of the day, but for the obstinacy of a plain, dull, country gentleman, who insisted that the experiment should be, in the first place, publicly tried. When this was done, the event showed it would have been rather rash to have adopted the facts exclusively on the royal authority ; as the fish, however curiously inserted into his native element, splashed the water over the hall, and destroyed the credit of four ingenious essayists, besides a large Turkey carpet.

¹ It is hardly necessary to say, unless to some readers of very literal capacity, that Doctor Rochecliffe and his manuscripts are alike apocryphal.

Doctor Rochecliffe, it would seem, died about 1685, leaving many papers behind him of various kinds, and, above all, many valuable anecdotes of secret history, from which the following Memoirs have been extracted, on which we intend to say only a few words by way of illustration.

The existence of Rosamond's Labyrinth, mentioned in these pages, is attested by Drayton in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square stones in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run, are yet remaining . . . being vaults arched and walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one with another, by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues take the air abroad, many furlongs about Woodstock in Oxfordshire.¹

It is highly probable that a singular piece of phantasmagoria, which was certainly played off upon the Commissioners of the Long Parliament, who were sent down to dispark and destroy Woodstock after the death of Charles I., was conducted by means of the secret passages and recesses in the ancient Labyrinth of Rosamond, round which successive monarchs had erected a hunting-seat or lodge.

There is a curious account of the disturbance given to those Honourable Commissioners, inserted by Doctor Plot in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*. But, as I have not the book at hand, I can only allude to the work of the celebrated Glanville, *Upon Witches*, who has extracted it as an highly-accredited narrative of supernatural dealings. The beds of the Commissioners and their servants were hoisted up till they were almost inverted, and then let down again so suddenly as to menace them with broken bones. Unusual and horrible noises disturbed those sacrilegious intromitters with royal property. The devil, on one occasion, brought them a warming-pan; on another, pelted them with stones and horses' bones. Tubs of water were emptied on them in their sleep; and so many other pranks of the same nature played at their expense, that they broke up housekeeping, and left their intended spoliation only half completed. The good sense of Doctor Plot suspected that these feats were wrought by conspiracy and confederation, which Glanville of course endeavours to refute with all his might; for it could scarce be expected that he, who believed in so convenient a solution as that of supernatural agency, would

¹ Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles*, Note 1 on the Epistle, 'Rosamond to King Henry.'

consent to relinquish the service of a key which will answer any lock, however intricate.

Nevertheless, it was afterwards discovered that Doctor Plot was perfectly right; and that the only demon who wrought all these marvels was a disguised Royalist—a fellow called Trusty Joe, or some such name, formerly in the service of the keeper of the park, but who engaged in that of the Commissioners on purpose to subject them to his persecution. I think I have seen some account of the real state of the transaction, and of the machinery by which the wizard worked his wonders; but whether in a book or a pamphlet, I am uncertain. I remember one passage particularly, to this purpose. The Commissioners having agreed to retain some articles out of the public account, in order to be divided among themselves, had entered into an indenture for ascertaining their share in the speculation, which they hid in a bow-pot for security. Now, when an assembly of divines, aided by the most strict religious characters in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, were assembled to conjure down the supposed demon, Trusty Joe had contrived a firework, which he let off in the midst of the exorcism, and which destroyed the bow-pot; and, to the shame and confusion of the Commissioners, threw their secret indenture into the midst of the assembled ghost-seers, who became thus acquainted with their secret schemes of speculation.

It is, however, to little purpose for me to strain my memory about ancient and imperfect recollections concerning the particulars of these fantastic disturbances at Woodstock, since Doctor Rochecliffe's papers give such a much more accurate narrative than could be obtained from any account in existence before their publication. Indeed, I might have gone much more fully into this part of my subject, for the materials are ample; but, to tell the reader a secret, some friendly critics were of opinion they made the story hang on hand; and thus I was prevailed on to be more concise on the subject than I might otherwise have been.

The impatient reader, perhaps, is by this time accusing me of keeping the sun from him with a candle. Were the sunshine as bright, however, as it is likely to prove; and the flambeau, or link, a dozen of times as smoky, my friend must remain in the inferior atmosphere a minute longer, while I disclaim the idea of poaching on another's manor. Hawks, we say in Scotland, ought not to pick out hawks' eyes, or tire upon each other's quarry; and, therefore, if I had

known that, in its date and its characters, this tale was likely to interfere with that recently published by a distinguished contemporary, I should unquestionably have left Doctor Rochcliffe's manuscript in peace for the present season. But before I was aware of this circumstance, this little book was half through the press; and I had only the alternative of avoiding any intentional imitation, by delaying a perusal of the contemporary work in question. Some accidental collision there must be, when works of a similar character are finished on the same general system of historical manners, and the same historical personages are introduced. Of course, if such have occurred, I shall be probably the sufferer. But my intentions have been at least innocent, since I look on it as one of the advantages attending the conclusion of *Woodstock*, that the finishing of my own task will permit me to have the pleasure of reading *Brambletye House*, from which I have hitherto conscientiously abstained.

WOODSTOCK

CHAPTER I

Some were for gospel ministers,
And some for redcoat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword.

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

THERE is a handsome parish church in the town of Woodstock—I am told so, at least, for I never saw it, having scarce time, when at the place, to view the magnificence of Blenheim, its painted halls and tapestried bowers, and then return in due season to dine in hall with my learned friend, the provost of —, being one of those occasions on which a man wrongs himself extremely if he lets his curiosity interfere with his punctuality. I had the church accurately described to me, with a view to this work; but, as I have some reason to doubt whether my informant had ever seen the inside of it himself, I shall be content to say that it is now a handsome edifice, most part of which was rebuilt forty or fifty years since, although it still contains some arches of the old chantry, founded, it is said, by King John. It is to this more ancient part of the building that my story refers.

On a morning in the end of September or beginning of October, in the year 1652 [1651], being a day appointed for a solemn thanksgiving for the decisive victory at Worcester, a respectable audience was assembled in the old chantry, or chapel, of King John.¹ The condition of the church and character of the audience both bore witness to the rage of civil war and the peculiar spirit of the times. The sacred edifice showed many marks of dilapidation. The windows, once filled with stained glass, had been dashed to pieces with pikes and muskets, as

¹ See John's Church, Woodstock. Note 1.

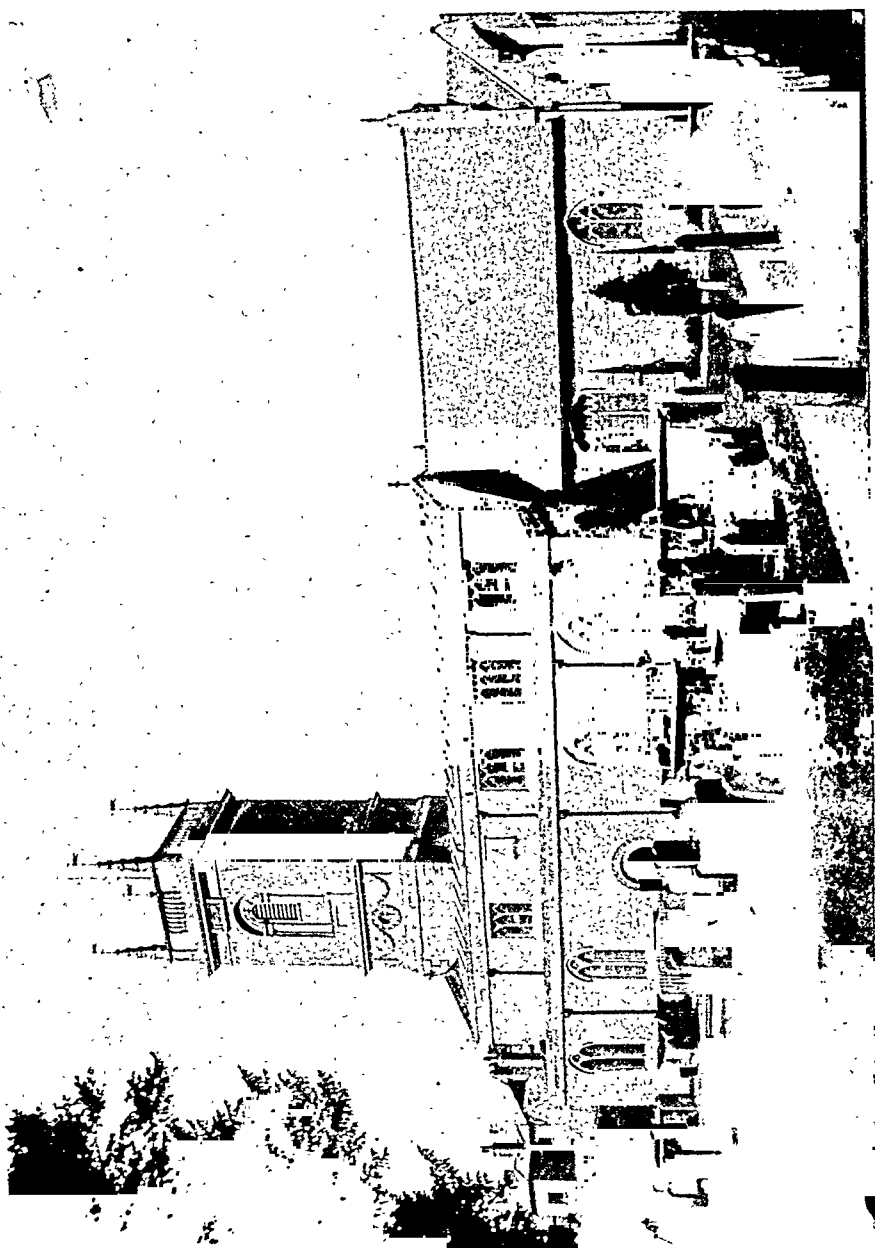
these learned Thebans being in exact proportion to their ignorance, the last was total and the first boundless. Their behaviour in the church was anything but reverential or edifying. Most of them affected a cynical contempt for all that was only held sacred by human sanction: the church was to these men but a steeple-house, the clergyman an ordinary person, her ordinances dry bran and sapless pottage,¹ unfitted for the spiritualised palates of the saints, and the prayer an address to Heaven, to which each acceded or not, as in his too critical judgment he conceived fit.

The elder amongst them sat or lay on the benches, with their high steeple-crowned hats pulled over their severe and knitted brows, waiting for the Presbyterian parson, as mastiffs sit in dumb expectation of the bull that is to be brought to the stake. The younger mixed, some of them, a bolder license of manners with their heresies: they gazed round on the women, yawned, coughed, and whispered, eat apples, and cracked nuts, as if in the gallery of a theatre ere the piece commences.

Besides all these, the congregation contained a few soldiers, some in corslets and steel caps, some in buff, and others in red coats. These men of war had their bandoleers, with ammunition, slung round them, and rested on their pikes and muskets. They, too, had their peculiar doctrines on the most difficult points of religion, and united the extravagances of enthusiasm with the most determined courage and resolution in the field. The burghers of Woodstock looked on these military saints with no small degree of awe; for though not often sullied with deeds of plunder or cruelty, they had the power of both absolutely in their hands, and the peaceful citizens had no alternative, save submission to whatever the ill-regulated and enthusiastic imaginations of their martial guides might suggest.

After some time spent in waiting for him, Mr. Holdenough began to walk up the aisles of the chapel, not with the slow and dignified carriage with which the old rector was of yore wont to maintain the dignity of the surplice, but with a hasty step, like one who arrives too late at an appointment, and bustles forward to make the best use of his time. He was a tall thin man, with an adust complexion, and the vivacity of his eye indicated some irascibility of temperament. His dress was brown, not black, and over his other vestments he wore, in honour of Calvin, a Geneva cloak of a blue colour, which

¹ See a curious vindication of this indecent simile here for the Common Prayer in Note 2, at end.



WOODSTOCK CHURCH.
From a recent photograph.

matters of and pertaining to idolatry. The carving on the reading-desk was damaged, and two fair screens of beautiful sculptured oak had been destroyed, for the same pithy and conclusive reason. The high altar had been removed, and the gilded railing which was once around it was broken down and carried off. The effigies of several tombs were mutilated, and now lay scattered about the church,

Torn from their destined niche, unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel or heroic deed !

The autumn wind piped through empty aisles, in which the remains of stakes and trevisses of rough-hewn timber, as well as a quantity of scattered hay and trampled straw, seemed to intimate that the hallowed precincts had been, upon some late emergency, made the quarters of a troop of horse.

The audience, like the building, was abated in splendour. None of the ancient and habitual worshippers during peaceful times were now to be seen in their carved galleries, with hands shadowing their brows, while composing their minds to pray where their fathers had prayed, and after the same mode of worship. The eye of the yeoman and peasant sought in vain the tall form of old Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, as, wrapped in his laced cloak, and with beard and whiskers duly composed, he moved slowly through the aisles, followed by the faithful mastiff, or bloodhound, which in old time had saved his master by his fidelity, and which regularly followed him to church. Davis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers, 'He is a good dog which goes to church'; for, bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them. The damsels of Woodstock looked as vainly for the laced cloaks, jingling spurs, slashed boots, and tall plumes of the young cavaliers of this and other high-born houses, moving through the streets and the churchyard with the careless ease which indicates perhaps rather an overweening degree of self-confidence, yet shows graceful when mingled with good-humour and courtesy. The good old dames, too, in their white hoods and black velvet gowns, their daughters, 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,' — where were they all now, who, when they entered the church, used to divide men's thoughts between them and Heaven? 'But, ah! Alas! how sweet, so gentle, so condescending in their manners, the proceeds a contemporary annalist, whose manuscript

we have deciphered ; ' why is my story to turn upon thy fallen fortunes ? and why not rather to the period when, in the very dismounting from your palfrey, you attracted as many eyes as if an angel had descended, as many blessings as if the benignant being had come fraught with good tidings ? No creature wert thou of an idle romancer's imagination, no being fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections : thy merits made me love thee well, and for thy faults—so well did they show amid thy good qualities, that I think they made me love thee better.'

With the house of Lee had disappeared from the chantry of King John others of gentle blood and honoured lineage—Free-mantles, Winklecombes, Drycotts, etc. ; for the air that blew over the towers of Oxford was unfavourable to the growth of Puritanism, which was more general in the neighbouring counties. There were among the congregation, however, one or two that, by their habits and demeanour, seemed country gentlemen of consideration, and there were also present some of the notables of the town of Woodstock, cutlers or glovers chiefly, whose skill in steel or leather had raised them to a comfortable livelihood. These dignitaries wore long black cloaks, plaited close at the neck, and, like peaceful citizens, carried their Bibles and memorandum-books at their girdles, instead of knife or sword.¹ This respectable, but least numerous, part of the audience were such decent persons as had adopted the Presbyterian form of faith, renouncing the liturgy and hierarchy of the Church of England, and living under the tuition of the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough, much famed for the length and strength of his powers of predication. With these grave seniors sat their goodly dames in ruff and gorget, like the portraits which in catalogues of paintings are designed ' wife of a burgo-master ' ; and their pretty daughters, whose study, like that of Chaucer's physician, was not always in the Bible, but who were, on the contrary, when a glance could escape the vigilance of their honoured mothers, inattentive themselves and the cause of inattention in others.

But, besides these dignified persons, there were in the church a numerous collection of the lower orders, some brought thither by curiosity, but many of them unwashed artificers, bewildered in the theological discussions of the time, and of as many various sects as there are colours in the rainbow. The presumption of

¹ This custom among the Puritans is mentioned often in old plays, and among others in the *Widow of Watling Street*.

fell backwards from his shoulders as he posted on to the pulpit. His grizzled hair was cut as short as shears could perform the feat, and covered with a black silk skullcap, which stuck so close to his head, that the two ears expanded from under it as if they had been intended as handles by which to lift the whole person. Moreover, the worthy divine wore spectacles, and a long grizzled peaked beard, and he carried in his hand a small pocket Bible with silver clasps. Upon arriving at the pulpit, he paused a moment to take breath, then began to ascend the steps by two at a time.

But his course was arrested by a strong hand, which seized his cloak. It was that of one who had detached himself from the group of soldiery. He was a stout man of middle stature, with a quick eye, and a countenance which, though plain, had yet an expression that fixed the attention. His dress, though not strictly military, partook of that character. He wore large hose made of calves'-leather, and a tuck, as it was then called, or rapier, of tremendous length, balanced on the other side by a dagger. The belt was morocco, garnished with pistols.

The minister, thus intercepted in his duty, faced round upon the party who had seized him, and demanded, in no gentle tone, the meaning of the interruption.

'Friend,' quoth the intruder, 'is it thy purpose to hold forth to these good people?'

'Ay, marry is it,' said the clergyman, 'and such is my bounden duty. Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel. Prithee, friend, let me not in my labour —'

'Nay,' said the man of warlike mien, 'I am myself minded to hold forth; therefore, do thou desist, or if thou wilt do by mine advice, remain and fructify with those poor goslings, to whom I am presently about to shake forth the crumbs of comfortable doctrine.'

'Give place, thou man of Satan,' said the priest, waxing wroth; 'respect mine order — my cloth.'

'I see no more to respect in the cut of thy cloak, or in the cloth of which it is fashioned,' said the other, 'than thou didst in the bishop's rochets: they were black and white, thou art blue and brown. Sleeping dogs every one of you, lying down, loving to slumber — shepherds that starve the flock, but will not watch it, each looking to his own gain — hum.'

Scenes of this indecent kind were so common at the time, that no one thought of interfering: the congregation looked on in silence, the better class scandalised, and the lower orders,

some laughing, and others backing the soldier or minister as their fancy dictated. Meantime the struggle waxed fiercer; Mr. Holdenough clamoured for assistance.

'Master Mayor of Woodstock,' he exclaimed, 'wilt thou be among those wicked magistrates who bear the sword in vain? Citizens, will you not help your pastor? Worthy aldermen, will you see me strangled on the pulpit stairs by this man of buff and Belial? But lo, I will overcome him, and cast his cords from me.'

As Holdenough spoke, he struggled to ascend the pulpit stairs, holding hard on the banisters. His tormentor held fast by the skirts of the cloak, which went high to the choking of the wearer, until, as he spoke the words last mentioned, in a half-strangled voice, Mr. Holdenough dexterously slipped the string which tied it round his neck, so that the garment suddenly gave way; the soldier fell backwards down the steps, and the liberated divine skipped into the pulpit, and began to give forth a psalm of triumph over his prostrate adversary. But a great hubbub in the church marred his exultation, and although he and his faithful clerk continued to sing the hymn of victory, their notes were only heard by fits, like the whistle of a curlew during a gale of wind.

The cause of the tumult was as follows: — The Mayor was a zealous Presbyterian, and witnessed the intrusion of the soldier with great indignation from the very beginning, though he hesitated to interfere with an armed man while on his legs and capable of resistance. But no sooner did he behold the champion of Independency sprawling on his back, with the divine's Geneva cloak fluttering in his hands, than the magistrate rushed forward, exclaiming that such insolence was not to be endured, and ordered his constables to seize the prostrate champion, proclaiming, in the magnanimity of wrath, 'I will commit every redcoat of them all — I will commit him were he Noll Cromwell himself!'

The worthy Mayor's indignation had overmastered his reason when he made this mistimed vaunt; for three soldiers, who had hitherto stood motionless like statues, made each a stride in advance, which placed them betwixt the municipal officers and the soldier, who was in the act of rising; then making at once the movement of resting arms according to the manual as then practised, their musket-butts rang on the church pavement within an inch of the gouty toes of Master Mayor. The energetic magistrate, whose efforts in favour of order were thus

checked, cast one glance on his supporters, but that was enough to show him that force was not on his side. All had shrunk back on hearing that ominous clatter of stone and iron. He was obliged to descend to expostulation.

‘What do you mean, my masters?’ he said; ‘is it like a decent and God-fearing soldiery, who have wrought such things for the land as have never before been heard of, to brawl and riot in the church, or to aid, abet, and comfort a profane fellow, who hath, upon a solemn thanksgiving, excluded the minister from his own pulpit?’

‘We have nought to do with thy church, as thou call’st it,’ said he who, by a small feather in front of his morion, appeared to be the corporal of the party; ‘we see not why men of gifts should not be heard within these citadels of superstition, as well as the voice of the men of crape of old and the men of cloak now. Wherefore, we will pluck yon Jack Presbyter out of his wooden sentinel-box, and our own watchman shall relieve the guard, and mount thereon, and cry aloud and spare not.’

‘Nay, gentlemen,’ said the Mayor, ‘if such be your purpose, we have not the means to withstand you, being, as you see, peaceful and quiet men. But let me first speak with this worthy minister, Nehemiah Holdenough, to persuade him to yield up his place for the time without farther scandal.’

The peacemaking Mayor then interrupted the quavering of Holdenough and the clerk, and prayed both to retire, else there would, he said, be certainly strife.

‘Strife!’ replied the Presbyterian divine, with scorn; ‘no fear of strife among men that dare not testify against this open profanation of the church and daring display of heresy. Would your neighbours of Banbury have brooked such an insult?’

‘Come — come, Master Holdenough,’ said the Mayor, ‘put us not to mutiny and cry clubs. I tell you once more, we are not men of war or blood.’

‘Not more than may be drawn by the point of a needle,’ said the preacher, scornfully. ‘Ye tailors of Woodstock — for what is a glover but a tailor working on kid-skin? — I forsake you, in scorn of your faint hearts and feeble hands, and will seek me elsewhere a flock which will not fly from their shepherd at the braying of the first wild ass which cometh from out the great desert.’

So saying, the aggrieved divine departed from his pulpit, and shaking the dust from his shoes, left the church as hastily

as he had entered it, though with a different reason for his speed. The citizens saw his retreat with sorrow, and not without a compunctious feeling, as if conscious that they were not playing the most courageous part in the world. The Mayor himself and several others left the church, to follow and appease him.

The Independent orator, late prostrate, was now triumphant, and inducting himself into the pulpit without farther ceremony, he pulled a Bible from his pocket, and selected his text from the forty-fifth Psalm — ‘Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty : and in thy majesty ride prosperously.’ Upon this theme he commenced one of those wild declamations common at the period, in which men were accustomed to wrest and pervert the language of Scripture, by adapting it to modern events.¹ The language, which, in its literal sense, was applied to King David, and typically referred to the coming of the Messiah, was, in the opinion of the military orator, most properly to be interpreted of Oliver Cromwell, the victorious general of the infant Commonwealth, which was never destined to come of age. ‘Gird on thy sword !’ exclaimed the preacher, emphatically ; ‘and was not that a pretty bit of steel as ever dangled from a corslet, or rung against a steel saddle ? Ay, ye prick up your ears now, ye cutlers of Woodstock, as if ye should know something of a good fox broadsword. Did you forge it, I trow ? Was the steel quenched with water from Rosamond’s Well, or the blade blessed by the old cuckoldy priest of Godstow ? You would have us think, I warrant me, that you wrought it and welded it, grinded and polished it, and all the while it never came on a Woodstock stithy ! You were all too busy making whittles for the lazy crape-men of Oxford — bouncing priests, whose eyes were so closed up with fat, that they could not see destruction till she had them by the throat. But I can tell you where the sword was forged, and tempered, and welded, and grinded, and polished. When you were, as I said before, making whittles for false priests, and daggers for dis-solute G—d—d—n-me Cavaliers, to cut the people of England’s throats with, it was forged at Long Marston Moor, where blows went faster than ever rung hammer on anvil ; and it was tempered at Naseby, in the best blood of the Cavaliers ; and it was welded in Ireland against the walls of Drogheda ; and it was grinded on Scottish lives at Dunbar ; and now of late it was polished in Worcester, till it shines as bright as the

¹ See Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer. Note 2.

sun in the middle heaven, and there is no light in England that shall come nigh unto it.'

Here the military part of the congregation raised a hum of approbation, which, being a sound like the 'hear—hear' of the British House of Commons, was calculated to heighten the enthusiasm of the orator, by intimating the sympathy of the audience. 'And then,' resumed the preacher, rising in energy as he found that his audience partook in these feelings, 'what sayeth the text? Ride on prosperously—do not stop—do not call a halt—do not quit the saddle—pursue the scattered fliers—sound the trumpet, not a levant or a flourish, but a point of war—sound, boot and saddle—to horse and away—a charge! Follow after the Young Man! What part have we in him? Slay, take, destroy, divide the spoil! Blessed art thou, Oliver, on account of thine honour; thy cause is clear, thy call is undoubted—never has defeat come near thy leading-staff, nor disaster attended thy banner. Ride on, flower of England's soldiers!—ride on, chosen leader of God's champions!—gird up the loins of thy resolution, and be steadfast to the mark of thy high calling!'

Another deep and stern hum, echoed by the ancient embowed arches of the old chantry, gave him an opportunity of an instant's repose; when the people of Woodstock heard him, and not without anxiety, turn the stream of his oratory into another channel.

'But wherefore, ye people of Woodstock, do I say these things to you, who claim no portion in our David, no interest in England's son of Jesse? You, who were fighting as well as your might could, and it was not very formidable, for the late Man, under that old bloodthirsty Papist Sir Jacob Aston, are you not now plotting, or ready to plot, for the restoring, as ye call it, of the Young Man—the unclean son of the slaughtered tyrant, the fugitive after whom the true hearts of England are now following, that they may take and slay him? "Why should your rider turn his bridle our way?" say you in your hearts; "we will none of him; if we may help ourselves, we will rather turn us to wallow in the mire of monarchy, with the sow that was washed but newly." Come, men of Woodstock, I will ask, and do you answer me. Hunger ye still after the flesh-pots of the monks of Godstow? and ye will say, "Nay"; but wherefore, except that the pots are cracked and broken, and the fire is extinguished wherewith thy oven used to boil? And again, I ask, drink ye still of the well of the forni-

as he had entered it, though with a different reason for his speed. The citizens saw his retreat with sorrow, and not without a compunctious feeling, as if conscious that they were not playing the most courageous part in the world. The Mayor himself and several others left the church, to follow and appease him.

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¹ See Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer. Note 2.

we will wash it down with a cup to the king's health : better we eat it than those Roundheaded Commonwealth knaves." But listen unto me, and take warning. For these things come we to controversy with you. And our name shall be a cannon-shot, before which your lodge, in the pleasantness whereof ye take pastime, shall be blown into ruins ; and we will be as a wedge to split asunder the King's Oak into billets to heat a brown baker's oven ; and we will dispark your park, and slay your deer, and eat them ourselves, neither shall you have any portion thereof, whether in neck or haunch. Ye shall not haft a tenpenny knife with the horns thereof, neither shall ye cut a pair of breeches out of the hide, for all ye be cutlers and glovers ; and ye shall have no comfort or support neither from the sequestrated traitor Henry Lee, who called himself ranger of Woodstock, nor from any on his behalf ; for they are coming hither who shall be called Maher-shalal-hash-baz, because he maketh haste to the spoil.'

Here ended this wild effusion, the latter part of which fell heavy on the souls of the poor citizens of Woodstock, as tending to confirm a report of an unpleasing nature which had been lately circulated. The communication with London was indeed slow, and the news which it transmitted were uncertain ; no less uncertain were the times themselves, and the rumours which were circulated, exaggerated by the hopes and fears of so many various factions. But the general stream of report, so far as Woodstock was concerned, had of late run uniformly in one direction. Day after day they had been informed that the fatal fiat of Parliament had gone out, for selling the park of Woodstock, destroying its lodge, disparking its forest, and erasing, as far as they could be erased, all traces of its ancient fame. Many of the citizens were likely to be sufferers on this occasion, as several of them enjoyed, either by sufferance or right, various convenient privileges of pasturage, cutting firewood, and the like, in the royal chase ; and all the inhabitants of the little borough were hurt to think that the scenery of the place was to be destroyed, its edifices ruined, and its honours rent away. This is a patriotic sensation, often found in such places, which ancient distinctions and long-cherished recollections of former days render so different from towns of recent date. The natives of Woodstock felt it in the fullest force. They had trembled at the anticipated calamity ; but now, when it was announced by the appearance of those dark, stern, and at the same time omnipotent, soldiers — now that they heard it

cations of the fair Rosamond? Ye will say, "Nay"; but wherefore ——?'

Here the orator, ere he could answer the question in his own way, was surprised by the following reply, very pithily pronounced by one of the congregation: — 'Because you, and the like of you, have left us no brandy to mix with it.'

All eyes turned to the audacious speaker, who stood beside one of the thick sturdy Saxon pillars, which he himself somewhat resembled, being short of stature, but very strongly made, a squat broad Little John sort of figure, leaning on a quarter-staff, and wearing a jerkin, which, though now sorely stained and discoloured, had once been of the Lincoln green, and showed remnants of having been laced. There was an air of careless, good-humoured audacity about the fellow; and, though under military restraint, there were some of the citizens who could not help crying out — 'Well said, Joceline Joliffe!'

'Jolly Joceline, call ye him?' proceeded the preacher, without showing either confusion or displeasure at the interruption; 'I will make him Joceline of the jail, if he interrupts me again. One of your park-keepers, I warrant, that can never forget they have borne C. R. upon their badges and bugle-horns, even as a dog bears his owner's name on his collar — a pretty emblem for Christian men! But the brute beast hath the better of him: the brute weareth his own coat, and the caitiff thrall wears his master's. I have seen such a wag make a rope's end wag ere now. Where was I? Oh, rebuking you for your backslidings, men of Woodstock. Yes, then ye will say ye have renounced Popery, and ye have renounced Prelacy, and then ye wipe your mouth like Pharisees as ye are; and who but you for purity of religion! But I tell you, ye are but like Jehu the son of Nimshi, who broke down the house of Baal, yet departed not from the sins of Jeroboam. Even so ye eat not fish on Friday with the blinded Papists, nor minced pies on the twenty-fifth day of December, like the slothful Prelatists; but ye will gorge on sack-posset each night in the year with your blind Presbyterian guide, and ye will speak evil of dignities, and revile the Commonwealth; and ye will glorify yourselves in your park of Woodstock, and say, "Was it not walled in first of any other in England, and that by Henry, son of William called the Conqueror?" And ye have a princely lodge therein, and call the same a royal lodge; and ye have an oak which ye call the King's Oak; and ye steal and eat the venison of the park, and ye say, "This is the king's venison,

CHAPTER II

Come forth, old man. Thy daughter's side
Is now the fitting place for thee ;
When Time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruins of the parent tree.

WHEN the sermon was ended, the military orator wiped his brow ; for, notwithstanding the coolness of the weather, he was heated with the vehemence of his speech and action. He then descended from the pulpit, and spoke a word or two to the corporal who commanded the party of soldiers, who, replying by a sober nod of intelligence, drew his men together, and marched them in order to their quarters in the town.

The preacher himself, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, left the church and sauntered through the streets of Woodstock, with the air of a stranger who was viewing the town, without seeming to observe that he was himself in his turn anxiously surveyed by the citizens, whose furtive yet frequent glances seemed to regard him as something alike suspected and dreadful, yet on no account to be provoked. He heeded them not, but stalked on in the manner affected by the distinguished fanatics of the day — a stiff, solemn pace, a severe, and at the same time a contemplative, look, like that of a man discomposed at the interruptions which earthly objects forced upon him, obliging him by their intrusion to withdraw his thoughts for an instant from celestial things. Innocent pleasures of what kind soever they held in suspicion and contempt, and innocent mirth they abominated. It was, however, a cast of mind that formed men for great and manly actions, as it adopted principle, and that of an unselfish character, for the ruling motive, instead of the gratification of passion. Some of these men were indeed hypocrites, using the cloak of religion only as a covering for their ambition ; but many really possessed the devotional character and the severe republican virtue which

others only affected. By far the greater number hovered between these extremes, felt to a certain extent the power of religion, and complied with the times in affecting a great deal.

The individual whose pretensions to sanctity, written as they were upon his brow and gait, have given rise to the above digression reached at length the extremity of the principal street, which terminates upon the park of Woodstock. A battlemented portal of Gothic appearance defended the entrance to the avenue. It was of mixed architecture, but on the whole, though composed of the styles of the different ages when it had received additions, had a striking and imposing effect. An immense gate composed of rails of hammered iron, with many a flourish and scroll, displaying as its uppermost ornament the ill-fated cipher of C. R., was now decayed, being partly wasted with rust, partly by violence.

The stranger paused, as if uncertain whether he should demand or assay entrance. He looked through the grating down an avenue skirted by majestic oaks, which led onward with a gentle curve, as if into the depths of some ample and ancient forest. The wicket of the large iron gate being left unwittingly open, the soldier was tempted to enter, yet with some hesitation, as he that intrudes upon ground which he conjectures may be prohibited; indeed his manner showed more reverence for the scene than could have been expected from his condition and character. He slackened his stately and consequential pace, and at length stood still and looked around him.

Not far from the gate, he saw rising from the trees one or two ancient and venerable turrets, bearing each its own vane of rare device glittering in the autumn sun. These indicated the ancient hunting-seat, or lodge, as it was called, which had, since the time of Henry II., been occasionally the residence of the English monarchs, when it pleased them to visit the woods of Oxford, which then so abounded with game that, according to old Fuller, huntsmen and falconers were nowhere better pleased. The situation which the lodge occupied was a piece of flat ground, now planted with sycamores, not far from the entrance to that magnificent spot where the spectator first stops to gaze upon Blenheim, to think of Marlborough's victories, and to applaud or criticise the cumbrous magnificence of Vanburgh's style.

There, too, paused our military preacher, but with other thoughts, and for other purpose, than to admire the scene

around him. It was not long afterwards when he beheld two persons, a male and a female, approaching slowly, and so deeply engaged in their own conversation that they did not raise their eyes to observe that there stood a stranger in the path before them. The soldier took advantage of their state of abstraction, and, desirous at once to watch their motions and avoid their observation, he glided beneath one of the huge trees which skirted the path, and whose boughs, sweeping the ground on every side, ensured him against discovery, unless in case of an actual search.

In the meantime, the gentleman and lady continued to advance, directing their course to a rustic seat, which still enjoyed the sunbeams, and was placed adjacent to the tree where the stranger was concealed.

The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity than by the weight of years. He wore a mourning-cloak, over a dress of the same melancholy colour, cut in that picturesque form which Vandyck has rendered immortal. But although the dress was handsome, it was put on and worn with a carelessness which showed the mind of the wearer ill at ease. His aged, yet still handsome, countenance had the same air of consequence which distinguished his dress and his gait. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard, which descended far over the breast of his slashed doublet, and looked singular from its contrast in colour with his habit.

The young lady, by whom this venerable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported as they walked arm in arm, was a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so aerial. But mortal beauty must share human sorrows. The eyes of the beautiful being showed tokens of tears; her colour was heightened as she listened to her aged companion; and it was plain, from his melancholy yet displeased look, that the conversation was as distressing to himself as to her. When they sat down on the bench we have mentioned, the gentleman's discourse could be distinctly overheard by the eavesdropping soldier, but the answers of the young lady reached his ear rather less distinctly.

'It is not to be endured!' said the old man, passionately; 'it would stir up a paralytic wretch to start up a soldier. My people have been thinned, I grant you, or have fallen off from me in these times. I owe them no grudge for it, poor knaves;

what should they do waiting on me, when the pantry has no bread and the buttery no ale? But we have still about us some rugged foresters of the old Woodstock breed — old as myself most of them. What of that? old wood seldom warps in the wetting. I will hold out the old house, and it will not be the first time that I have held it against ten times the strength that we hear of now.'

'Alas! my dear father!' said the young lady, in a tone which seemed to intimate his proposal of defence to be altogether desperate.

'And why, alas?' said the gentleman, angrily; 'is it because I shut my door against a score or two of these bloodthirsty hypocrites?'

'But their masters can as easily send a regiment or an army, if they will,' replied the lady; 'and what good would your present defence do, excepting to exasperate them to your utter destruction?'

'Be it so, Alice,' replied her father; 'I have lived my time, and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most princelike of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal Thirtieth of January? The parricide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity.'

'Do not speak thus, sir,' said Alice Lee: 'it does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and country. It will not and cannot always be thus. England will not long endure the rulers which these bad times have assigned her. In the meanwhile — (here a few words escaped the listener's ears) — and beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.'

'Worse!' exclaimed the impatient old man. 'What can be worse? Is it not at the worst already? Will not these people expel us from the only shelter we have left, dilapidate what remains of royal property under my charge, make the palace of princes into a den of thieves, and then wipe their mouths and thank God, as if they had done an alms-deed?'

'Still,' said his daughter, 'there is hope behind, and I trust the King is ere this out of their reach. We have reason to think well of my brother Albert's safety.'

'Ay, Albert! there again,' said the old man, in a tone of reproach; 'had it not been for thy entreaties I had gone to Worcester myself; but I must needs lie here like a worthless hound when the hunt is up, when who knows what service I

might have shown? An old man's head is sometimes useful when his arm is but little worth. But you and Albert were so desirous that he should go alone, and now who can say what has become of him?'

'Nay — nay, father,' said Alice, 'we have good hope that Albert escaped from that fatal day; young Abney saw him a mile from the field.'

'Young Abney lied, I believe,' said the father, in the same humour of contradiction. 'Young Abney's tongue seems quicker than his hands, but far slower than his horse's heels when he leaves the Roundheads behind him. I would rather Albert's dead body were laid between Charles and Cromwell than hear he fled as early as young Abney.'

'My dearest father,' said the young lady, weeping as she spoke, 'what can I say to comfort you?'

'Comfort me, say'st thou, girl? I am sick of comfort: an honourable death, with the ruins of Woodstock for my monument, were the only comfort to old Henry Lee. Yes, by the memory of my fathers! I will make good the lodge against these rebellious robbers.'

'Yet be ruled, dearest father,' said the maiden, 'and submit to that which we cannot gainsay. My uncle Everard ——'

Here the old man caught at her unfinished words. 'Thy uncle Everard, wench! Well, get on. What of thy precious and loving uncle Everard?'

'Nothing, sir,' she said, 'if the subject displeases you.'

'Displeases me!' he replied, 'why should it displease me? or if it did, why shouldst thou, or any one, affect to care about it? What is it that hath happened of late years — what is it can be thought to happen that astrologer can guess at — which can give pleasure to us?'

'Fate,' she replied, 'may have in store the joyful restoration of our banished prince.'

'Too late for my time, Alice,' said the knight: 'if there be such a white page in the heavenly book, it will not be turned until long after my day. But I see thou wouldst escape me. In a word, what of thy uncle Everard?'

'Nay, sir,' said Alice, 'God knows I would rather be silent for ever than speak what might, as you would take it, add to your present distemperature.'

'Distemperature!' said her father. 'Oh, thou art a sweet-lipped physician, and wouldst, I warrant me, drop nought but sweet balm, and honey, and oil on my distemperature, if that

is the phrase for an old man's ailment, when he is wellnigh heartbroken. Once more, what of thy uncle Everard ?'

His last words were uttered in a high and peevish tone of voice ; and Alice Lee answered her father in a trembling and submissive tone.

'I only meant to say, sir, that I am well assured that my uncle Everard, when we quit this place ——'

'That is to say, when we are kicked out of it by crop-eared canting villains like himself. But on with thy bountiful uncle — what will he do ? Will he give us the remains of his worshipful and economical housekeeping, the fragments of a thrice-sacked capon twice a-week, and a plentiful fast on the other five days ? Will he give us beds beside his half-starved nags, and put them under a short allowance of straw, that his sister's husband — that I should have called my deceased angel by such a name ! — and his sister's daughter, may not sleep on the stones ? Or will he send us a noble each, with a warning to make it last, for he had never known the ready penny so hard to come by ? Or what else will your uncle Everard do for us ? Get us a furlough to beg ? Why, I can do that without him.'

'You misconstrue him much,' answered Alice, with more spirit than she had hitherto displayed ; 'and would you but question your own heart, you would acknowledge — I speak with reverence — that your tongue utters what your better judgment would disown. My uncle Everard is neither a miser nor a hypocrite — neither so fond of the goods of this world that he would not supply our distresses amply, nor so wedded to fanatical opinions as to exclude charity for other sects beside his own.'

'Ay — ay, the Church of England is a *sect* with him, I doubt not, and perhaps with thee too, Alice,' said the knight. 'What is a Muggletonian, or a Ranter, or a Brownist, but a sectary ? and thy phrase places them all, with Jack Presbyter himself, on the same footing with our learned prelates and religious clergy ! Such is the cant of the day thou livest in, and why shouldst thou not talk like one of the wise virgins and psalm-singing sisters, since, though thou hast a profane old Cavalier for a father, thou art own niece to pious uncle Everard ?'

'If you speak thus, my dear father,' said Alice, 'what can I answer you ? Hear me but one patient word, and I shall have discharged my uncle Everard's commission.'

'Oh, it is a commission then ? Surely, I suspected so much from the beginning — nay, have some sharp guess touching the

ambassador also. Come, madam the mediator, do your errand, and you shall have no reason to complain of my patience.'

'Then, sir,' replied his daughter, 'my uncle Everard desires you would be courteous to the Commissioners who come here to sequester the parks and the property, or, at least, heedfully to abstain from giving them obstacle or opposition; it can, he says, do no good, even on your own principles, and it will give a pretext for proceeding against you as one in the worst degree of malignity, which he thinks may otherwise be prevented. Nay, he has good hope that, if you follow his counsel, the committee may, through the interest he possesses, be inclined to remove the sequestration of your estate on a moderate fine. Thus says my uncle; and having communicated his advice, I have no occasion to urge your patience with farther argument.'

'It is well thou dost not, Alice,' answered Sir Henry Lee, in a tone of suppressed anger; 'for, by the blessed Rood, thou hast wellnigh led me into the heresy of thinking thee no daughter of mine. Ah! my beloved companion, who art now far from the sorrows and cares of this weary world, couldst thou have thought that the daughter thou didst clasp to thy bosom would, like the wicked wife of Job, become a temptress to her father in the hour of affliction, and recommend to him to make his conscience truckle to his interest, and to beg back at the bloody hands of his master's, and perhaps his son's, murderers a wretched remnant of the royal property he has been robbed of? Why, wench, if I must beg, think'st thou I will sue to those who have made me a mendicant? No. I will never show my grey beard, worn in sorrow for my sovereign's death, to move the compassion of some proud sequestrator, who perhaps was one of the parricides. No; if Henry Lee must sue for food, it shall be of some sound loyalist like himself, who, having but half a loaf remaining, will not nevertheless refuse to share it with him. For his daughter, she may wander her own way, which leads her to a refuge with her wealthy Round-head kinsfolk; but let her no more call him father whose honest indigence she has refused to share.'

'You do me injustice, sir,' answered the young lady, with a voice animated, yet faltering — 'cruel injustice. God knows, your way is my way, though it lead to ruin and beggary; and while you tread it, my arm shall support you while you will accept an aid so feeble.'

'Thou word'st me, girl,' answered the old Cavalier — 'thou

word'st me, as Will Shakspeare says : 'thou speakest of lending me thy arm ; but thy secret thought is thyself to hang upon Markham Everard's.'

'My father — my father,' answered Alice, in a tone of deep grief, 'what can thus have altered your clear judgment and kindly heart? Accursed be these civil commotions! not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls; and the brave, the noble, the generous become suspicious, harsh, and mean. Why upbraid me with Markham Everard? Have I seen or spoke to him since you forbid him my company, with terms less kind — I will speak it truly — than was due even to the relationship betwixt you? Why think I would sacrifice to that young man my duty to you? Know that, were I capable of such criminal weakness, Markham Everard were the first to despise me for it.'

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but she could not hide her sobs, nor conceal the distress they intimated.

The old man was moved. 'I cannot tell,' he said, 'what to think of it. Thou seem'st sincere, and wert ever a good and kindly daughter — how thou hast let that rebel youth creep into thy heart I wot not; perhaps it is a punishment on me, who thought the loyalty of my house was like undefiled ermine. Yet here is a damned spot, and on the fairest gem of all — my own dear Alice. But do not weep — we have enough to vex us. Where is it that Shakspeare hath it —

Gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put you not on the temper of the times,
Nor be, like them, to Percy troublesome?'

'I am glad,' answered the young lady, 'to hear you quote your favourite again, sir. Our little jars are ever wellnigh ended when Shakspeare comes in play.'

'His book was the closet-companion of my blessed master,' said Sir Henry Lee; 'after the Bible — with reverence for naming them together! — he felt more comfort in it than in any other; and as I have shared his disease, why, it is natural I should take his medicine. Albeit, I pretend not to my master's art in explaining the dark passages; for I am but a rude man, and rustically brought up to arms and hunting.'

'You have seen Shakspeare yourself, sir?' said the young lady.

'Silly wench,' replied the knight, 'he died when I was a mere child — thou hast heard me say so twenty times; but thou

wouldst lead the old man away from the tender subject. Well, though I am not blind, I can shut my eyes and follow. Ben Jonson I knew, and could tell thee many a tale of our meetings at the Mermaid, where, if there was much wine, there was much wit also. We did not sit blowing tobacco in each other's faces, and turning up the whites of our eyes as we turned up the bottom of the wine-pot. Old Ben adopted me as one of his sons in the muses. I have shown you, have I not, the verses, "To my much beloved son, the worshipful Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Knight and Baronet"?''

'I do not remember them at present, sir,' replied Alice.

'I fear ye lie, wench,' said her father; 'but no matter — thou canst not get any more fooling out of me just now. The Evil Spirit hath left Saul for the present. We are now to think what is to be done about leaving Woodstock — or defending it?'

'My dearest father,' said Alice, 'can you still nourish a moment's hope of making good the place?'

'I know not, wench,' replied Sir Henry; 'I would fain have a parting blow with them, 'tis certain, and who knows where a blessing may alight? But then, my poor knaves that must take part with me in so hopeless a quarrel — that thought hampers me, I confess.'

'Oh, let it do so, sir,' replied Alice; 'there are soldiers in the town, and there are three regiments at Oxford.'

'Ah, poor Oxford!' exclaimed Sir Henry, whose vacillating state of mind was turned by a word to any new subject that was suggested. 'Seat of learning and loyalty! these rude soldiers are unfit inmates for thy learned halls and poetical bowers; but thy pure and brilliant lamp shall defy the foul breath of a thousand churls, were they to blow at it like Boreas. The burning bush shall not be consumed, even by the heat of this persecution.'

'True, sir,' said Alice, 'and it may not be useless to recollect, that any stirring of the Royalists at this unpropitious moment will make them deal yet more harshly with the university, which they consider as being at the bottom of everything which moves for the King in these parts.'

'It is true, wench,' replied the knight; 'and small cause would make the villains sequester the poor remains which the civil wars have left to the colleges. That, and the risk of my poor fellows — Well, thou hast disarmed me, girl. I will be as patient and calm as a martyr.'

'Pray God you keep your word, sir!' replied his daughter;

'but you are ever so much moved at the sight of any of these men, that ——'

'Would you make a child of me, Alice?' said Sir Henry. 'Why, know you not that I can look upon a viper, or a toad, or a bunch of engendering adders, without any worse feeling than a little disgust? and though a Roundhead, and especially a redcoat, are in my opinion more poisonous than vipers, more loathsome than toads, more hateful than knotted adders, yet can I overcome my nature so far, that, should one of them appear at this moment, thyself should see how civilly I would entreat him.'

As he spoke, the military preacher abandoned his leafy screen, and, stalking forward, stood unexpectedly before the old Cavalier, who stared at him, as if he had thought his expressions had actually raised the devil.

'Who art thou?' at length said Sir Henry, in a raised and angry voice, while his daughter clung to his arm in terror, little confident that her father's pacific resolutions would abide the shock of this unwelcome apparition.

'I am one,' replied the soldier, 'who neither fear nor shame to call myself a poor day-labourer in the great work of England — umph! Ay, a simple and sincere upholder of the good old cause.'

'And what the devil do you seek here?' said the old knight, fiercely.

'The welcome due to the steward of the Lords Commissioners,' answered the soldier.

'Welcome art thou as salt would be to sore eyes,' said the Cavalier. 'But who be your Commissioners, man?'

The soldier with little courtesy held out a scroll, which Sir Henry took from him betwixt his finger and thumb, as if it were a letter from a pest-house; and held it at as much distance from his eyes as his purpose of reading it would permit. He then read aloud, and as he named the parties one by one, he added a short commentary on each name, addressed, indeed, to Alice, but in such a tone that showed he cared not for its being heard by the soldier.

'*Desborough* — the ploughman *Desborough* — as grovelling a clown as is in England — a fellow that would be best at home, like an ancient Scythian, under the tilt of a wagon; d—n him. *Harrison*, a bloody-minded, ranting enthusiast, who read the Bible to such purpose, that he never lacked a text to justify a murder; d—n him too. *Bletson* — a true-blue Commonwealth's

man, one of Harrison's [Harrington's] Rota Club, with his noddle full of new-fangled notions about government, the clearest object of which is to establish the tail upon the head; a fellow who leaves you the statutes and law of old England, to prate of Rome and Greece—sees the Areopagus in Westminster Hall, and takes Old Noll for a Roman consul. Adad, he is like to prove a dictator amongst them instead. Never mind; d—n Bletson too.'

'Friend,' said the soldier, 'I would willingly be civil, but it consists not with my duty to hear these godly men, in whose service I am, spoken of after this irreverent and unbecoming fashion. And albeit I know that you Malignants think you have a right to make free with that damnation which you seem to use as your own portion, yet it is superfluous to invoke it against others, who have better hopes in their thoughts and better words in their mouths.'

'Thou art but a canting varlet,' replied the knight; 'and yet thou art right in some sense; for it is superfluous to curse men who already are damned as black as the smoke of hell itself.'

'I prithee forbear,' continued the soldier, 'for manners' sake, if not for conscience: grisly oaths suit ill with grey beards.'

'Nay, that is truth, if the devil spoke it,' said the knight; 'and I thank Heaven I can follow good counsel, though Old Nick gives it. And so, friend, touching these same Commissioners, bear them this message: that Sir Henry Lee is keeper of Woodstock Park, with right of waif and stray, vert and venison, as complete as any of them have to their estate—that is, if they possess any estate but what they have gained by plundering honest men—nevertheless, he will give place to those who have made their might their right, and will not expose the lives of good and true men, where the odds are so much against them. And he protests that he makes this surrender, neither as acknowledging of these so termed Commissioners, nor as for his own individual part fearing their force, but purely to avoid the loss of English blood, of which so much hath been spilt in these late times.'

'It is well spoken,' said the steward of the Commissioners; 'and therefore, I pray you, let us walk together into the house, that thou mayst deliver up unto me the vessels, and gold and silver ornaments, belonging unto the Egyptian Pharaoh who committed them to thy keeping.'

'What vessels?' exclaimed the fiery old knight; 'and be-

longing to whom? Unbaptized dog, speak civil of the Martyr in my presence, or I will do a deed misbecoming of me on that caitiff corpse of thine!’ And shaking his daughter from his right arm, the old man laid his hand on his rapier.

His antagonist, on the contrary, kept his temper completely, and waving his hand to add impression to his speech, he said, with a calmness which aggravated Sir Henry’s wrath, ‘Nay, good friend, I prithee be still, and brawl not: it becomes not grey hairs and feeble arms to rail and rant like drunkards. Put me not to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, but listen to the voice of reason. Seest thou not that the Lord hath decided this great controversy in favour of us and ours, against thee and thine? Wherefore render up thy stewardship peacefully, and deliver up to me the chattels of the Man, Charles Stuart.’

‘Patience is a good nag, but she will bolt,’ said the knight, unable longer to rein in his wrath. He plucked his sheathed rapier from his side, struck the soldier a severe blow with it, and instantly drawing it, and throwing the scabbard over the trees, placed himself in a posture of defence, with his sword’s point within half a yard of the steward’s body. The latter stepped back with activity, threw his long cloak from his shoulders, and drawing his long tuck, stood upon his guard. The swords clashed smartly together, while Alice, in her terror, screamed wildly for assistance. But the combat was of short duration. The old Cavalier had attacked a man as cunning of fence as he himself, or a little more so, and possessing all the strength and activity of which time had deprived Sir Henry, and the calmness which the other had lost in his passion. They had scarce exchanged three passes ere the sword of the knight flew up in the air, as if it had gone in search of the scabbard; and burning with shame and anger, Sir Henry stood disarmed, at the mercy of his antagonist. The republican showed no purpose of abusing his victory; nor did he, either during the combat or after the victory was won, in any respect alter the sour and grave composure which reigned upon his countenance: a combat of life and death seemed to him a thing as familiar, and as little to be feared, as an ordinary bout with foils.

‘Thou art delivered into my hands,’ he said, ‘and by the law of arms I might smite thee under the fifth rib, even as Asahel was struck dead by Abner, the son of Ner, as he followed the chase on the hill of Ammah, that lieth before Giah, in the

way of the wilderness of Gibeon ; but far be it from me to spill thy remaining drops of blood. True it is, thou art the captive of my sword and of my spear ; nevertheless, seeing that there may be a turning from thine evil ways, and a returning to those which are good, if the Lord enlarge thy date for repentance and amendment, wherefore should it be shortened by a poor sinful mortal, who is, speaking truly, but thy fellow-worm ?'

Sir Henry Lee remained still confused and unable to answer, when there arrived a fourth person, whom the cries of Alice had summoned to the spot. This was Joceline Joliffe, one of the under-keepers of the walk, who, seeing how matters stood, brandished his quarterstaff, a weapon from which he never parted, and having made it describe the figure of eight in a flourish through the air, would have brought it down with a vengeance upon the head of the steward, had not Sir Henry interposed.

'We must trail bats now, Joceline, our time of shouldering them is past. It skills not striving against the stream : the devil rules the roast, and makes our slaves our tutors.'

At this moment another auxiliary rushed out of the thicket to the knight's assistance. It was a large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form and almost in fleetness a greyhound. Bevis was the noblest of the kind which ever pulled down a stag, tawny-coloured like a lion, with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold. Just as he was about to rush upon the soldier, the words, 'Peace, Bevis !' from Sir Henry converted the lion into a lamb, and, instead of pulling the soldier down, he walked round and round, and snuffed, as if using all his sagacity to discover who the stranger could be towards whom, though of so questionable an appearance, he was enjoined forbearance. Apparently he was satisfied, for he laid aside his doubtful and threatening demonstrations, lowered his ears, smoothed down his bristles, and wagged his tail.

Sir Henry, who had great respect for the sagacity of his favourite, said in a low voice to Alice, 'Bevis is of thy opinion, and counsels submission. There is the finger of Heaven in this to punish the pride ever the fault of our house. Friend,' he continued, addressing the soldier, 'thou hast given the finishing touch to a lesson which ten years of constant misfortune have been unable fully to teach me. Thou hast distinctly shown me the folly of thinking that a good cause can strengthen a weak arm. God forgive me for the thought, but I could almost turn infidel, and believe that Heaven's blessing goes ever with the longest

sword. But it will not be always thus. God knows His time. Reach me my Toledo, Joceline, yonder it lies ; and the scabbard, see where it hangs on the tree. Do not pull at my cloak, Alice, and look so miserably frightened : I shall be in no hurry to betake me to bright steel again, I promise thee. For thee, good fellow, I thank thee, and will make way for thy masters without farther dispute or ceremony. Joceline Joliffe is nearer thy degree than I am, and will make surrender to thee of the lodge and household stuff. Withhold nothing, Joliffe : let them have all. For me, I will never cross the threshold again. But where to rest for a night ? I would trouble no one in Woodstock ; hum — ay — it shall be so. Alice and I, Joceline, will go down to thy hut by Rosamond's Well : we will borrow the shelter of thy roof for one night at least ; thou wilt give us welcome, wilt thou not ? How now — a clouded brow ?

Joceline certainly looked embarrassed, directed first a glance to Alice, then looked to heaven, then to earth, and last to the four quarters of the horizon, and then murmured out, ' Certainly — without question — might he but run down to put the house in order.'

' Order enough — order enough, for those that may soon be glad of clean straw in a barn,' said the knight. ' But if thou hast an ill-will to harbour any obnoxious or malignant persons, as the phrase goes, never shame to speak it out, man. 'Tis true, I took thee up when thou wert but a ragged Robin,¹ made a keeper of thee, and so forth. What of that ? Sailors think no longer of the wind than when it forwards them on the voyage : thy betters turn with the tide, why should not such a poor knave as thou ?'

' God pardon your honour for your harsh judgment,' said Joliffe. ' The hut is yours, such as it is, and should be were it a king's palace, as I wish it were, even for your honour's sake and Mistress Alice's ; only I could wish your honour would condescend to let me step down before, in case any neighbour be there — or — or — just to put matters something into order for Mistress Alice and your honour — just to make things something seemly and shapely.'

' Not a whit necessary,' said the knight, while Alice had much trouble in concealing her agitation. ' If thy matters are unseemly, they are fitter for a defeated knight ; if they are unshapely, why, the liker to the rest of a world which is all

¹ The keeper's followers in the New Forest are called in popular language ' ragged Robins.'

unshaped. Go thou with that man. What is thy name, friend ?'

'Joseph Tomkins is my name in the flesh,' said the steward. 'Men call me Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins.'

'If thou hast deserved such names, considering what trade thou hast driven, thou art a jewel indeed,' said the knight ; 'yet if thou hast not, never blush for the matter, Joseph, for if thou art not in truth honest, thou hast all the better chance to keep the fame of it : the title and the thing itself have long walked separate ways. Farewell to thee — and farewell to fair Woodstock !'

So saying, the old knight turned round, and pulling his daughter's arm through his own, they walked onward into the forest, in the same manner in which they were introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER III

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your stage,
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the West,
And northern clashes, where you still fought best,
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear,
Whether you fought by damme or the spirit,
Of you I speak.

Legend of Captain Jones.

JOSEPH TOMKINS and Joliffe the keeper remained for some time in silence, as they stood together looking along the path in which the figures of the knight of Ditchley and pretty Mistress Alice had disappeared behind the trees. They then gazed on each other in doubt, as men who scarce knew whether they stood on hostile or on friendly terms together, and were at a loss how to open a conversation. They heard the knight's whistle summon Bevis; but though the good hound turned his head and pricked his ears at the sound, yet he did not obey the call, but continued to snuff around Joseph Tomkins's cloak.

'Thou art a rare one, I fear me,' said the keeper, looking to his new acquaintance. 'I have heard of men who have charms to steal both dogs and deer.'

'Trouble not thyself about my qualities, friend,' said Joseph Tomkins, 'but bethink thee of doing thy master's bidding.'

Joceline did not immediately answer, but at length, as if in sign of truce, stuck the end of his quarterstaff upright in the ground, and leant upon it, as he said gruffly, 'So, my tough old knight and you were at drawn bilbo, by way of afternoon service, sir preacher. Well for you I came not up till the blades were done jingling, or I had rung even-song upon your pate.'

The Independent smiled grimly as he replied, 'Nay, friend, it is well for thyself, for never should sexton have been better paid for the knell he tolled. Nevertheless, why should there

be war betwixt us, or my hand be against thine? Thou art but a poor knave, doing thy master's order, nor have I any desire that my own blood or thine should be shed touching this matter. Thou art, I understand, to give me peaceful possession of the Palace of Woodstock, so called; though there is now no palace in England, no, nor shall be in the days that come after, until we shall enter the palace of the New Jerusalem, and the reign of the saints shall commence on earth.'

'Pretty well begun already, friend Tomkins,' said the keeper: 'you are little short of being kings already upon the matter as it now stands; and for your Jerusalem I wot not, but Woodstock is a pretty nest-egg to begin with. Well, will you shog — will you on — will you take sasine and livery? You heard my orders.'

'Umph — I know not,' said Tomkins. 'I must beware of ambuscades, and I am alone here. Moreover, it is the High Thanksgiving appointed by Parliament, and owned to by the army; also the old man and the young woman may want to recover some of their clothes and personal property, and I would not that they were balked on my account. Wherefore, if thou wilt deliver me possession to-morrow morning, it shall be done in personal presence of my own followers, and of the Presbyterian man the Mayor, so that the transfer may be made before witnesses; whereas, were there none with us but thou to deliver and I to take possession, the men of Belial might say, "Go to, Trusty Tomkins hath been an Edomite — Honest Joe hath been as an Ishmaelite, rising up early and dividing the spoil with them that served the Man — yea, they that wore beards and green jerkins, as in remembrance of the Man and of his government."'

Joceline fixed his keen dark eyes upon the soldier as he spoke, as if in design to discover whether there was fair play in his mind or not. He then applied his five fingers to scratch a large shock head of hair, as if that operation was necessary to enable him to come to a conclusion. 'This is all fair sounding, brother,' said he; 'but I tell you plainly, there are some silver mugs, and platters, and flagons, and so forth, in yonder house, which have survived the general sweep that sent all our plate to the smelting-pot, to put our knight's troop on horseback. Now, if thou takest not these off my hand, I may come to trouble, since it may be thought I have diminished their numbers. Whereas, I being as honest a fellow —'

'As ever stole venison,' said Tomkins; 'nay, I do owe thee an interruption.'

'Go to, then,' replied the keeper; 'if a stag may have come to mischance in my walk, it was no way in the course of dishonesty, but merely to keep my old dame's pan from rusting; but for silver porringers, tankards, and such-like, I would as soon have drunk the melted silver as stolen the vessel made out of it. So that I would not wish blame or suspicion fell on me in this matter. And therefore, if you will have the things rendered even now — why so; and if not, hold me blameless.'

'Ay, truly?' said Tomkins; 'and who is to hold me blameless, if they should see cause to think anything minished? Not the right worshipful Commissioners, to whom the property of the estate is as their own; therefore, as thou say'st, we must walk warily in the matter. To lock up the house and leave it were but the work of simple ones. What say'st thou to spend the night there, and then nothing can be touched without the knowledge of us both?'

'Why, concerning that,' answered the keeper, 'I should be at my hut to make matters somewhat conformable for the old knight and mistress Alice, for my old dame Joan is something dunny, and will scarce know how to manage; and yet, to speak the truth, by the mass, I would rather not see Sir Henry to-night, since what has happened to-day hath roused his spleen, and it is a peradventure he may have met something at the hut which will scarce tend to cool it.'

'It is a pity,' said Tomkins, 'that, being a gentleman of such grave and goodly presence, he should be such a malignant Cavalier, and that he should, like the rest of that generation of vipers, have clothed himself with curses as with a garment.'

'Which is as much as to say, the tough old knight hath a habit of swearing,' said the keeper, grinning at a pun which has been repeated since his time; 'but who can help it? it comes of use and wont. Were you now, in your bodily self, to light suddenly on a Maypole, with all the blythe morris-dancers prancing around it to the merry pipe and tabor, with bells jingling, ribands fluttering, lads frisking and laughing, lasses leaping till you might see where the scarlet garter fastened the light-blue hose, I think some feeling, resembling either natural sociality or old use and wont, would get the better, friend, even of thy gravity, and thou wouldst fling thy cuckoldy steeple-hat one way and that bloodthirsty long sword another, and trip like the noodles of Hogs-Norton when the pigs play on the organ.'

The Independent turned fiercely round on the keeper, and

replied, 'How now, Mr. Green Jerkin, what language is this to one whose hand is at the plough? I advise thee to put curb on thy tongue, lest thy ribs pay the forfeit.'

'Nay, do not take the high tone with me, brother,' answered Joceline; 'remember thou hast not the old knight of sixty-five to deal with, but a fellow as bitter and prompt as thyself — it may be a little more so — younger, at all events; and prithee, why shouldst thou take such umbrage at a Maypole? I would thou hadst known one Phil Hazeldine of these parts. He was the best morris-dancer betwixt Oxford and Burford.'

'The more shame to him,' answered the Independent; 'and I trust he has seen the error of his ways, and made himself, as, if a man of action, he easily might, fit for better company than wood-hunters, deer-stealers, Maid Marions, swashbucklers, deboshed revellers, bloody brawlers, maskers and mummers, lewd men and light women, fools and fiddlers, and carnal self-pleasers of every description.'

'Well,' replied the keeper, 'you are out of breath in time; for here we stand before the famous Maypole of Woodstock.'

They paused in an open space of meadow-land, beautifully skirted by large oaks and sycamores, one of which, as king of the forest, stood a little detached from the rest, as if scorning the vicinity of any rival. It was scathed and gnarled in the branches, but the immense trunk still showed to what gigantic size the monarch of the forest can attain in the groves of Merry England.

'That is called the King's Oak,' said Joceline; 'the oldest men of Woodstock know not how old it is: they say Henry used to sit under it with Fair Rosamond, and see the lasses dance, and the lads of the village run races, and wrestle for belts or bonnets.'

'I nothing doubt it, friend,' said Tomkins: 'a tyrant and a harlot were fitting patron and patroness for such vanities.'

'Thou mayst say thy say, friend,' replied the keeper, 'so thou lettest me say mine. There stands the Maypole, as thou seest, half a flight-shot from the King's Oak, in the midst of the meadow. The King gave ten shillings from the customs of Woodstock to make a new one yearly, besides a tree fitted for the purpose out of the forest. Now it is warped, and withered, and twisted, like a wasted brier-rod. The green, too, used to be close-shaved, and rolled till it was smooth as a velvet mantle; now it is rough and overgrown.'

'Well — well, friend Joceline,' said the Independent, 'but

where was the edification of all this? What use of doctrine could be derived from a pipe and tabor; or was there ever aught like wisdom in a bagpipe?’

‘You may ask better scholars that,’ said Joceline; ‘but methinks men cannot be always grave, and with the hat over their brow. A young maiden will laugh as a tender flower will blow — ay, and a lad will like her the better for it: just as the same blythe spring that makes the young birds whistle bids the blythe fawns skip. There have come worse days since the jolly old times have gone by. I tell thee, that in the holydays which you, Mr. Long-sword, have put down, I have seen this green-sward alive with merry maidens and manly fellows. The good old rector himself thought it was no sin to come for a while and look on, and his goodly cassock and scarf kept us all in good order, and taught us to limit our mirth within the bounds of discretion. We might, it may be, crack a broad jest, or pledge a friendly cup a turn too often, but it was in mirth and good neighbourhood. Ay, and if there was a bout at single-stick, or a bellyful of boxing, it was all for love and kindness; and better a few dry blows in drink than the bloody doings we have had in sober earnest, since the presbyter’s cap got above the bishop’s mitre, and we exchanged our goodly rectors and learned doctors, whose sermons were all bolstered up with as much Greek and Latin as might have confounded the devil himself, for weavers and cobblers, and such other pulpit volunteers as — as we heard this morning. It will out.’

‘Well, friend,’ said the Independent, with patience scarcely to have been expected, ‘I quarrel not with thee for nauseating my doctrine. If thine ear is so much tickled with tabor tunes and morris-tripping, truly it is not likely thou shouldst find pleasant savour in more wholesome and sober food. But let us to the lodge, that we may go about our business there before the sun sets.’

‘Troth, and that may be advisable for more reasons than one,’ said the keeper; ‘for there have been tales about the lodge which have made men afeard to harbour there after nightfall.’

‘Were not yon old knight and yonder damsel, his daughter, wont to dwell there?’ said the Independent. ‘My information said so.’

‘Ay, truly did they,’ said Joceline; ‘and while they kept a jolly household, all went well enough; for nothing banishes fear like good ale. But after the best of our men went to the

wars, and were slain at Naseby fight, they who were left found the lodge more lonesome, and the old knight has been much deserted of his servants: marry, it might be, that he has lacked silver of late to pay groom and lackey.'

'A potential reason for the diminution of a household,' said the soldier.

'Right, sir, even so,' replied the keeper. 'They spoke of steps in the great gallery, heard by dead of the night, and voices that whispered at noon in the matted chambers; and the servants pretended that these things scared them away; but, in my poor judgment, when Martinmas and Whitsuntide came round without a penny-fee, the old blue-bottles of serving-men began to think of creeping elsewhere before the frost chilled them. No devil so frightful as that which dances in the pocket where there is no cross to keep him out.'

'You were reduced, then, to a petty household?' said the Independent.

'Ay, marry, were we,' said Joceline; 'but we kept some half-score together, what with blue-bottles in the lodge, what with green caterpillars of the chase, like him who is yours to command: we stuck together till we found a call to take a morning's ride somewhere or other.'

'To the town of Worcester,' said the soldier, 'where you were crushed like vermin and palmer-worms, as you are?'

'You may say your pleasure,' replied the keeper: 'I'll never contradict a man who has got my head under his belt. Our backs are at the wall, or you would not be here.'

'Nay, friend,' said the Independent, 'thou riskest nothing by thy freedom and trust in me. I can be *bon camarado* to a good soldier, although I have striven with him even to the going down of the sun. But here we are in front of the lodge.'

They stood accordingly in front of the old Gothic building, irregularly constructed, and at different times, as the humour of the English monarchs led them to taste the pleasures of Woodstock Chase, and to make such improvements for their own accommodation as the increasing luxury of each age required. The oldest part of the structure had been named by tradition Fair Rosamond's Tower; it was a small turret of great height, with narrow windows, and walls of massive thickness. The tower had no opening to the ground, or means of descending, a great part of the lower portion being solid mason-work. It was traditionally said to have been accessible only by a sort of small drawbridge, which might be dropped at pleasure from

a little portal near the summit of the turret to the battlements of another tower of the same construction, but twenty feet lower, and containing only a winding staircase, called in Woodstock Love's Ladder; because it is said that, by ascending this staircase to the top of the tower, and then making use of the draw-bridge, Henry obtained access to the chamber of his paramour.

This tradition had been keenly impugned by Dr. Rochecliffe, the former rector of Woodstock, who insisted that what was called Rosamond's Tower was merely an interior keep, or citadel, to which the lord or warden of the castle might retreat when other points of safety failed him, and either protract his defence or, at the worst, stipulate for reasonable terms of surrender. The people of Woodstock, jealous of their ancient traditions, did not relish this new mode of explaining them away; and it is even said that the Mayor, whom we have already introduced, became Presbyterian in revenge of the doubts cast by the rector upon this important subject, rather choosing to give up the liturgy than his fixed belief in Rosamond's Tower and Love's Ladder.

The rest of the lodge was of considerable extent, and of different ages, comprehending a nest of little courts, surrounded by buildings which corresponded with each other, sometimes within doors, sometimes by crossing the courts, and frequently in both ways. The different heights of the buildings announced that they could only be connected by the usual variety of staircases, which exercised the limbs of our ancestors in the 16th and earlier centuries, and seem sometimes to have been contrived for no other purpose.

The varied and multiplied fronts of this irregular building were, as Dr. Rochecliffe was wont to say, an absolute banquet to the architectural antiquary, as they certainly contained specimens of every style which existed, from the pure Norman of Henry of Anjou down to the composite, half-Gothic, half-classical architecture of Elizabeth and her successor. Accordingly, the rector was himself as much enamoured of Woodstock as ever was Henry of Fair Rosamond; and as his intimacy with Sir Henry Lee permitted him entrance at all times to the royal lodge, he used to spend whole days in wandering about the antique apartments, examining, measuring, studying, and finding out excellent reasons for architectural peculiarities, which probably only owed their existence to the freakish fancy of a Gothic artist. But the old antiquarian had been expelled from his living by the intolerance and troubles of the times, and

his successor, Nehemiah Holdenough, would have considered an elaborate investigation of the profane sculpture and architecture of blinded and bloodthirsty Papists, together with the history of the dissolute amours of old Norman monarchs, as little better than a bowing down before the calves of Bethel, and a drinking of the cup of abominations.

We return to the course of our story.

‘There is,’ said the Independent Tomkins, after he had carefully perused the front of the building, ‘many a rare monument of olden wickedness about this miscalled royal lodge; verily, I shall rejoice much to see the same destroyed, yea, burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the brook Kedron, or any other brook, that the land may be cleansed from the memory thereof, neither remember the iniquity with which their fathers have sinned.’

The keeper heard him with secret indignation, and began to consider with himself whether, as they stood but one to one, and without chance of speedy interference, he was not called upon, by his official duty, to castigate the rebel who used language so defamatory. But he fortunately recollected that the strife must be a doubtful one, that the advantage of arms was against him, and that, in especial, even if he should succeed in the combat, it would be at the risk of severe retaliation. It must be owned, too, that there was something about the Independent so dark and mysterious, so grim and grave, that the more open spirit of the keeper felt oppressed, and, if not overawed, at least kept in doubt concerning him; and he thought it wisest, as well as safest, for his master and himself, to avoid all subjects of dispute, and know better with whom he was dealing before he made either friend or enemy of him.

The great gate of the lodge was strongly bolted, but the wicket opened on Joceline’s raising the latch. There was a short passage of ten feet, which had been formerly closed by a portcullis at the inner end, while three loopholes opened on either side, through which any daring intruder might be annoyed, who, having surprised the first gate, must be thus exposed to a severe fire before he could force the second. But the machinery of the portcullis was damaged, and it now remained a fixture, brandishing its jaw, well furnished with iron fangs, but incapable of dropping it across the path of invasion.

The way, therefore, lay open to the great hall or outer vestibule of the lodge. One end of this long and dusky apartment was entirely occupied by a gallery, which had in ancient times

served to accommodate the musicians and minstrels. There was a clumsy staircase at either side of it, composed of entire logs of a foot square ; and in each angle of the ascent was placed, by way of sentinel, the figure of a Norman foot-soldier, having an open casque on his head, which displayed features as stern as the painter's genius could devise. Their arms were buff-jackets or shirts of mail, round bucklers, with spikes in the centre, and buskins which adorned and defended the feet and ankles, but left the knees bare. These wooden warders held great swords, or maces, in their hands, like military guards on duty. Many an empty hook and brace, along the walls of the gloomy apartment, marked the spots from which arms, long preserved as trophies, had been, in the pressure of the war, once more taken down to do service in the field, like veterans whom extremity of danger recalls to battle. On other rusty fastenings were still displayed the hunting trophies of the monarchs to whom the lodge belonged, and of the silvan knights to whose care it had been from time to time confided.

At the nether end of the hall, a huge, heavy, stone-wrought chimney-piece projected itself ten feet from the wall, adorned with many a cipher and many a scutcheon of the royal house of England. In its present state, it yawned like the arched mouth of a funeral vault, or perhaps might be compared to the crater of an extinguished volcano. But the sable complexion of the massive stonework, and all around it, showed that the time had been when it sent its huge fires blazing up the huge chimney, besides puffing many a volume of smoke over the heads of the jovial guests, whose royalty or nobility did not render them sensitive enough to quarrel with such slight inconvenience. On these occasions, it was the tradition of the house, that two cart-loads of wood was the regular allowance for the fire between noon and curfew, and the andirons, or dogs, as they were termed, constructed for retaining the blazing fire-wood on the hearth, were wrought in the shape of lions of such gigantic size as might well warrant the legend. There were long seats of stone within the chimney, where, in despite of the tremendous heat, monarchs were sometimes said to have taken their station, and amused themselves with broiling the umbles, or dowsets, of the deer upon the glowing embers, with their own royal hands, when happy the courtier who was invited to taste the royal cookery. Tradition was here also ready with her record, to show what merry gibes, such as might be exchanged between prince and peer, had flown about at the

jolly banquet which followed the Michaelmas hunt. She could tell, too, exactly, where King Stephen sat when he darned his own princely hose, and knew most of the old tricks he had put upon little Winkin, the tailor of Woodstock.

Most of this rude revelry belonged to the Plantagenet times. When the house of Tudor acceded to the throne, they were more chary of their royal presence, and feasted in halls and chambers far within, abandoning the outmost hall to the yeomen of the guard, who mounted their watch there, and passed away the night with wassail and mirth, exchanged sometimes for frightful tales of apparitions and sorceries, which made some of those grow pale in whose ears the trumpet of a French foeman would have sounded as jollily as a summons to the woodland chase.

Joceline pointed out the peculiarities of the place to his gloomy companion more briefly than we have detailed them to the reader.

The Independent seemed to listen with some interest at first, but, flinging it suddenly aside, he said, in a solemn tone, 'Perish, Babylon, as thy master Nebuchadnezzar hath perished! He is a wanderer, and thou shalt be a waste place — yea, and a wilderness — yea, a desert of salt, in which there shall be thirst and famine.'

'There is like to be enough of both to-night,' said Joceline, 'unless the good knight's larder be somewhat fuller than it is wont.'

'We must care for the creature-comforts,' said the Independent, 'but in due season, when our duties are done. Whither lead these entrances?'

'That to the right,' replied the keeper, 'leads to what are called the state-apartments, not used since the year 1639, when his blessed Majesty ——'

'How, sir!' interrupted the Independent, in a voice of thunder, 'dost thou speak of Charles Stuart as blessing, or blessed? Beware the proclamation to that effect.'

'I meant no harm,' answered the keeper, suppressing his disposition to make a harsher reply. 'My business is with bolts and bucks, not with titles and state affairs. But yet, whatever may have happed since, that poor king was followed with blessings enough from Woodstock; for he left a glove full of broad pieces for the poor of the place ——'

'Peace, friend,' said the Independent; 'I will think thee else one of those besotted and blinded Papists who hold that

bestowing of alms is an atonement and washing away of the wrongs and oppressions which have been wrought by the almsgiver. Thou sayest, then, these were the apartments of Charles Stuart ?'

'And of his father, James, before him, and Elizabeth, before *him*, and bluff King Henry, who builded that wing, before them all.'

'And, there, I suppose, the knight and his daughter dwelt ?'

'No,' replied Joceline ; 'Sir Henry Lee had too much reverence for — for things which are now thought worth no reverence at all. Besides, the state-rooms are unaired and in indifferent order since of late years. The knight ranger's apartment lies by that passage to the left.'

'And whither goes yonder stair, which seems both to lead upwards and downwards ?'

'Upwards,' replied the keeper, 'it leads to many apartments, used for various purposes, of sleeping and other accommodation. Downwards, to the kitchen, offices, and vaults of the castle, which, at this time of the evening, you cannot see without lights.'

'We will to the apartments of your knight, then,' said the Independent. 'Is there fitting accommodation there ?'

'Such as has served a person of condition, whose lodging is now worse appointed,' answered the honest keeper, his bile rising so fast that he added, in a muttering and inaudible tone, 'So it may well serve a crop-eared knave like thee.'

He acted as the usher, however, and led on towards the ranger's apartments.

This suite opened by a short passage from the hall, secured at time of need by two oaken doors, which could be fastened by large bars of the same, that were drawn out of the wall, and entered into square holes, contrived for their reception on the other side of the portal. At the end of this passage, a small ante-room received them, into which opened the sitting-apartment of the good knight, which, in the style of the times, might have been termed a fair summer parlour, lighted by two oriel windows, so placed as to command each of them a separate avenue, leading distant and deep into the forest. The principal ornament of the apartment, besides two or three family portraits of less interest, was a tall full-length picture that hung above the chimney-piece, which, like that in the hall, was of heavy stonework, ornamented with carved scutcheons, emblazoned with various devices. The portrait was that of a man about fifty

years of age, in complete plate armour, and painted in the harsh and dry manner of Holbein, probably, indeed, the work of that artist, as the dates corresponded. The formal and marked angles, points, and projections of the armour were a good subject for the harsh pencil of that early school. The face of the knight was, from the fading of the colours, pale and dim, like that of some being from the other world, yet the lines expressed forcibly pride and exultation.

He pointed with his leading-staff, or truncheon, to the background, where, in such perspective as the artist possessed, were depicted the remains of a burning church, or monastery, and four or five soldiers, in red cassocks, bearing away in triumph what seemed a brazen font or laver. Above their heads might be traced in scroll, '*Lee Victor sic voluit.*' Right opposite to the picture hung, in a niche in the wall, a complete set of tilting-armour, the black and gold colours and ornaments of which exactly corresponded with those exhibited in the portrait.

The picture was one of those which, from something marked in the features and expression, attract the observation even of those who are ignorant of art. The Independent looked at it until a smile passed transiently over his clouded brow. Whether he smiled to see the grim old cavalier employed in desecrating a religious house (an occupation much conforming to the practice of his own sect), whether he smiled in contempt of the old painter's harsh and dry mode of working, or whether the sight of this remarkable portrait revived some other ideas, the under-keeper could not decide.

The smile passed away in an instant, as the soldier looked to the oriel windows. The recesses within them were raised a step or two from the wall. In one was placed a walnut-tree reading-desk, and a huge stuffed arm-chair, covered with Spanish leather. A little cabinet stood beside, with some of its shuttles and drawers open, displaying hawks'-bells, dog-whistles, instruments for trimming falcon's feathers, bridle-bits of various constructions, and other trifles connected with silvan sport.

The other little recess was differently furnished. There lay some articles of needlework on a small table, besides a lute, with a book having some airs written down in it, and a frame for working embroidery. Some tapestry was displayed around the recess, with more attention to ornament than was visible in the rest of the apartment; the arrangement of a few bow-

pots, with such flowers as the fading season afforded, showed also the superintendence of female taste.

Tomkins cast an eye of careless regard upon these subjects of female occupation, then stepped into the farther window, and began to turn the leaves of a folio which lay open on the reading-desk, apparently with some interest. Joceline, who had determined to watch his motions without interfering with them, was standing at some distance in dejected silence, when a door behind the tapestry suddenly opened, and a pretty village maid tripped out with a napkin in her hand, as if she had been about some household duty.

‘How now, sir impudence,’ she said to Joceline, in a smart tone; ‘what do you here prowling about the apartments when the master is not at home?’

But, instead of the answer which perhaps she expected, Joceline Joliffe cast a mournful glance towards the soldier in the oriel window, as if to make what he said fully intelligible, and replied, with a dejected appearance and voice, ‘Alack, my pretty Phœbe, there come those here that have more right or might than any of us, and will use little ceremony in coming when they will, and staying while they please.’

He darted another glance at Tomkins, who still seemed busy with the book before him, then sidled close to the astonished girl, who had continued looking alternately at the keeper and at the stranger, as if she had been unable to understand the words of the first, or to comprehend the meaning of the second being present.

‘Go,’ whispered Joliffe, approaching his mouth so near her cheek that his breath waved the curls of her hair — ‘go, my dearest Phœbe, trip it as fast as a fawn down to my lodge. I will soon be there, and ——’

‘Your lodge, indeed!’ said Phœbe; ‘you are very bold, for a poor kill-buck that never frightened anything before save a dun deer. *Your* lodge, indeed! I am like to go there, I think.’

‘Hush — hush! Phœbe: here is no time for jesting. Down to my hut, I say, like a deer, for the knight and Mrs. Alice are both there, and I fear will not return hither again. All’s naught, girl, and our evil days are come at last with a vengeance: we are fairly at bay and fairly hunted down.’

‘Can this be, Joceline?’ said the poor girl, turning to the keeper with an expression of fright in her countenance, which she had hitherto averted in rural coquetry.

‘As sure, my dearest Phœbe, as ——’

The rest of the asseveration was lost in Phœbe's ear, so closely did the keeper's lips approach it; and if they approached so very near as to touch her cheek, grief, like impatience, hath its privileges, and poor Phœbe had enough of serious alarm to prevent her from demurring upon such a trifle.

But no trifle was the approach of Joceline's lips to Phœbe's pretty though sunburnt cheek in the estimation of the Independent, who, a little before the object of Joceline's vigilance, had been more lately in his turn the observer of the keeper's demeanour, so soon as the interview betwixt Phœbe and him had become so interesting. And when he remarked the closeness of Joceline's argument, he raised his voice to a pitch of harshness that would have rivalled that of an ungreased and rusty saw, and which at once made Joceline and Phœbe spring six feet apart, each in contrary directions, and if Cupid was of the party, must have sent him out at the window like a wild duck flying from a culverin. Instantly throwing himself into the attitude of a preacher and a reprover of vice, 'How now!' he exclaimed, 'shameless and impudent as you are! What! chambering and wantoning in our very presence! How! would you play your pranks before the steward of the Commissioners of the High Court of Parliament, as ye would in a booth at the fulsome fair, or amidst the trappings and tracings of a profane dancing-school, where the scoundrel minstrels make their ungodly weapons to squeak, "Kiss and be kind, the fiddler's blind"? But here,' he said, dealing a perilous thump upon the volume — 'here is the king and high priest of those vices and follies. Here is he, whom men of folly profanely call nature's miracle. Here is he, whom princes chose for their cabinet-keeper, and whom maids of honour take for their bedfellow. Here is the prime teacher of fine words, foppery, and folly. Here! (dealing another thump upon the volume; and oh! revered of the Roxburghe, it was the first folio — beloved of the Bannatyne, it was Hemminge and Condel — it was the *editio princeps*). On thee,' he continued — 'on thee, William Shakspeare, I charge whate'er of such lawless idleness and immodest folly hath defiled the land since thy day.'

'By the mass, a heavy accusation,' said Joceline, the bold recklessness of whose temper could not be long overawed. 'Odds pitlikins, is our master's old favourite, Will of Stratford, to answer for every buss that has been snatched since James's time? A perilous reckoning truly! but I wonder who is sponsible for what lads and lasses did before his day?'

'Scoff not,' said the soldier, 'lest I, being called thereto by the voice within me, do deal with thee as a scorner. Verily I say, that since the devil fell from Heaven, he never lacked agents on earth; yet nowhere hath he met with a wizard having such infinite power over men's souls as this pestilent fellow Shakspeare. Seeks a wife a foul example for adultery, here she shall find it. Would a man know how to train his fellow to be a murderer, here shall he find tutoring. Would a lady marry a heathen negro, she shall have chronicled example for it. Would any one scorn at his Maker, he shall be furnished with a jest in this book. Would he defy his brother in the flesh, he shall be accommodated with a challenge. Would you be drunk, Shakspeare will cheer you with a cup. Would you plunge in sensual pleasures, he will soothe you to indulgence, as with the lascivious sounds of a lute. This, I say — this book is the wellhead and source of all those evils which have overrun the land like a torrent, making men scoffers, doubters, deniers, murderers, makebates, and lovers of the wine-pot, haunting unclean places, and sitting long at the evening wine. Away with him — away with him, men of England! to Tophet with his wicked book, and to the vale of Hinnom with his accursed bones! Verily, but that our march was hasty when we passed Stratford, in the year 1643, with Sir William Waller — but that our march was hasty —'

'Because Prince Rupert was after you with his Cavaliers,' muttered the incorrigible Joceline.

'I say,' continued the zealous trooper, raising his voice and extending his arm, 'but that our march was by command hasty, and that we turned not aside in our riding, closing our ranks each one upon the other as becomes men of war, I had torn on that day the bones of that preceptor of vice and debauchery from the grave, and given them to the next dunghill. I would have made his memory a scoff and a hissing.'

'That is the bitterest thing he has said yet,' observed the keeper. 'Poor Will would have liked the hissing worse than all the rest.'

'Will the gentleman say any more?' inquired Phoebe in a whisper. 'Lack-a-day, he talks brave words, if one knew but what they meant. But it is a mercy our good knight did not see him ruffle the book at that rate. Mercy on us, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But oh the father — see how he is twisting his face about! Is he ill of the colic, think'st thou, Joceline? Or may I offer him a glass of strong waters?'

‘Hark thee hither, wench,’ said the keeper, ‘he is but loading his blunderbuss for another volley; and while he turns up his eyes, and twists about his face, and clenches his fist, and shuffles and tramples with his feet in that fashion, he is bound to take no notice of anything. I would be sworn to cut his purse, if he had one, from his side, without his feeling it.’

‘La! Joceline,’ said Phœbe, ‘and if he abides here in this turn of times, I daresay the gentleman will be easily served.’

‘Care not thou about that,’ said Joliffe; ‘but tell me softly and hastily, what is in the pantry?’

‘Small housekeeping enough,’ said Phœbe: ‘a cold capon and some comfits, and the great standing venison pasty, with plenty of spice — a manchet or two besides, and that is all.’

‘Well, it will serve for a pinch. Wrap thy cloak round thy comely body; get a basket and a brace of trenchers and towels, they are heinously impoverished down yonder; carry down the capon and the manchets; the pasty must abide with this same soldier and me, and the pie-crust will serve us for bread.’

‘Rarely,’ said Phœbe, ‘I made the paste myself: it is as thick as the walls of Fair Rosamond’s Tower.’

‘Which two pairs of jaws would be long in gnawing through, work hard as they might,’ said the keeper. ‘But what liquor is there?’

‘Only a bottle of Alicant and one of sack, with the stone jug of strong waters,’ answered Phœbe.

‘Put the wine-flasks into thy basket,’ said Joceline, ‘the knight must not lack his evening draught; and down with thee to the hut like a lapwing. There is enough for supper, and to-morrow is a new day. Ha! by Heaven I thought yonder man’s eye watched us. No, he only rolled it round him in a brown study. Deep enough doubtless, as they all are! But d—n him, he must be bottomless if I cannot sound him before the night’s out. Hie thee away, Phœbe.’

But Phœbe was a rural coquette, and, aware that Joceline’s situation gave him no advantage of avenging the challenge in a fitting way, she whispered in his ear, ‘Do you think our knight’s friend, Shakspeare, really found out all these naughty devices the gentleman spoke of?’

Off she darted while she spoke, while Joliffe menaced future vengeance with his finger, as he muttered, ‘Go thy way, Phœbe Mayflower, the lightest-footed and lightest-hearted wench that ever tripped the sod in Woodstock Park! After her, Bevis, and bring her safe to our master at the hut.’

The large greyhound arose like a human servitor who had received an order, and followed Phœbe through the hall, first licking her hand to make her sensible of his presence, and then putting himself to a slow trot, so as best to accommodate himself to the light pace of her whom he convoyed, whom Joceline had not extolled for her activity without due reason. While Phœbe and her guardian thread the forest glades, we return to the lodge.

The Independent now seemed to start as if from a reverie. 'Is the young woman gone?' said he.

'Ay, marry is she,' said the keeper; 'and if your worship hath farther commands, you must rest contented with male attendance.'

'Commands — umph — I think the damsel might have tarried for another exhortation,' said the soldier; 'truly, I profess my mind was much inclined toward her for her edification.'

'Oh, sir,' replied Joliffe, 'she will be at church next Sunday, and if your military reverence is pleased again to hold forth amongst us, she will have use of the doctrine with the rest. But young maidens of these parts hear no private homilies. And what is now your pleasure? Will you look at the other rooms, and at the few plate articles which have been left?'

'Umph — no,' said the Independent; 'it wears late, and gets dark. Thou hast the means of giving us beds, friend?'

'Better you never slept in,' replied the keeper.

'And wood for a fire, and a light, and some small pittance of creature-comforts for refreshment of the outward man?' continued the soldier.

'Without doubt,' replied the keeper, displaying a prudent anxiety to gratify this important personage.

In a few minutes a great standing candlestick was placed on an oaken table. The mighty venison pasty, adorned with parsley, was placed on the board on a clean napkin; the stone bottle of strong waters, with a black-jack full of ale, formed comfortable appendages; and to this meal sat down in social manner the soldier, occupying a great elbow-chair, and the keeper, at his invitation, using the more lowly accommodation of a stool, at the opposite side of the table. Thus agreeably employed, our history leaves them for the present.

CHAPTER IV

Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;
There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,
There's ready shelter from each breeze, or shower.
But duty guides not that way : see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliffs.
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy footsteps,
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm,
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and hunger ;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet
Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless

Anonymous.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that, after his scuffle with the Commonwealth soldier, Sir Henry Lee, with his daughter Alice, had departed to take refuge in the hut of the stout keeper, Joceline Joliffe. They walked slow, as before, for the old knight was at once oppressed by perceiving these last vestiges of royalty fall into the hands of republicans and by the recollection of his recent defeat. At times he paused, and, with his arms folded on his bosom, recalled all the circumstances attending his expulsion from a house so long his home. It seemed to him that, like the champions of romance of whom he had sometimes read, he himself was retiring from the post which it was his duty to guard, defeated by a paynim knight, for whom the adventure had been reserved by fate. Alice had her own painful subjects of recollection, nor had the tenor of her last conversation with her father been so pleasant as to make her anxious to renew it until his temper should be more composed ; for with an excellent disposition, and much love to his daughter, age and misfortunes, which of late came, thicker and thicker, had given to the good knight's passions a wayward irritability unknown to his better days. His daughter, and one or two attached servants who still followed his decayed

fortunes, soothed his frailty as much as possible, and pitied him even while they suffered under its effects.

It was a long time ere he spoke, and then he referred to an incident already noticed. 'It is strange,' he said, 'that Bevis should have followed Joceline and that fellow rather than me.'

'Assure yourself, sir,' replied Alice, 'that his sagacity saw in this man a stranger, whom he thought himself obliged to watch circumspectly, and therefore he remained with Joceline.'

'Not so, Alice,' answered Sir Henry; 'he leaves me because my fortunes have fled from me. There is a feeling in nature, affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The very deer there will butt a sick or wounded buck from the herd; hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him; fishes devour their own kind when they are wounded with a spear; cut a crow's wing, or break its leg, the others will buffet it to death.'

'That may be true of the more irrational kinds of animals among each other,' said Alice, 'for their whole life is wellnigh a warfare; but the dog leaves his own race to attach himself to ours — forsakes, for his master, the company, food, and pleasure of his own kind; and surely the fidelity of such a devoted and voluntary servant as Bevis hath been in particular ought not to be lightly suspected.'

'I am not angry with the dog, Alice; I am only sorry,' replied her father. 'I have read in faithful chronicles that, when Richard II. and Henry of Bolingbroke were at Berkeley Castle, a dog of the same kind deserted the king, whom he had always attended upon, and attached himself to Henry, whom he then saw for the first time. Richard foretold, from the desertion of his favourite, his approaching deposition.¹ The dog was afterwards kept at Woodstock, and Bevis is said to be of his breed, which was heedfully kept up. What I might foretell of mischief from his desertion, I cannot guess, but my mind assures me it bodes no good.'

There was a distant rustling among the withered leaves, a bouncing or galloping sound on the path, and the favourite dog instantly joined his master.

'Come into court, old knave,' said Alice, cheerfully, 'and defend thy character, which is wellnigh endangered by this absence.' But the dog only paid her courtesy by gambolling

¹ The story occurs, I think, in Froissart's *Chronicles* [vol. iv. chap. 132 of Johnes's trans.].

around them, and instantly plunged back again, as fast as he could scamper.

‘How now, knave,’ said the knight; ‘thou art too well trained, surely, to take up the chase without orders?’ A minute more showed them Phoebe Mayflower approaching, her light pace so little impeded by the burden which she bore, that she joined her master and young mistress just as they arrived at the keeper’s hut, which was the boundary of their journey. Bevis, who had shot a-head to pay his compliments to Sir Henry his master, had returned again to his immediate duty, the escorting Phoebe and her cargo of provisions. The whole party stood presently assembled before the door of the keeper’s hut.

In better times, a substantial stone habitation, fit for the yeoman-keeper of a royal walk, had adorned this place. A fair spring gushed out near the spot, and once traversed yards and courts, attached to well-built and convenient kennels and mews. But in some of the skirmishes which were common during the civil wars, this little silvan dwelling had been attacked and defended, stormed and burnt. A neighbouring squire, of the Parliament side of the question, took advantage of Sir Henry Lee’s absence, who was then in Charles’s camp, and of the decay of the royal cause, and had, without scruple, carried off the hewn stones, and such building-materials as the fire left unconsumed, and repaired his own manor-house with them. The yeoman-keeper, therefore, our friend Joceline, had constructed, for his own accommodation and that of the old woman he called his dame, a wattled hut, such as his own labour, with that of a neighbour or two, had erected in the course of a few days. The walls were plastered with clay, whitewashed, and covered with vines and other creeping plants; the roof was neatly thatched; and the whole, though merely a hut, had, by the neat-handed Joliffe, been so arranged as not to disgrace the condition of the dweller.

The knight advanced to the entrance; but the ingenuity of the architect, for want of a better lock to the door, which itself was but of wattles curiously twisted, had contrived a mode of securing the latch on the inside with a pin, which prevented it from rising; and in this manner it was at present fastened. Conceiving that this was some precaution of Joliffe’s old house-keeper, of whose deafness they were all aware, Sir Henry raised his voice to demand admittance, but in vain. Irritated at this delay, he pressed the door at once with foot and hand, in a

way which the frail barrier was unable to resist; it gave way accordingly, and the knight thus forcibly entered the kitchen, or outward apartment, of his servant. In the midst of the floor, and with a posture which indicated embarrassment, stood a youthful stranger, in a riding-suit.

'This may be my last act of authority here,' said the knight, seizing the stranger by the collar, 'but I am still ranger of Woodstock for this night at least. Who or what art thou?'

The stranger dropped the riding-mantle in which his face was muffled, and at the same time fell on one knee.

'Your poor kinsman, Markham Everard,' he said, 'who came hither for your sake, although he fears you will scarce make him welcome for his own.'

Sir Henry started back, but recovered himself in an instant, as one who recollected that he had a part of dignity to perform. He stood erect, therefore, and replied, with considerable assumption of stately ceremony:

'Fair kinsman, it pleases me that you are come to Woodstock upon the very first night that, for many years which have past, is likely to promise you a worthy or a welcome reception.'

'Now God grant it be so, that I rightly hear and duly understand you,' said the young man; while Alice, though she was silent, kept her looks fixed on her father's face, as if desirous to know whether his meaning was kind towards his nephew, which her knowledge of his character inclined her greatly to doubt.

The knight meanwhile darted a sardonic look, first on his nephew, then on his daughter, and proceeded — 'I need not, I presume, inform Mr. Markham Everard that it cannot be our purpose to entertain him, or even to offer him a seat, in this poor hut.'

'I will attend you most willingly to the lodge,' said the young gentleman. 'I had, indeed, judged you were already there for the evening, and feared to intrude upon you. But if you would permit me, my dearest uncle, to escort my kinswoman and you back to the lodge, believe me, amongst all which you have so often done of good and kind, you never conferred benefit that will be so dearly prized.'

'You mistake me greatly, Mr. Markham Everard,' replied the knight. 'It is not our purpose to return to the lodge to-night, nor, by Our Lady, to-morrow neither. I meant but to intimate to you in all courtesy, that at Woodstock Lodge you will find those for whom you are fitting society, and who,

doubtless, will afford you a willing welcome, which I, sir, in this my present retreat, do not presume to offer to a person of your consequence.'

'For Heaven's sake,' said the young man, turning to Alice, 'tell me how I am to understand language so mysterious!'

Alice, to prevent his increasing the restrained anger of her father, compelled herself to answer, though it was with difficulty, 'We are expelled from the lodge by soldiers.'

'Expelled — by soldiers!' exclaimed Everard, in surprise; 'there is no legal warrant for this.'

'None at all,' answered the knight, in the same tone of cutting irony which he had all along used, 'and yet as lawful a warrant as for aught that has been wrought in England this twelvemonth and more. You are, I think, or were, an Inns-of-Court-man — marry, sir, your enjoyment of your profession is like that lease which a prodigal wishes to have of a wealthy widow. You have already survived the law which you studied, and its expiry doubtless has not been without a legacy — some decent pickings, some merciful increases, as the phrase goes. You have deserved it two ways: you wore buff and bandoleer, as well as wielded pen and ink — I have not heard if you held forth too?'

'Think of me and speak of me as harshly as you will, sir,' said Everard, submissively. 'I have but, in this evil time, guided myself by my conscience and my father's commands.'

'O, an you talk of conscience,' said the old knight, 'I must have mine eye upon you, as Hamlet says. Never yet did Puritan cheat so grossly as when he was appealing to his conscience; and as for thy *father* —'

He was about to proceed in a tone of the same invective, when the young man interrupted him, by saying, in a firm tone, 'Sir Henry Lee, you have ever been thought noble. Say of me what you will, but speak not of my father what the ear of a son should not endure, and which yet his arm cannot resent. To do me such wrong is to insult an unarmed man or to beat a captive.'

Sir Henry paused, as if struck by the remark. 'Thou hast spoken truth in that, Mark, wert thou the blackest Puritan whom hell ever vomited, to distract an unhappy country.'

'Be that as you will to think it,' replied Everard; 'but let me not leave you to the shelter of this wretched hovel. The night is drawing to storm; let me but conduct you to the lodge, and expel those intruders, who can, as yet at least, have no

warrant for what they do. I will not linger a moment behind them, save just to deliver my father's message. Grant me but this much, for the love you once bore me.'

'Yes, Mark,' answered his uncle, firmly, but sorrowfully, 'thou speakest truth — I did love thee once. The bright-haired boy whom I taught to ride, to shoot, to hunt, whose hours of happiness were spent with me, wherever those of graver labours were employed — I did love that boy — ay, and I am weak enough to love even the memory of what he was. But he is gone, Mark — he is gone; and in his room I only behold an avowed and determined rebel to his religion and to his king — a rebel more detestable on account of his success, the more infamous through the plundered wealth with which he hopes to gild his villainy. But I am poor, thou think'st, and should hold my peace, lest men say, "Speak, sirrah, when you should." Know, however, that, indigent and plundered as I am, I feel myself dishonoured in holding even but this much talk with the tool of usurping rebels. Go to the lodge if thou wilt, yonder lies the way; but think not that, to regain my dwelling there, or all the wealth I ever possessed in my wealthiest days, I would willingly accompany thee three steps on the greensward. If I must be thy companion, it shall be only when thy redcoats have tied my hands behind me, and bound my legs beneath my horse's belly. Thou mayst be my fellow-traveller then, I grant thee, if thou wilt, but not sooner.'

Alice, who suffered cruelly during this dialogue, and was well aware that further argument would only kindle the knight's resentment still more highly, ventured at last, in her anxiety, to make a sign to her cousin to break off the interview and to retire, since her father commanded his absence in a manner so peremptory. Unhappily she was observed by Sir Henry, who, concluding that what he saw was evidence of a private understanding betwixt the cousins — his wrath acquired new fuel, and it required the utmost exertion of self-command, and recollection of all that was due to his own dignity, to enable him to veil his real fury under the same ironical manner which he had adopted at the beginning of this angry interview.

'If thou art afraid,' he said, 'to trace our forest glades by night, respected stranger, to whom I am perhaps bound to do honour as my successor in the charge of these walks, here seems to be a modest damsel who will be most willing to wait on thee, and be thy bow-bearer. Only, for her mother's sake, let there pass some slight form of marriage between you. Ye need

no license or priest in these happy days, but may be buckled like beggars in a ditch, with a hedge for a church-roof and a tinker for a priest. I crave pardon of you for making such an officious and simple request : perhaps you are a Ranter, or one of the family of Love, or hold marriage rites as unnecessary as Knipperdoling or Jack of Leyden ?'

'For mercy's sake, forbear such dreadful jesting, my father ! and do you, Markham, begone, in God's name, and leave us to our fate. Your presence makes my father rave.'

'Jesting !' said Sir Henry. 'I was never more serious. Raving ! I was never more composed. I could never brook that falsehood should approach me : I would no more bear by my side a dishonoured daughter than a dishonoured sword ; and this unhappy day hath shown that both can fail.'

'Sir Henry,' said young Everard, 'load not your soul with a heavy crime, which be assured you do, in treating your daughter thus unjustly. It is long now since you denied her to me, when we were poor and you were powerful. I acquiesced in your prohibition of all suit and intercourse. God knoweth what I suffered — but I acquiesced. Neither is it to renew my suit that I now come hither, and have, I do acknowledge, sought speech of her, not for her own sake only, but for yours also. Destruction hovers over you, ready to close her pinions to stoop and her talons to clutch. Yes, sir, look contemptuous as you will, such is the case ; and it is to protect both you and her that I am here.'

'You refuse then my free gift,' said Sir Henry Lee ; 'or perhaps you think it loaded with too hard conditions ?'

'Shame — shame on you, Sir Henry !' said Everard, waxing warm in his turn ; 'have your political prejudices so utterly warped every feeling of a father, that you can speak with bitter mockery and scorn of what concerns your own daughter's honour ? Hold up your head, fair Alice, and tell your father he has forgotten nature in his fantastic spirit of loyalty. Know, Sir Henry, that, though I would prefer your daughter's hand to every blessing which Heaven could bestow on me, I would not accept it — my conscience would not permit me to do so — when I knew it must withdraw her from her duty to you.'

'Your conscience is over-scrupulous, young man ; carry it to some dissenting rabbi, and he who takes all that comes to net will teach thee it is sinning against our mercies to refuse any good thing that is freely offered to us.'

'When it is freely offered, and kindly offered — not when the

offer is made in irony and insult. Fare thee well, Alice; if aught could make me desire to profit by thy father's wild wish to cast thee from him in a moment of unworthy suspicion, it would be that, while indulging in such sentiments, Sir Henry Lee is tyrannically oppressing the creature who of all others is most dependent on his kindness, who of all others will most feel his severity, and whom of all others he is most bound to cherish and support.'

'Do not fear for me, Mr. Everard,' exclaimed Alice, aroused from her timidity by a dread of the consequences not unlikely to ensue, where civil war sets relations, as well as fellow-citizens, in opposition to each other. 'Oh, begone, I conjure you — begone! Nothing stands betwixt me and my father's kindness but these unhappy family divisions — but your ill-timed presence here. For Heaven's sake, leave us!'

'Soh, mistress!' answered the hot old Cavalier, 'you play lady paramount already, and who but you! You would dictate to our train, I warrant, like Goneril and Regan! But I tell thee, no man shall leave my house — and, humble as it is, *this* is now my house — while he has aught to say to me that is to be spoken, as this young man now speaks, with a bent brow and a lofty tone. Speak out, sir, and say your worst.'

'Fear not my temper, Mrs. Alice,' said Everard, with equal firmness and placidity of manner; 'and you, Sir Henry, do not think that, if I speak firmly, I mean therefore to speak in anger, or officiously. You have taxed me with much, and, were I guided by the wild spirit of romantic chivalry, much which, even from so near a relative, I ought not, as being by birth and in the world's estimation a gentleman, to pass over without reply. Is it your pleasure to give me patient hearing?'

'If you stand on your defence,' answered the stout old knight, 'God forbid that you should not challenge a patient hearing — ay, though your pleading were two parts disloyalty and one blasphemy. Only be brief; this has already lasted but too long.'

'I will, Sir Henry,' replied the young man; 'yet it is hard to crowd into a few sentences the defence of a life which, though short, has been a busy one — too busy, your indignant gesture would assert. But I deny it: I have drawn my sword neither hastily nor without due consideration for a people whose rights have been trampled on and whose consciences have been oppressed. Frown not, sir — such is not your view of the contest, but such is mine. For my religious principles, at which you have scoffed, believe me that, though they

depend not on set forms, they are no less sincere than your own, and thus far purer — excuse the word — that they are unmingled with the bloodthirsty dictates of a barbarous age, which you and others have called the code of chivalrous honour. Not my own natural disposition, but the better doctrine which my creed has taught, enables me to bear your harsh revilings without answering in a similar tone of wrath and reproach. You may carry insult to extremity against me at your pleasure, not on account of our relationship alone, but because I am bound in charity to endure it. This, Sir Henry, is much from one of our house. But, with forbearance far more than this requires, I can refuse at your hands the gift which, most of all things under Heaven, I should desire to obtain, because duty calls upon her to sustain and comfort you, and because it were sin to permit you, in your blindness, to spurn your comforter from your side. Farewell, sir — not in anger, but in pity. We may meet in a better time, when your heart and your principles shall master the unhappy prejudices by which they are now overclouded. Farewell — farewell, Alice !’

The last words were repeated twice, and in a tone of feeling and passionate grief which differed utterly from the steady and almost severe tone in which he had addressed Sir Henry Lee. He turned and left the hut so soon as he had uttered these last words ; and, as if ashamed of the tenderness which had mingled with his accents, the young Commonwealth’s-man turned and walked sternly and resolvedly forth into the moonlight, which now was spreading its broad light and autumnal shadows over the woodland.

So soon as he departed, Alice, who had been during the whole scene in the utmost terror that her father might have been hurried, by his natural heat of temper, from violence of language into violence of action, sunk down upon a settle twisted out of willow-boughs, like most of Joceline’s few movables, and endeavoured to conceal the tears which accompanied the thanks she rendered in broken accents to Heaven, that, notwithstanding the near alliance and relationship of the parties, some fatal deed had not closed an interview so perilous and so angry. Phœbe Mayflower blubbered heartily for company, though she understood but little of what had passed ; just, indeed, enough to enable her afterwards to report to some half-dozen particular friends that her old master, Sir Henry, had been perilous angry, and almost fought with young Master Everard, because he had wellnigh carried away her young

mistress. 'And what could he have done better,' said Phœbe, 'seeing the old man had nothing left either for Mrs. Alice or himself? and as for Mr. Mark Everard and our young lady, oh! they had spoken such loving things to each other as are not to be found in the history of Argalus and Parthenia,¹ who, as the story-book tells, were the truest pair of lovers in all Arcadia and Oxfordshire to boot.'

Old Goody Jellicot had popped her scarlet hood into the kitchen more than once while the scene was proceeding; but, as the worthy dame was parcel blind and more than parcel deaf, knowledge was excluded by two principal entrances; and though she comprehended, by a sort of general instinct, that the gentlefolk were at high words, yet why they chose Joceline's hut for the scene of their dispute was as great a mystery as the subject of the quarrel.

But what was the state of the old Cavalier's mood, thus contradicted, as his most darling principles had been, by the last words of his departing nephew? The truth is, that he was less thoroughly moved than his daughter expected; and in all probability his nephew's bold defence of his religious and political opinions rather pacified than aggravated his displeasure. Although sufficiently impatient of contradiction, still evasion and subterfuge were more alien to the blunt old ranger's nature than manly vindication and direct opposition; and he was wont to say, that he ever loved the buck best who stood boldest at bay. He graced his nephew's departure, however, with a quotation from Shakspeare, whom, as many others do, he was wont to quote from a sort of habit and respect, as a favourite of his unfortunate master, without having either much real taste for his works or great skill in applying the passages which he retained on his memory.

'Mark,' he said — 'mark this, Alice: the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose. Why, this young fanatic cousin of thine, with no more beard than I have seen on a clown playing Maid Marion on May-day, when the village barber had shaved him in too great a hurry, shall match any bearded Presbyterian or Independent of them all in laying down his doctrines and his uses, and bethumping us with his texts and his homilies. I would worthy and learned Doctor Rochecliffe had been here, with his battery ready mounted from the Vulgate, and the Septuagint, and what not: he would have battered the Pres-

¹ *The Most Pleasant and Delightful History of Argalus and Parthenia* was a chap-book very popular in the 17th century (*Laing*).

byterian spirit out of him with a wanion. However, I am glad the young man is no sneaker; for, were a man of the devil's opinion in religion and of Old Noll's in politics, he were better open on it full cry than deceive you by hunting counter or running a false scent. Come, wipe thine eyes: the fray is over, and not like to be stirred again soon, I trust.'

Encouraged by these words, Alice rose, and, bewildered as she was, endeavoured to superintend the arrangements for their meal and their repose in their new habitation. But her tears fell so fast, they marred her counterfeited diligence; and it was well for her that Phoebe, though too ignorant and too simple to comprehend the extent of her distress, could afford her material assistance, in lack of mere sympathy.

With great readiness and address, the damsel set about everything that was requisite for preparing the supper and the beds; now screaming into Dame Jellicot's ear, now whispering into her mistress's, and artfully managing as if she was merely the agent under Alice's orders. When the cold viands were set forth, Sir Henry Lee kindly pressed his daughter to take refreshment, as if to make up, indirectly, for his previous harshness towards her; while he himself, like an experienced campaigner, showed that neither the mortifications nor brawls of the day, nor the thoughts of what was to come to-morrow, could diminish his appetite for supper, which was his favourite meal. He ate up two-thirds of the capon, and, devoting the first bumper to the happy restoration of Charles, second of the name, he finished a quart of wine; for he belonged to a school accustomed to feed the flame of their loyalty with copious brimmers. He even sang a verse of 'The King shall enjoy his own again,' in which Phoebe, half-sobbing, and Dame Jellicot, screaming against time and tune, were contented to lend their aid, to cover Mistress Alice's silence.

At length the jovial knight betook himself to his rest on the keeper's straw pallet, in a recess adjoining to the kitchen, and, unaffected by his change of dwelling, slept fast and deep. Alice had less quiet rest in old Goody Jellicot's wicker couch, in the inner apartment; while the dame and Phoebe slept on a mattress, stuffed with dry leaves, in the same chamber, soundly as those whose daily toil gains their daily bread, and whom morning calls up only to renew the toils of yesterday.

CHAPTER V

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.
They may be great in worth and weight, but hang
Upon the native glibness of my speech
Like Saul's plate-armour on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering and not arming him.

J. B.

AS Markham Everard pursued his way towards the lodge, through one of the long sweeping glades which traversed the forest, varying in breadth, till the trees were now so close that the boughs made darkness over his head, then receding farther to let in glimpses of the moon, and anon opening yet wider into little meadows or savannahs, on which the moonbeams lay in silvery silence — as he thus proceeded on his lonely course, the various effects produced by that delicious light on the oaks, whose dark leaves, gnarled branches, and massive trunks it gilded more or less partially, might have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter.

But if Everard thought of anything saving the painful scene in which he had just played his part, and of which the result seemed the destruction of all his hopes, it was of the necessary guard to be observed in his night-walk. The times were dangerous and unsettled, the roads full of disbanded soldiers, and especially of Royalists, who made their political opinions a pretext for disturbing the country with marauding parties and robberies. Deer-stealers also, who are ever a desperate banditti, had of late infested Woodstock Chase. In short, the dangers of the place and period were such that Markham Everard wore his loaded pistols at his belt, and carried his drawn sword under his arm, that he might be prepared for whatever peril should cross his path.

He heard the bells of Woodstock church ring curfew, just as he was crossing one of the little meadows we have described, and they ceased as he entered an overshadowed and twilight

part of the path beyond. It was there that he heard some one whistling; and, as the sound became clearer, it was plain the person was advancing towards him. This could hardly be a friend; for the party to which he belonged rejected, generally speaking, all music, unless psalmody. 'If a man is merry, let him sing psalms,' was a text which they were pleased to interpret as literally and to as little purpose as they did some others; yet it was too continued a sound to be a signal amongst night-walkers, and too light and cheerful to argue any purpose of concealment on the part of the traveller, who presently exchanged his whistling for singing, and trolled forth the following stanza to a jolly tune, with which the old Cavaliers were wont to wake the night owl —

'Hey for cavaliers! Ho for cavaliers!
Pray for cavaliers!
Rub a dub — rub a dub!
Have at old Beelzebub.
Oliver smokes for fear.'

'I should know that voice,' said Everard, uncocking the pistol which he had drawn from his belt, but continuing to hold it in his hand. Then came another fragment —

'Hash them, slash them,
All to pieces dash them.'

'So ho!' cried Markham, 'who goes there, and for whom?'
'For Church and King,' answered a voice, which presently added, 'No, d—n me, I mean *against* Church and King, and for the people that are uppermost, I forget which they are.'

'Roger Wildrake, as I guess?' said Everard.

'The same gentleman, of Squattlesea Mere, in the moist county of Lincoln.'

'Wildrake!' said Markham. 'Wildgoose you should be called. You have been moistening your own throat to some purpose, and using it to gabble tunes very suitable to the times, to be sure.'

'Faith, the tune's a pretty tune enough, Mark, only out of fashion a little, the more's the pity.'

'What could I expect,' said Everard, 'but to meet some ranting, drunken Cavalier, as desperate and dangerous as night and sack usually make them? What if I had rewarded your melody by a ball in the gullet?'

'Why, there would have been a piper paid, that's all,' said

Wildrake. 'But wherefore come you this way now? I was about to seek you at the hut.'

'I have been obliged to leave it. I will tell you the cause hereafter,' replied Markham.

'What! the old play-hunting Cavalier was cross, or Chloe was unkind?'

'Jest not, Wildrake; it is all over with me,' said Everard.

'The devil it is,' exclaimed Wildrake, 'and you take it thus quietly! Zounds! let us back together. I'll plead your cause for you. I know how to tickle up an old knight and a pretty maiden. Let me alone for putting you *rectus in curia*, you canting rogue. "D—n me, Sir Henry Lee," says I, "your nephew is a piece of a Puritan, it won't deny; but I'll uphold him a gentleman and a pretty fellow, for all that." "Madam," says I, "you may think your cousin looks like a psalm-singing weaver, in that bare felt, and with that rascally brown cloak, that band, which looks like a baby's clout, and those loose boots, which have a whole calf-skin in each of them; but let him wear on the one side of his head a castor, with a plume befitting his quality; give him a good Toledo by his side, with a brodered belt and an inlaid hilt, instead of the ton of iron contained in that basket-hilted black Andrew Ferrara; put a few smart words in his mouth, and, blood and wounds! madam," says I——'

'Prithee, truce with this nonsense, Wildrake,' said Everard, 'and tell me if you are sober enough to hear a few words of sober reason?'

'Pshaw! man, I did but crack a brace of quarts with yonder Puritanic Roundheaded soldiers up yonder at the town; and rat me but I passed myself for the best man of the party—twanged my nose and turned up my eyes as I took my can. Pah! the very wine tasted of hypocrisy. I think the rogue corporal smoked something at last; as for the common fellows, never stir, but *they* asked me to say grace over another quart!'

'This is just what I wished to speak with you about, Wildrake,' said Markham. 'You hold me, I am sure, for your friend?'

'True as steel. Chums at college and at Lincoln's Inn, we have been Nisus and Euryalus, Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylades, and, to sum up the whole with a Puritanic touch, David and Jonathan, all in one breath. Not even politics, the wedge that rends families and friendships asunder, as iron rives oak, have been able to split us.'

'True,' answered Markham; 'and when you followed the King to Nottingham, and I enrolled under Essex, we swore, at our parting, that whichever side was victorious, he of us who adhered to it should protect his less fortunate comrade.'

'Surely, man—surely; and have you not protected me accordingly? Did you not save me from hanging? and am I not indebted to you for the bread I eat?'

'I have but done that which, had the times been otherwise, you, my dear Wildrake, would, I am sure, have done for me. But, as I said, that is just what I wished to speak to you about. Why render the task of protecting you more difficult than it must necessarily be at any rate? Why thrust thyself into the company of soldiers, or such-like, where thou art sure to be warmed into betraying thyself? Why come hallooming and whooping out Cavalier ditties, like a drunken trooper of Prince Rupert, or one of Wilmot's swaggering body-guards?'

'Because I may have been both one and t' other in my day, for aught that you know,' replied Wildrake. 'But, oddsfish! is it necessary I should always be reminding you that our obligation of mutual protection, our league of offensive and defensive, as I may call it, was to be carried into effect without reference to the politics or religion of the party protected, or the least obligation on him to conform to those of his friend?'

'True,' said Everard; 'but with this most necessary qualification, that the party should submit to such outward conformity to the times as should make it more easy and safe for his friend to be of service to him. Now, you are perpetually breaking forth, to the hazard of your own safety and my credit.'

'I tell you, Mark, and I would tell your namesake the apostle, that you are hard on me. You have practised sobriety and hypocrisy from your hanging sleeves till your Geneva cassock—from the cradle to this day—and it is a thing of nature to you; and you are surprised that a rough, rattling, honest fellow, accustomed to speak truth all his life, and especially when he found it at the bottom of a flask, cannot be so perfect a prig as thyself! Zooks! there is no equality betwixt us. A trained diver might as well, because he can retain his breath for ten minutes without inconvenience, upbraid a poor devil for being like to burst in twenty seconds, at the bottom of ten fathoms' water; and, after all, considering the guise is so new to me, I think I bear myself indifferently well—try me!'

'Are there any more news from Worcester fight?' asked

Everard, in a tone so serious that it imposed on his companion, who replied in his genuine character —

‘Worse! d—n me — worse an hundred times than reported — totally broken. Noll hath certainly sold himself to the Devil, and his lease will have an end one day, that is all our present comfort.’

‘What! and would this be your answer to the first redcoat who asked the question?’ said Everard. ‘Methinks you would find a speedy passport to the next *corps de garde*.’

‘Nay — nay,’ answered Wildrake, ‘I thought you asked me in your own person. Lack-a-day! a great mercy — a glorifying mercy — a crowning mercy — a vouchsafing — an uplifting; I profess the Malignants are scattered from Dan to Beersheba, smitten, hip and thigh, even until the going down of the sun!’

‘Hear you aught of Colonel Thornhaugh’s wounds?’

‘He is dead,’ answered Wildrake, ‘that’s one comfort — the Roundheaded rascal! Nay, hold! it was but a trip of the tongue — I meant, the sweet, godly youth.’

‘And hear you aught of the young man, King of Scotland, as they call him?’ said Everard.

‘Nothing, but that he is hunted like a partridge on the mountains. May God deliver him and confound his enemies! Zoons, Mark Everard, I can fool it no longer. Do you not remember, that at the Lincoln’s Inn gambols — though you did not mingle much in them, I think — I used always to play as well as any of them when it came to the action, but they could never get me to rehearse conformably. It’s the same at this day. I hear your voice, and I answer to it in the true tone of my heart; but when I am in the company of your snuffling friends, you have seen me act my part indifferent well.’

‘But indifferent, indeed,’ replied Everard; ‘however, there is little call on you to do aught, save to be modest and silent. Speak little, and lay aside, if you can, your big oaths and swaggering looks — set your hat even on your brows.’

‘Ay, that is the curse! I have been always noted for the jaunty manner in which I wear my castor. Hard when a man’s merits become his enemies!’

‘You must remember you are my clerk.’

‘Secretary,’ answered Wildrake; ‘let it be secretary, if you love me.’

‘It must be clerk, and nothing else — plain clerk; and remember to be civil and obedient,’ replied Everard.

‘But you should not lay on your commands with so much

ostentatious superiority, Master Markham Everard. Remember I am your senior of three years' standing. Confound me, if I know how to take it !'

'Was ever such a fantastic wronghead ! For my sake, if not for thine own, bend thy freakish folly to listen to reason. Think that I have incurred both risk and shame on thy account.'

'Nay, thou art a right good fellow, Mark,' replied the Cavalier, 'and for thy sake I will do much ; but remember to cough and cry hem ! when thou seest me like to break bounds. And now tell me whither we are bound for the night ?'

'To Woodstock Lodge, to look after my uncle's property,' answered Markham Everard : 'I am informed that soldiers have taken possession. Yet how could that be, if thou foundest the party drinking in Woodstock ?'

'There was a kind of commissary or steward, or some such rogue, had gone down to the lodge,' replied Wildrake ; 'I had a peep at him.'

'Indeed !' replied Everard.

'Ay, verily,' said Wildrake, 'to speak your own language. Why, as I passed through the park in quest of you, scarce half an hour since, I saw a light in the lodge. Step this way, you will see it yourself.'

'In the north-west angle ?' returned Everard ; 'it is from a window in what they call Victor Lee's apartment.'

'Well,' resumed Wildrake, 'I had been long one of Lunsford's lads, and well used to patrolling duty — so, "Rat me," says I, "if I leave a light in my rear without knowing what it means." Besides, Mark, thou hadst said so much to me of thy pretty cousin, I thought I might as well have a peep, if I could.'

'Thoughtless, incorrigible man ! to what dangers do you expose yourself and your friends, in mere wantonness ! But go on.'

'By this fair moonshine, I believe thou art jealous, Mark Everard,' replied his gay companion. 'There is no occasion ; for, in any case, I, who was to see the lady, was steeled by honour against the charms of my friend's Chloe. Then the lady was not to see me, so could make no comparisons to thy disadvantage, thou knowest. Lastly, as it fell out, neither of us saw the other at all.'

'Of that I am well aware. Mrs. Alice left the lodge long before sunset, and never returned. What *didst* thou see to introduce with such preface ?'

'Nay, no great matter,' replied Wildrake; 'only, getting upon a sort of buttress — for I can climb like any cat that ever mewed in any gutter — and holding on by the vines and creepers which grew around, I obtained a station where I could see into the inside of that same parlour thou spokest of just now.'

'And what saw'st thou there?' once more demanded Everard.

'Nay, no great matter, as I said before,' replied the Cavalier; 'for in these times it is no new thing to see churls carousing in royal or noble chambers. I saw two rascallions engaged in emptying a solemn stoup of strong waters, and despatching a huge venison pasty, which greasy mess, for their convenience, they had placed on a lady's work-table. One of them was trying an air on a lute.'

'The profane villains!' exclaimed Everard, 'it was Alice's.'

'Well said, comrade — I am glad your phlegm can be moved. I did but throw in these incidents of the lute and the table to try if it were possible to get a spark of human spirit out of you, be-sanctified as you are.'

'What like were the men?' said young Everard.

'The one a slouch-hatted, long-cloaked, sour-faced fanatic, like the rest of you, whom I took to be the steward or commissary I heard spoken of in the town; the other was a short sturdy fellow, with a wood-knife at his girdle, and a long quarter-staff lying beside him — a black-haired knave, with white teeth and a merry countenance — one of the under-rangers or bow-bearers of these walks, I fancy.'

'They must have been Desborough's favourite, Trusty Tomkins,' said Everard, 'and Joceline Joliffe, the keeper. Tomkins is Desborough's right hand — an Independent, and hath pourings forth, as he calls them. Some think that his gifts have the better of his grace. I have heard of his abusing opportunities.'

'They were improving them when I saw them,' replied Wildrake, 'and made the bottle smoke for it, when, as the devil would have it, a stone, which had been dislodged from the crumbling buttress, gave way under my weight. A clumsy fellow like thee would have been so long thinking what was to be done, that he must needs have followed it before he could make up his mind; but I, Mark — I hopped like a squirrel to an ivy twig, and stood fast, was wellnigh shot, though, for the noise alarmed them both. They looked to the oriel, and saw me on the outside; the fanatic fellow took out a pistol — as they have always such texts in readiness hanging beside the little clasped Bible, thou know'st; the keeper seized his hunting-

pole. I treated them both to a roar and a grin — thou must know I can grimace like a baboon — I learned the trick from a French player, who could twist his jaws into a pair of nut-crackers — and therewithal I dropped myself sweetly on the grass, and ran off so trippingly, keeping the dark side of the wall as long as I could, that I am wellnigh persuaded they thought I was their kinsman, the devil, come among them uncalled. They were abominably startled.'

'Thou art most fearfully rash, Wildrake,' said his companion. 'We are now bound for the house; what if they should remember thee?'

'Why, it is no treason, is it? No one has paid for peeping since Tom of Coventry's days; and if he came in for a reckoning, belike it was for a better treat than mine. But trust me, they will no more know me than a man who had only seen your friend Noll at a conventicle of saints would know the same Oliver on horseback, and charging with his lobster-tailed squadron; or the same Noll cracking a jest and a bottle with wicked Waller the poet.'

'Hush! not a word of Oliver, as thou dost value thyself and me. It is ill jesting with the rock you may split on. But here is the gate; we will disturb these honest gentlemen's recreations.'

As he spoke, he applied the large and ponderous knocker to the hall door.

'Rat-tat-tat-too!' said Wildrake; 'there is a fine alarm to you cuckolds and Roundheads!' He then half-mimicked, half-sung the march so called:

'Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds, come dig;
Round about cuckolds, come dance to my jig!'

'By Heaven! this passes midsummer frenzy,' said Everard, turning angrily on him.

'Not a bit — not a bit,' replied Wildrake; 'it is but a slight expectoration, just like what one makes before beginning a long speech. I will be grave for an hour together, now I have got that point of war out of my head.'

As he spoke, steps were heard in the hall, and the wicket of the great door was partly opened, but secured with a chain in case of accidents. The visage of Tomkins, and that of Joceline beneath it, appeared at the chink, illuminated by the lamp which the latter held in his hand, and Tomkins demanded the meaning of this alarm.

'I demand instant admittance,' said Everard. 'Joliffe, you know me well?'

'I do, sir,' replied Joceline, 'and could admit you with all my heart; but, alas! sir, you see I am not key-keeper. Here is the gentleman whose warrant I must walk by. The Lord help me, seeing times are such as they be!'

'And when that gentleman, who I think may be Master Desborough's valet ——'

'His honour's unworthy secretary, an it please you,' interposed Tomkins; while Wildrake whispered in Everard's ear, 'I will be no longer secretary. Mark, thou wert quite right: the clerk must be the more gentlemanly calling.'

'And if you are Master Desborough's secretary, I presume you know me and my condition well enough,' said Everard, addressing the Independent, 'not to hesitate to admit me and my attendant to a night's quarters in the lodge?'

'Surely not — surely not,' said the Independent; 'that is, if your worship thinks you would be better accommodated here than up at the house of entertainment in the town, which men unprofitably call St. George's Inn. There is but confined accommodation here, your honour, and we have been frayed out of our lives already by the visitation of Satan, albeit his fiery dart is now quenched.'

'This may be all well in its place, sir secretary,' said Everard, 'and you may find a corner for it when you are next tempted to play the preacher. But I will take it for no apology for keeping me here in the cold harvest wind; and if not presently received, and suitably too, I will report you to your master for insolence in your office.'

The secretary of Desborough did not dare offer farther opposition; for it is well known that Desborough himself only held his consequence as a kinsman of Cromwell, and the Lord General, who was wellnigh paramount already, was known to be strongly favourable both to the elder and younger Everard. It is true, they were Presbyterians and he an Independent; and that, though sharing those sentiments of correct morality and more devoted religious feeling by which, with few exceptions, the Parliamentary party were distinguished, the Everards were not disposed to carry these attributes to the extreme of enthusiasm practised by so many others at the time. Yet it was well known that, whatever might be Cromwell's own religious creed, he was not uniformly bounded by it in the choice of his favourites, but extended his countenance to those who

could serve him, even although, according to the phrase of the time, they came out of the darkness of Egypt. The character of the elder Everard stood very high for wisdom and sagacity ; besides, being of a good family and competent fortune, his adherence would lend a dignity to any side he might espouse. Then his son had been a distinguished and successful soldier, remarkable for the discipline he maintained among his men, the bravery which he showed in the time of action, and the humanity with which he was always ready to qualify the consequences of victory. Such men were not to be neglected, when many signs combined to show that the parties in the state who had successfully accomplished the deposition and death of the King were speedily to quarrel among themselves about the division of the spoils. The two Everards were therefore much courted by Cromwell, and their influence with him was supposed to be so great, that trusty Master Secretary Tomkins cared not to expose himself to risk, by contending with Colonel Everard for such a trifle as a night's lodging, or a greater thing.

Joceline was active on his side : more lights were obtained, more wood thrown on the fire, and the two newly-arrived strangers were introduced into Victor Lee's parlour, as it was called, from the picture over the chimney-piece, which we have already described. It was several minutes ere Colonel Everard could recover his general stoicism of deportment, so strongly was he impressed by finding himself in the apartment under whose roof he had passed so many of the happiest hours of his life. There was the cabinet which he had seen opened with such feelings of delight when Sir Henry Lee deigned to give him instructions in fishing, and to exhibit hooks and lines, together with all the materials for making the artificial fly, then little known. There hung the ancient family picture, which, from some odd mysterious expressions of his uncle relating to it, had become to his boyhood, nay, his early youth, a subject of curiosity and of fear. He remembered how, when left alone in the apartment, the searching eye of the old warrior seemed always bent upon him, in whatever part of the room he placed himself, and how his childish imagination was perturbed at a phenomenon for which he could not account.

With these came a thousand dearer and warmer recollections of his early attachment to his pretty cousin Alice, when he assisted her at her lessons, brought water for her flowers, or accompanied her while she sung ; and he remembered that, while her father looked at them with a good-humoured and careless

smile, he had once heard him mutter, 'And if it should turn out so, why it might be best for both,' and the theories of happiness he had reared on these words. All these visions had been dispelled by the trumpet of war, which called Sir Henry Lee and himself to opposite sides; and the transactions of this very day had shown that even Everard's success as a soldier and a statesman seemed absolutely to prohibit the chance of their being revived.

He was waked out of this unpleasing reverie by the approach of Joceline, who, being possibly a seasoned toper, had made the additional arrangements with more expedition and accuracy than could have been expected from a person engaged as he had been since nightfall.

He now wished to know the colonel's directions for the night. 'Would he eat anything?'

'No.'

'Did his honour choose to accept Sir Henry Lee's bed, which was ready prepared?'

'Yes.'

'That of Mistress Alice Lee should be prepared for the secretary.'

'On pain of thine ears — no,' replied Everard.

'Where then was the worthy secretary to be quartered?'

'In the dog-kennel, if you list,' replied Colonel Everard; 'but,' added he, stepping to the sleeping-apartment of Alice, which opened from the parlour, locking it and taking out the key, 'no one shall profane this chamber.'

'Had his honour any other commands for the night?'

'None, save to clear the apartment of yonder man. My clerk will remain with me: I have orders which must be written out. Yet stay. Thou gavest my letter this morning to Mistress Alice?'

'I did.'

'Tell me, good Joceline, what she said when she received it?'

'She seemed much concerned, sir; and indeed I think that she wept a little — but indeed she seemed very much distressed.'

'And what message did she send to me?'

'None, may it please your honour. She began to say, "Tell my cousin Everard that I will communicate my uncle's kind purpose to my father, if I can get fitting opportunity; but that I greatly fear —" and there checked herself, as it were, and said, "I will write to my cousin; and as it may be late ere I

have an opportunity of speaking with my father, do thou come for my answer after service." So I went to church myself to while away the time ; but when I returned to the chase, I found this man had summoned my master to surrender, and, right or wrong, I must put him in possession of the lodge. I would fain have given your honour a hint that the old knight and my young mistress were like to take you on the form, but I could not mend the matter.'

'Thou hast done well, good fellow, and I will remember thee. And now, my masters,' he said, advancing to the brace of clerks or secretaries, who had in the meanwhile sat quietly down beside the stone bottle, and made up acquaintance over a glass of its contents, 'let me remind you that the night wears late.'

'There is something cries tinkle, tinkle, in the bottle yet,' said Wildrake, in reply.

'Hem ! hem ! hem !' coughed the colonel of the Parliament service ; and if his lips did not curse his companion's imprudence, I will not answer for what arose in his heart. 'Well !' he said, observing that Wildrake had filled his own glass and Tomkins's, 'take that parting glass and begone.'

'Would you not be pleased to hear first,' said Wildrake, 'how this honest gentleman saw the Devil to-night look through a pane of yonder window, and how he thinks he had a mighty strong resemblance to your worship's humble slave and varlet scribbler ? Would you but hear this, sir, and just sip a glass of this very recommendable strong waters ?'

'I will drink none, sir,' said Colonel Everard, sternly ; 'and I have to tell *you* that you have drunken a glass too much already. Mr. Tomkins, sir, I wish you good-night.'

'A word in season at parting,' said Tomkins, standing up behind the long leathern back of a chair, hemming and snuffling as if preparing for an exhortation.

'Excuse me, sir,' replied Markham Everard ; 'you are not now sufficiently yourself to guide the devotion of others.'

'Woe be to them that reject —— !' said the secretary of the Commissioners, stalking out of the room ; the rest was lost in shutting the door, or suppressed for fear of offence.

'And now, fool Wildrake, begone to thy bed — yonder it lies,' pointing to the knight's apartment.

'What, thou hast secured the lady's for thyself ? I saw thee put the key in thy pocket.'

'I would not, indeed I could not, sleep in that apartment.'

I can sleep nowhere ; but I will watch in this arm-chair. I have made him place wood for repairing the fire. Good now, go to bed thyself, and sleep off thy liquor.'

'Liquor ! I laugh thee to scorn, Mark ; thou art a milksop, and the son of a milksop, and know'st not what a good fellow can do in the way of crushing an honest cup.'

'The whole vices of his faction are in this poor fellow individually,' said the colonel to himself, eyeing his *protégé* askance, as the other retreated into the bedroom with no very steady pace. 'He is reckless, intemperate, dissolute ; and if I cannot get him safely shipped for France, he will certainly be both his own ruin and mine. Yet, withal, he is kind, brave, and generous, and would have kept the faith with me which he now expects from me ; and in what consists the merit of our truth, if we observe not our plighted word when we have promised to our hurt ? I will take the liberty, however, to secure myself against farther interruption on his part.'

So saying, he locked the door of communication betwixt the sleeping-room, to which the Cavalier had retreated, and the parlour ; and then, after pacing the floor thoughtfully, returned to his seat, trimmed the lamp, and drew out a number of letters.

'I will read these over once more,' he said, 'that, if possible, the thought of public affairs may expel this keen sense of personal sorrow. Gracious Providence, where is this to end ? We have sacrificed the peace of our families, the warmest wishes of our young hearts, to right the country in which we were born, and to free her from oppression ; yet it appears that every step we have made towards liberty has but brought us in view of new and more terrific perils, as he who travels in a mountainous region is, by every step which elevates him higher, placed in a situation of more imminent hazard.'

He read long and attentively various tedious and embarrassed letters, in which the writers, placing before him the glory of God, and the freedom and liberties of England, as their supreme ends, could not, by all the ambagitory expressions they made use of, prevent the shrewd eye of Markham Everard from seeing that self-interest and views of ambition were the principal moving-springs at the bottom of their plots.

CHAPTER VI

Sleep steals on us even like his brother Death :
We know not when it comes ; we know it must come.
We may affect to scorn and to condemn it,
For 't is the highest pride of human misery
To say it knows not of an opiate ;
Yet the reft parent, the despairing lover,
Even the poor wretch who waits for execution,
Feels this oblivion, against which he thought
His woes had arm'd his senses, steal upon him,
And through the fenceless citadel, the body,
Surprise that haughty garrison, the mind.

HERBERT.

COLONEL EVERARD experienced the truth contained in the verses of the quaint old bard whom we have quoted above. Amid private grief, and anxiety for a country long a prey to civil war, and not likely to fall soon under any fixed or well-established form of government, Everard and his father had, like many others, turned their eyes to General Cromwell, as the person whose valour had made him the darling of the army, whose strong sagacity had hitherto predominated over the high talents by which he had been assailed in Parliament, as well as over his enemies in the field, and who was alone in the situation to 'settle the nation,' as the phrase then went, or, in other words, to dictate the mode of government. The father and son were both reputed to stand high in the General's favour. But Markham Everard was conscious of some particulars which induced him to doubt whether Cromwell actually, and at heart, bore either to his father or to himself that good-will which was generally believed. He knew him for a profound politician, who could veil for any length of time his real sentiments of men and things, until they could be displayed without prejudice to his interest. And he, moreover, knew that the General was not likely to forget the opposition which the Presbyterian party had offered to what Oliver called the 'great

matter' — the trial, namely, and execution of the King. In this opposition his father and he had anxiously concurred, nor had the arguments, nor even the half-expressed threats, of Cromwell induced them to flinch from that course, far less to permit their names to be introduced into the commission nominated to sit in judgment on that memorable occasion.

This hesitation had occasioned some temporary coldness between the General and the Everards, father and son. But as the latter remained in the army, and bore arms under Cromwell both in Scotland and finally at Worcester, his services very frequently called forth the approbation of his commander. After the fight of Worcester, in particular, he was among the number of those officers on whom Oliver, rather considering the actual and practical extent of his own power than the name under which he exercised it, was with difficulty withheld from imposing the dignity of knights-bannerets at his own will and pleasure. It therefore seemed that all recollection of former disagreement was obliterated, and that the Everards had regained their former stronghold in the General's affections. There were, indeed, several who doubted this, and who endeavoured to bring over this distinguished young officer to some other of the parties which divided the infant Commonwealth. But to these proposals he turned a deaf ear. Enough of blood, he said, had been spilled : it was time that the nation should have repose under a firmly-established government, of strength sufficient to protect property, and of lenity enough to encourage the return of tranquillity. This, he thought, could only be accomplished by means of Cromwell ; and the greater part of England was of the same opinion. It is true that, in thus submitting to the domination of a successful soldier, those who did so forgot the principles upon which they had drawn the sword against the late king. But in revolutions, stern and high principles are often obliged to give way to the current of existing circumstances ; and in many a case, where wars have been waged for points of metaphysical right, they have been at last gladly terminated upon the mere hope of obtaining general tranquillity, as, after many a long siege, a garrison is often glad to submit on mere security for life and limb.

Colonel Everard, therefore, felt that the support which he afforded Cromwell was only under the idea that, amid a choice of evils, the least was likely to ensue from a man of the General's wisdom and valour being placed at the head of the state ; and he was sensible that Oliver himself was likely to con-

sider his attachment as lukewarm and imperfect, and measure his gratitude for it upon the same limited scale.

In the meanwhile, however, circumstances compelled him to make trial of the General's friendship. The sequestration of Woodstock, and the warrant to the Commissioners to dispose of it as national property, had been long granted, but the interest of the elder Everard had for weeks and months deferred its execution. The hour was now approaching when the blow could be no longer parried, especially as Sir Henry Lee, on his side, resisted every proposal of submitting himself to the existing government, and was therefore, now that his hour of grace was passed, enrolled in the list of stubborn and irreclaimable Malignants, with whom the Council of State was determined no longer to keep terms. The only mode of protecting the old knight and his daughter was to interest, if possible, the General himself in the matter; and revolving all the circumstances connected with their intercourse, Colonel Everard felt that a request which would so immediately interfere with the interests of Desborough, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and one of the present Commissioners, was putting to a very severe trial the friendship of the latter. Yet no alternative remained.

With this view, and agreeably to a request from Cromwell, who at parting had been very urgent to have his written opinion upon public affairs, Colonel Everard passed the earlier part of the night in arranging his ideas upon the state of the Commonwealth, in a plan which he thought likely to be acceptable to Cromwell, as it exhorted him, under the aid of Providence, to become the saviour of the state, by convoking a free Parliament, and by their aid placing himself at the head of some form of liberal and established government, which might supersede the state of anarchy in which the nation was otherwise likely to be merged. Taking a general view of the totally broken condition of the Royalists, and of the various factions which now convulsed the state, he showed how this might be done without bloodshed or violence. From this topic he descended to the propriety of keeping up the becoming state of the executive government, in whose hands soever it should be lodged, and thus showed Cromwell, as the future Stadtholder, or Consul, or Lieutenant-General of Great Britain and Ireland, a prospect of demesne and residences becoming his dignity. Then he naturally passed to the disparking and destroying of the royal residences of England, made a woeful picture of the demolition which impended over Woodstock, and interceded for the preservation of

that beautiful seat, as a matter of personal favour, in which he found himself deeply interested.

Colonel Everard, when he had finished his letter, did not find himself greatly risen in his own opinion. In the course of his political conduct, he had till this hour avoided mixing up personal motives with his public grounds of action, and yet he now felt himself making such a composition. But he comforted himself, or at least silenced this unpleasing recollection, with the consideration, that the weal of Britain, studied under the aspect of the times, absolutely required that Cromwell should be at the head of the government; and that the interest of Sir Henry Lee, or rather his safety and his existence, no less emphatically demanded the preservation of Woodstock, and his residence there. Was it a fault of his, that the same road should lead to both these ends, or that his private interest and that of the country should happen to mix in the same letter? He hardened himself, therefore, to the act, made up and addressed his packet to the Lord General, and then sealed it with his seal of arms. This done, he lay back in his chair, and, in spite of his expectations to the contrary, fell asleep in the course of his reflections, anxious and harassing as they were, and did not awaken until the cold grey light of dawn was peeping through the eastern oriel.

He started at first, rousing himself with the sensation of one who awakes in a place unknown to him; but the localities instantly forced themselves on his recollection. The lamp burning dimly in the socket, the wood-fire almost extinguished in its own white embers, the gloomy picture over the chimney-piece, the sealed packet on the table — all reminded him of the events of yesterday, and his deliberations of the succeeding night.

‘There is no help for it,’ he said: ‘it must be Cromwell or anarchy. And probably the sense that his title, as head of the executive government, is derived merely from popular consent may check the too natural proneness of power to render itself arbitrary. If he govern by Parliaments, and with regard to the privileges of the subject, wherefore not Oliver as well as Charles? But I must take measures for having this conveyed safely to the hands of this future sovereign prince. It will be well to take the first word of influence with him, since there must be many who will not hesitate to recommend counsels more violent and precipitate.’

He determined to entrust the important packet to the charge

of Wildrake, whose rashness was never so distinguished as when by any chance he was left idle and unemployed ; besides, even if his faith had not been otherwise unimpeachable, the obligations which he owed to his friend Everard must have rendered it such.

These conclusions passed through Colonel Everard's mind, as, collecting the remains of wood in the chimney, he gathered them into a hearty blaze, to remove the uncomfortable feeling of chillness which pervaded his limbs ; and by the time he was a little more warm, again sunk into a slumber, which was only dispelled by the beams of morning peeping into his apartment.

He arose, roused himself, walked up and down the room, and looked from the large oriel window on the nearest objects, which were the untrimmed hedges and neglected walks of a certain wilderness, as it is called in ancient treatises on gardening, which, kept of yore well ordered, and in all the pride of the topiary art, presented a succession of yew-trees cut into fantastic forms, of close alleys, and of open walks, filling about two or three acres of ground on that side of the lodge, and forming a boundary between its immediate precincts and the open park. Its inclosure was now broken down in many places, and the hinds with their fawns fed free and unstartled up to the very windows of the silvan palace.

This had been a favourite scene of Markham's sports when a boy. He could still distinguish, though now grown out of shape, the verdant battlements of a Gothic castle, all created by the gardener's shears, at which he was accustomed to shoot his arrows ; or, stalking before it like the knight-errants of whom he read, was wont to blow his horn and bid defiance to the supposed giant or paynim knight by whom it was garrisoned. He remembered how he used to train his cousin, though several years younger than himself, to bear a part in those revels of his boyish fancy, and to play the character of an elfin page, or a fairy, or an enchanted princess. He remembered, too, many particulars of their later acquaintance, from which he had been almost necessarily led to the conclusion, that from an early period their parents had entertained some idea that there might be a well-fitted match betwixt his fair cousin and himself. A thousand visions, formed in so bright a prospect, had vanished along with it, but now returned like shadows, to remind him of all he had lost—and for what ? 'For the sake of England,' his proud consciousness replied—'of England, in danger of becoming the prey at once of bigotry

and tyranny.' And he strengthened himself with the recollection, 'If I have sacrificed my private happiness, it is that my country may enjoy liberty of conscience and personal freedom, which, under a weak prince and usurping statesman, she was but too likely to have lost.'

But the busy fiend in his breast would not be repulsed by the bold answer. 'Has thy resistance,' it demanded, 'availed thy country, Markham Everard? Lies not England, after so much bloodshed and so much misery, as low beneath the sword of a fortunate soldier as formerly under the sceptre of an encroaching prince? Are Parliament, or what remains of them, fitted to contend with a leader, master of his soldiers' hearts, as bold and subtle as he is impenetrable in his designs? This General, who holds the army, and by that the fate of the nation, in his hand, will he lay down his power because philosophy would pronounce it his duty to become a subject?'

He dared not answer that his knowledge of Cromwell authorised him to expect any such act of self-denial. Yet still he considered that, in times of such infinite difficulty, that must be the best government, however little desirable in itself, which should most speedily restore peace to the land, and stop the wounds which the contending parties were daily inflicting on each other. He imagined that Cromwell was the only authority under which a steady government could be formed, and therefore had attached himself to his fortune, though not without considerable and recurring doubts, how far serving the views of this impenetrable and mysterious General was consistent with the principles under which he had assumed arms.

While these things passed in his mind, Everard looked upon the packet which lay on the table addressed to the Lord General, and which he had made up before sleep. He hesitated several times, when he remembered its purport, and in what degree he must stand committed with that personage, and bound to support his plans of aggrandisement, when once that communication was in Oliver Cromwell's possession.

'Yet it must be so,' he said at last, with a deep sigh. 'Among the contending parties, he is the strongest, the wisest and most moderate, and ambitious though he be, perhaps not the most dangerous. Some one must be trusted with power to preserve and enforce general order, and who can possess or wield such power like him that is head of the victorious armies of England? Come what will in future, peace and the restoration of law ought to be our first and most pressing object. This

remnant of a parliament cannot keep their ground against the army, by mere appeal to the sanction of opinion. If they design to reduce the soldiery, it must be by actual warfare, and the land has been too long steeped in blood. But Cromwell may, and I trust will, make a moderate accommodation with them, on grounds by which peace may be preserved; and it is this to which we must look and trust for a settlement of the kingdom, alas! and for the chance of protecting my obstinate kinsman from the consequences of his honest though absurd pertinacity.'

Silencing some internal feelings of doubt and reluctance by such reasoning as this, Markham Everard continued in his resolution to unite himself with Cromwell in the struggle which was evidently approaching betwixt the civil and military authorities, not as the course which, if at perfect liberty, he would have preferred adopting, but as the best choice between two dangerous extremities to which the times had reduced him. He could not help trembling, however, when he recollected that his father, though hitherto the admirer of Cromwell, as the implement by whom so many marvels had been wrought in England, might not be disposed to unite with his interest against that of the Long Parliament, of which he had been, till partly laid aside by continued indisposition, an active and leading member. This doubt also he was obliged to swallow, or strangle, as he might; but consoled himself with the ready argument, that it was impossible his father could see matters in another light than that in which they occurred to himself.

CHAPTER VII

DETERMINED at length to despatch his packet to the General without delay, Colonel Everard approached the door of the apartment in which, as was evident from the heavy breathing within, the prisoner Wildrake enjoyed a deep slumber, under the influence of liquor at once and of fatigue. In turning the key, the bolt, which was rather rusty, made a resistance so noisy as partly to attract the sleeper's attention, though not to awake him. Everard stood by his bedside, as he heard him mutter, 'Is it morning already, jailer? Why, you dog, an you had but a cast of humanity in you, you would qualify your vile news with a cup of sack; hanging is sorry work, my masters, and sorrow's dry.'

'Up, Wildrake—up, thou ill-omened dreamer!' said his friend, shaking him by the collar.

'Hands off!' answered the sleeper. 'I can climb a ladder without help, I trow.' He then sat up in the bed, and opening his eyes, stared around him, and exclaimed, 'Zounds! Mark, is it only thou? I thought it was all over with me—fetters were struck from my legs—rope drawn round my gullet—irons knocked off my hands—all ready for a dance in the open element upon slight footing.'

'Truce with thy folly, Wildrake! Sure the devil of drink, to whom thou hast, I think, sold thyself——'

'For a hogshead of sack,' interrupted Wildrake; 'the bargain was made in a cellar in the Vintry.'

'I am as mad as thou art, to trust anything to thee,' said Markham; 'I scarce believe thou hast thy senses yet.'

'What should ail me?' said Wildrake; 'I trust I have not tasted liquor in my sleep, saying that I dreamed of drinking small-beer with Old Noll, of his own brewing. But do not look so glum, man: I am the same Roger Wildrake that I ever was—as wild as a mallard, but as true as a game-cock. I am thine own chum, man, bound to thee by thy kind deeds—*devinctus*

beneficio — there is Latin for it ; and where is the thing thou wilt charge me with that I will not, or dare not, execute, were it to pick the Devil's teeth with my rapier, after he had breakfasted upon Roundheads ?'

'You will drive me mad,' said Everard. 'When I am about to entrust all I have most valuable on earth to your management, your conduct and language are those of a mere Bedlamite. Last night I made allowance for thy drunken fury ; but who can endure thy morning madness ? It is unsafe for thyself and me, Wildrake — it is unkind — I might say ungrateful.'

'Nay, do not say *that*, my friend,' said the Cavalier, with some show of feeling ; 'and do not judge of me with a severity that cannot apply to such as I am. We who have lost our all in these sad jars, who are compelled to shift for our living, not from day to day, but from meal to meal — we whose only hiding-place is the jail, whose prospect of final repose is the gallows, what canst thou expect from us, but to bear such a lot with a light heart, since we should break down under it with a heavy one ?'

This was spoken in a tone of feeling which found a responding string in Everard's bosom. He took his friend's hand and pressed it kindly.

'Nay, if I seemed harsh to thee, Wildrake, I profess it was for thine own sake more than mine. I know thou hast at the bottom of thy levity as deep a principle of honour and feeling as ever governed a human heart. But thou art thoughtless, thou art rash ; and I protest to thee, that wert thou to betray thyself in this matter in which I trust thee, the evil consequences to myself would not afflict me more than the thought of putting thee into such danger.'

'Nay, if you take it on that tone, Mark,' said the Cavalier, making an effort to laugh, evidently that he might conceal a tendency to a different emotion, 'thou wilt make children of us both — babes and sucklings, by the hilt of this bilbo. Come, trust me ; I can be cautious when time requires it : no man ever saw me drink when an alert was expected ; and not one poor pint of wine will I taste until I have managed this matter for thee. Well, I am thy secretary — clerk, I had forgot — and carry thy despatches to Cromwell, taking good heed not to be surprised or choused out of my lump of loyalty (striking his finger on the packet), and I am to deliver it to the most loyal hands to which it is most humbly addressed. Adzooks, Mark, think of it a moment longer. Surely thou wilt not carry thy

perverseness so far as to strike in with this bloody-minded rebel? Bid me give him three inches of my dudgeon-dagger, and I will do it much more willingly than present him with thy packet.'

'Go to,' replied Everard, 'this is beyond our bargain. If you will help me, it is well; if not, let me lose no time in debating with thee, since I think every moment an age till the packet is in the General's possession. It is the only way left me to obtain some protection and a place of refuge for my uncle and his daughter.'

'That being the case,' said the Cavalier, 'I will not spare the spur. My nag up yonder at the town will be ready for the road in a trice, and thou mayst reckon on my being with Old Noll — thy General, I mean — in as short time as man and horse may consume betwixt Woodstock and Windsor, where I think I shall for the present find thy friend keeping possession where he has slain.'

'Hush, not a word of that. Since we parted last night, I have shaped thee a path which will suit thee better than to assume the decency of language and of outward manner of which thou hast so little. I have acquainted the General that thou hast been by bad example and bad education ——'

'Which is to be interpreted by contraries, I hope,' said Wildrake; 'for sure I have been as well born and bred up as any lad of Leicestershire [Lincolnshire] might desire.'

'Now, I prithee hush — thou hast, I say, by bad example, become at one time a Malignant, and mixed in the party of the late King. But seeing what things were wrought in the nation by the General, thou hast come to a clearness touching his calling to be a great implement in the settlement of these distracted kingdoms. This account of thee will not only lead him to pass over some of thy eccentricities, should they break out in spite of thee, but will also give thee an interest with him as being more especially attached to his own person.'

'Doubtless,' said Wildrake, 'as every fisher loves best the trouts that are of his own tickling.'

'It is likely, I think, he will send thee hither with letters to me,' said the colonel, 'enabling me to put a stop to the proceedings of these sequestrators, and to give poor old Sir Henry Lee permission to linger out his days among the oaks he loves to look upon. I have made this my request to General Cromwell, and I think my father's friendship and my own may stretch so far on his regard without risk of cracking,

especially standing matters as they now do — thou dost understand ?’

‘Entirely well,’ said the Cavalier. ‘Stretch, quotha ! I would rather stretch a rope than hold commerce with the old king-killing ruffian. But I have said I will be guided by thee, Markham, and rat me but I will.’

‘Be cautious then,’ said Everard : ‘mark well what he does and says — more especially what he does, for Oliver is one of those whose mind is better known by his actions than by his words ; and stay — I warrant thee thou wert setting off without a cross in thy purse ?’

‘Too true, Mark,’ said Wildrake, ‘the last noble melted last night among yonder blackguard troopers of yours.’

‘Well, Roger,’ replied the colonel, ‘that is easily mended.’ So saying, he slipped his purse into his friend’s hand. ‘But art thou not an inconsiderate, weather-brained fellow, to set forth, as thou wert about to do, without anything to bear thy charges ? What couldst thou have done ?’

‘Faith, I never thought of that. I must have cried “Stand,” I suppose, to the first pursy townsman or greasy grazier that I met o’ the heath ; it is many a good fellow’s shift in these bad times.’

‘Go to,’ said Everard ; ‘be cautious — use none of your loose acquaintance — rule your tongue — beware of the wine-pot ; for there is little danger if thou couldst only but keep thyself sober. Be moderate in speech, and forbear oaths or vaunting.’

‘In short, metamorphose myself into such a prig as thou art, Mark ?’ Well,’ said Wildrake, ‘so far as outside will go, I think I can make a Hope-on-High Bomby¹ as well as thou canst. Ah ! those were merry days when we saw Mills present Bomby at the Fortune playhouse, Mark, ere I had lost my laced cloak and the jewel in my ear, or thou hadst gotten the wrinkle on thy brow and the Puritanic twist of thy mustachio.’

‘They were like most worldly pleasures, Wildrake,’ replied Everard, ‘sweet in the mouth and bitter in digestion. But away with thee ; and when thou bring’st back my answer, thou wilt find me either here or at St. George’s Inn, at the little borough. Good luck to thee. Be but cautious how thou bearest thyself.’

The colonel remained in deep meditation. ‘I think,’ he said, ‘I have not pledged myself too far to the General. A breach between him and the Parliament seems inevitable, and

¹ A Puritanic character in [*Women Pleased*] one of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays.

would throw England back into civil war, of which all men are wearied. He may dislike my messenger; yet that I do not greatly fear. He knows I would choose such as I can myself depend on, and hath dealt enough with the stricter sort to be aware that there are among them, as well as elsewhere, men who can hide two faces under one hood.'

CHAPTER VIII

For there in lofty air was seen to stand
The stern Protector of the conquer'd land ;
Drawn in that look with which he wept and swore,
Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door,
Ridding the House of every knave and drone,
Forced, though it grieved his soul, to rule alone.

CRABBE, *The Frank Courtship*.

LEAVING Colonel Everard to his meditations, we follow the jolly Cavalier, his companion, who, before mounting at the George, did not fail to treat himself to his morning draught of eggs and muscadine, to enable him to face the harvest wind.

Although he had suffered himself to be sunk in the extravagant license which was practised by the Cavaliers, as if to oppose their conduct in every point to the preciseness of their enemies, yet Wildrake, well born and well educated, and endowed with good natural parts, and a heart which even debauchery, and the wild life of a roaring Cavalier, had not been able entirely to corrupt, moved on his present embassy with a strange mixture of feelings, such as perhaps he had never in his life before experienced.

His feelings as a loyalist led him to detest Cromwell, whom in other circumstances he would scarce have wished to see, except in a field of battle, where he could have had the pleasure to exchange pistol-shots with him. But with this hatred there was mixed a certain degree of fear. Always victorious wherever he fought, the remarkable person whom Wildrake was now approaching had acquired that influence over the minds of his enemies which constant success is so apt to inspire : they dreaded while they hated him ; and joined to these feelings was a restless, meddling curiosity, which made a particular feature in Wildrake's character, who, having long had little business of his own, and caring nothing about that which he had, was easily attracted by the desire of seeing whatever was curious or interesting around him.

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‘I should like to see the old rascal after all,’ he said, ‘were it but to say that I *had* seen him.’

He reached Windsor in the afternoon, and felt on his arrival the strongest inclination to take up his residence at some of his old haunts, when he had occasionally frequented that fair town in gayer days. But resisting all temptations of this kind, he went courageously to the principal inn, from which its ancient emblem, the Garter, had long disappeared. The master, too, whom Wildrake, experienced in his knowledge of landlords and hostelries, had remembered a dashing mine host of Queen Bess’s school, had now sobered down to the temper of the times, shook his head when he spoke of the Parliament, wielded his spigot with the gravity of a priest conducting a sacrifice, wished England a happy issue out of all her afflictions, and greatly lauded his Excellency the Lord General. Wildrake also remarked that his wine was better than it was wont to be, the Puritans having an excellent gift at detecting every fallacy in that matter; and that his measures were less and his charges larger — circumstances which he was induced to attend to, by mine host talking a good deal about his conscience.

He was told by this important personage that the Lord General received frankly all sorts of persons; and that he might obtain access to him next morning, at eight o’clock, for the trouble of presenting himself at the castle gate, and announcing himself as the bearer of despatches to his Excellency.

To the castle the disguised Cavalier repaired at the hour appointed. Admittance was freely permitted to him by the red-coated soldier who, with austere looks, and his musket on his shoulder, mounted guard at the external gate of that noble building. Wildrake crossed through the under ward, or court, gazing as he passed upon the beautiful chapel, which had but lately received, in darkness and silence, the unhonoured remains of the slaughtered King of England. Rough as Wildrake was, the recollection of this circumstance affected him so strongly, that he had nearly turned back in a sort of horror, rather than face the dark and daring man to whom, amongst all the actors in that melancholy affair, its tragic conclusion was chiefly to be imputed. But he felt the necessity of subduing all sentiments of this nature, and compelled himself to proceed in a negotiation entrusted to his conduct by one to whom he was so much obliged as Colonel Everard. At the ascent which passed by the Round Tower, he looked to the ensign-staff, from which the banner of England was wont to float. It was gone;

with all its rich emblazonry, its gorgeous quarterings, and splendid embroidery ; and in its room waved that of the Commonwealth, the cross of St. George, in its colours of blue and red, not yet intersected by the diagonal cross of Scotland, which was soon after assumed, as if in evidence of England's conquest over her ancient enemy. This change of ensigns increased the train of his gloomy reflections, in which, although contrary to his wont, he became so deeply wrapped, that the first thing which recalled him to himself was the challenge from the sentinel, accompanied with a stroke of the butt of his musket on the pavement, with an emphasis which made Wildrake start.

‘Whither away, and who are you?’

‘The bearer of a packet,’ answered Wildrake, ‘to the worshipful the Lord General.’

‘Stand till I call the officer of the guard.’

The corporal made his appearance, distinguished above those of his command by a double quantity of band round his neck, a double height of steeple-crowned hat, a larger allowance of cloak, and a treble proportion of sour gravity of aspect. It might be read on his countenance that he was one of those resolute enthusiasts to whom Oliver owed his conquests, whose religious zeal made them even more than a match for the high-spirited and high-born Cavaliers that exhausted their valour in vain defence of their sovereign's person and crown. He looked with grave solemnity at Wildrake, as if he was making in his own mind an inventory of his features and dress ; and having fully perused them, he required ‘to know his business.’

‘My business,’ said Wildrake, as firmly as he could, for the close investigation of this man had given him some unpleasant nervous sensations — ‘my business is with your General.’

‘With his Excellency the Lord General, thou wouldst say?’ replied the corporal. ‘Thy speech, my friend, savours too little of the reverence due to his Excellency.’

‘D—n his Excellency!’ was at the lips of the Cavalier ; but prudence kept guard, and permitted not the offensive words to escape the barrier. He only bowed, and was silent.

‘Follow me,’ said the starched figure whom he addressed ; and Wildrake followed him accordingly into the guard-house, which exhibited an interior characteristic of the times, and very different from what such military stations present at the present day.

By the fire sat two or three musketeers, listening to one who

was expounding some religious mystery to them. He began half beneath his breath, but in tones of great volubility, which tones, as he approached the conclusion, became sharp and eager, as challenging either instant answer or silent acquiescence. The audience seemed to listen to the speaker with immovable features, only answering him with clouds of tobacco-smoke, which they rolled from under their thick mustachios. On a bench lay a soldier on his face; whether asleep or in a fit of contemplation it was impossible to decide. In the midst of the floor stood an officer, as he seemed by his embroidered shoulder-belt and scarf round his waist, otherwise very plainly attired, who was engaged in drilling a stout bumpkin, lately enlisted, to the manual, as it was then used. The motions and words of command were twenty at the very least; and until they were regularly brought to an end, the corporal did not permit Wildrake either to sit down or move forward beyond the threshold of the guard-house. So he had to listen in succession to — ‘Poise your musket — Rest your musket — Cock your musket — Handle your primers’ — and many other forgotten words of discipline, until at length the words, ‘Order your musket,’ ended the drill for the time.

‘Thy name, friend?’ said the officer to the recruit, when the lesson was over.

‘Ephraim,’ answered the fellow, with an affected twang through the nose.

‘And what besides Ephraim?’

‘Ephraim Cobb, from the godly city of Glo’cester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprenticeship to a praiseworthy cordwainer.’

‘It is a goodly craft,’ answered the officer; ‘but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot.’

A grim smile of the speaker accompanied this poor attempt at a pun; and then turning round to the corporal, who stood two paces off, with the face of one who seemed desirous of speaking, said, ‘How now, corporal, what tidings?’

‘Here is one with a packet, an [it] please your Excellency,’ said the corporal. ‘Surely my spirit doth not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep’s clothing.’

By these words, Wildrake learned that he was in the actual presence of the remarkable person to whom he was commissioned; and he paused to consider in what manner he ought to address him.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasions put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that, though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low, and sometimes practical, character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen — a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career when we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with a hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Such was the celebrated person who, turning round on Wildrake, and scanning his countenance closely, seemed so little satisfied with what he beheld, that he instinctively hitched forward his belt, so as to bring the handle of his tuck-sword within his reach. But yet, folding his arms in his cloak, as if upon second thoughts laying aside suspicion, or thinking precaution beneath him, he asked the Cavalier what he was and whence he came.

'A poor gentleman, sir — that is, my lord,' answered Wildrake, 'last from Woodstock.'

'And what may your tidings be, sir *gentleman*?' said Cromwell, with an emphasis. 'Truly I have seen those most willing to take upon them that title bear themselves somewhat short of wise men, and good men, and true men, with all their gentility. Yet gentleman was a good title in Old England, when men remembered what it was construed to mean.'

'You say truly, sir,' replied Wildrake, suppressing, with difficulty, some of his usual wild expletives; 'formerly gentlemen were found in gentlemen's places, but now the world is so changed, that you shall find the brodered belt has changed place with the under spur-leather.'

'Say'st thou me?' said the General. 'I profess thou art a bold companion, that can bandy words so wantonly: thou ring'st



OLIVER CROMWELL

Painting by Pieter van der Faes, usually attributed to
Sir Peter Lely. Gallery of the Uffizi,
Florence.

somewhat too loud to be good metal, methinks. And once again, what are thy tidings with me ?'

'This packet,' said Wildrake, 'commended to your hands by Colonel Markham Everard.'

'Alas, I must have mistaken thee,' answered Cromwell, mollified at the mention of a man's name whom he had great desire to make his own ; 'forgive us, good friend, for such, we doubt not, thou art. Sit thee down, and commune with thyself as thou mayst, until we have examined the contents of thy packet. Let him be looked to, and have what he lacks.' So saying, the General left the guard-house, where Wildrake took his seat in the corner, and awaited with patience the issue of his mission.

The soldiers now thought themselves obliged to treat him with more consideration, and offered him a pipe of Trinidado, and a black-jack filled with October. But the look of Cromwell, and the dangerous situation in which he might be placed by the least chance of detection, induced Wildrake to decline these hospitable offers, and stretching back in his chair and affecting slumber, he escaped notice or conversation, until a sort of aide-de-camp, or military officer, in attendance came to summon him to Cromwell's presence.

By this person he was guided to a postern-gate, through which he entered the body of the castle, and penetrating through many private passages and staircases, he at length was introduced into a small cabinet or parlour, in which was much rich furniture, some bearing the royal cipher displayed, but all confused and disarranged, together with several paintings in massive frames, having their faces turned towards the wall, as if they had been taken down for the purpose of being removed.

In this scene of disorder, the victorious General of the Commonwealth was seated in a large easy-chair, covered with damask, and deeply embroidered, the splendour of which made a strong contrast with the plain, and even homely, character of his apparel ; although in look and action he seemed like one who felt that the seat which might have in former days held a prince was not too much distinguished for his own fortunes and ambition. Wildrake stood before him, nor did he ask him to sit down.

'Pearson,' said Cromwell, addressing himself to the officer in attendance, 'wait in the gallery, but be within call.' Pearson bowed, and was retiring. 'Who are in the gallery besides ?'

'Worthy Mr. Gordon, the chaplain, was holding forth but

now to Colonel Overton and four captains of your Excellency's regiment.'

'We would have it so,' said the General: 'we would not there were any corner in our dwelling where the hungry soul might not meet with manna. Was the good man carried onward in his discourse?'

'Mightily borne through,' said Pearson; 'and he was touching the rightful claims which the army, and especially your Excellency, hath acquired, by becoming the instruments in the great work — not instruments to be broken asunder and cast away when the day of their service is over, but to be preserved and held precious, and prized for their honourable and faithful labours, for which they have fought and marched, and fasted and prayed, and suffered cold and sorrow; while others, who would now gladly see them disbanded, and broken, and cashiered, eat of the fat and drink of the strong.'

'Ah, good man!' said Cromwell, 'and did he touch upon this so feelingly? I could say something — but not now. Begone, Pearson, to the gallery. Let not our friends lay aside their swords, but watch as well as pray.'

Pearson retired; and the General, holding the letter of Everard in his hand, looked again for a long while fixedly at Wildrake, as if considering in what strain he should address him.

When he did speak, it was, at first, in one of those ambiguous discourses which we have already described, and by which it was very difficult for any one to understand his meaning, if, indeed, he knew it himself. We shall be as concise in our statement as our desire to give the very words of a man so extraordinary will permit.

'This letter,' he said, 'you have brought us from your master, or patron, Markham Everard; truly an excellent and honourable gentleman as ever bore a sword upon his thigh, and one who hath ever distinguished himself in the great work of delivering these three poor and unhappy nations. Answer me not — I know what thou wouldst say. And this letter he hath sent to me by thee, his clerk, or secretary, in whom he hath confidence, and in whom he prays me to have trust, that there may be a careful messenger between us. And lastly, he hath sent thee to me — do not answer — I know what thou wouldst say — to me, who, albeit I am of that small consideration, that it would be too much honour for me even to bear a halberd in this great and victorious army of England, am nevertheless

exalted to the rank of holding the guidance and the leading-staff thereof. Nay, do not answer, my friend — I know what thou wouldst say. Now, when communing thus together, our discourse taketh, in respect to what I have said, a threefold argument, or division : First, as it concerneth thy master ; secondly, as it concerneth us and our office ; thirdly and lastly, as it toucheth thyself. Now, as concerning this good and worthy gentleman, Colonel Markham Everard, truly he hath played the man from the beginning of these unhappy buffetings, not turning to the right or to the left, but holding ever in his eye the mark at which he aimed. Ay, truly, a faithful, honourable gentleman, and one who may well call me friend ; and truly I am pleased to think that he doth so. Nevertheless, in this vale of tears, we must be governed less by our private respects and partialities than by those higher principles and points of duty whereupon the good Colonel Markham Everard hath ever framed his purposes, as, truly, I have endeavoured to form mine, that we may all act as becometh good Englishmen and worthy patriots. Then, as for Woodstock, it is a great thing which the good colonel asks, that it should be taken from the spoil of the godly, and left in keeping of the men of Moab, and especially of the Malignant, Henry Lee, whose hand hath been ever against us when he might find room to raise it — I say, he hath asked a great thing, both in respect of himself and me. For we of this poor but godly army of England are holden, by those of the Parliament, as men who should render in spoil for them, but be no sharer of it ourselves ; even as the buck, which the hounds pull to earth, furnisheth no part of their own food, but they are lashed off from the carcass with whips, like those which require punishment for their forwardness, not reward for their services. Yet I speak not this so much in respect of this grant of Woodstock, in regard that, perhaps, their Lordships of the Council, and also the Committeemen of this Parliament, may graciously think they have given me a portion in the matter, in relation that my kinsman Desborough hath an interest allowed him therein ; which interest, as he hath well deserved it for his true and faithful service to these unhappy and devoted countries, so it would ill become me to diminish the same to his prejudice, unless it were upon great and public respects. Thus thou seest how it stands with me, my honest friend, and in what mind I stand touching thy master's request to me ; which yet I do not say that I can altogether, or unconditionally, grant or refuse, but only tell my

simple thoughts with regard thereto. 'Thou understandest me, I doubt not?'

Now, Roger Wildrake, with all the attention he had been able to pay to the Lord General's speech, had got so much confused among the various clauses of the harangue, that his brain was bewildered, like that of a country clown when he chances to get himself involved among a crowd of carriages, and cannot stir a step to get out of the way of one of them, without being in danger of being ridden over by the others.

The General saw his look of perplexity, and began a new oration, to the same purpose as before: spoke of his love for his kind friend the colonel; his regard for his pious and godly kinsman, Master Desborough; the great importance of the palace and park of Woodstock; the determination of the Parliament that it should be confiscated, and the produce brought into the coffers of the state; his own deep veneration for the authority of Parliament, and his no less deep sense of the injustice done to the army; how it was his wish and will that all matters should be settled in an amicable and friendly manner, without self-seeking, debate, or strife, betwixt those who had been the hands acting and such as had been the heads governing in that great national cause; how he was willing, truly willing, to contribute to this work, by laying down, not his commission only, but his life also, if it were requested of him, or could be granted with safety to the poor soldiers, to whom, silly poor men, he was bound to be as a father, seeing that they had followed him with the duty and affection of children.

And here he arrived at another dead pause, leaving Wildrake as uncertain as before whether it was or was not his purpose to grant Colonel Everard the powers he had asked for the protection of Woodstock against the Parliamentary Commissioners. Internally he began to entertain hopes that the justice of Heaven, or the effects of remorse, had confounded the regicide's understanding. But no, he could see nothing but sagacity in that steady, stern eye, which, while the tongue poured forth its periphrastic language in such profusion, seemed to watch with severe accuracy the effect which his oratory produced on the listener.

'Egad,' thought the Cavalier to himself, becoming a little familiar with the situation in which he was placed, and rather impatient of a conversation which led to no visible conclusion or termination, 'if Noll were the devil himself, as he is the devil's darling, I will not be thus nose-led by him. I'll e'en

brusque it a little, if he goes on at this rate, and try if I can bring him to a more intelligible mode of speaking.'

Entertaining this bold purpose, but half afraid to execute it, Wildrake lay by for an opportunity of making the attempt, while Cromwell was apparently unable to express his own meaning. He was already beginning a third panegyric upon Colonel Everard, with sundry varied expressions of his own wish to oblige him, when Wildrake took the opportunity to strike in, on the General's making one of his oratorical pauses.

'So please you,' he said, bluntly, 'your worship has already spoken on two topics of your discourse, your own worthiness and that of my master, Colonel Everard. But, to enable me to do mine errand, it would be necessary to bestow a few words on the third head.'

'The third!' said Cromwell.

'Ay,' said Wildrake, 'which, in your honour's subdivision of your discourse, touched on my unworthy self. What am I to do — what portion am I to have in this matter?'

Oliver started at once from the tone of voice he had hitherto used, and which somewhat resembled the purring of a domestic cat, into the growl of the tiger when about to spring. '*Thy* portion, jail-bird!' he exclaimed, 'the gallows: thou shalt hang as high as Haman, if thou betray counsel! But,' he added, softening his voice, 'keep it like a true man, and my favour will be the making of thee. Come hither; thou art bold, I see, though somewhat saucy. Thou hast been a Malignant, so writes my worthy friend Colonel Everard; but thou hast now given up that falling cause. I tell thee, friend, not all that the Parliament or the army could do would have pulled down the Stuarts out of their high places, saving that Heaven had a controversy with them. Well, it is a sweet and comely thing to buckle on one's armour in behalf of Heaven's cause; otherwise truly, for mine own part, these men might have remained upon the throne even unto this day. Neither do I blame any for aiding them, until these successive great judgments have overwhelmed them and their house. I am not a bloody man, having in me the feeling of human frailty; but, friend, whosoever putteth his hand to the plough, in the great actings which are now on foot in these nations, had best beware that he do not look back; for rely upon my simple word, that, if you fail me, I will not spare on you one foot's length of the gallows of Haman. Let me therefore know, at a word, if the leaven of thy malignancy is altogether drubbed out of thee?'

'Your honourable lordship,' said the Cavalier, shrugging up his shoulders, 'has done that for most of us, so far as cudgelling to some tune can perform it.'

'Sayst thou?' said the General, with a grim smile on his lip, which seemed to intimate that he was not quite inaccessible to flattery; 'yea, truly, thou dost not lie in that: we have been an instrument. Neither are we, as I have already hinted, so severely bent against those who have striven against us as Malignants as others may be. The Parliament-men best know their own interest and their own pleasure; but, to my poor thinking, it is full time to close these jars, and to allow men of all kinds the means of doing service to their country; and we think it will be thy fault if thou art not employed to good purpose for the state and thyself, on condition thou putttest away the old man entirely from thee, and givest thy earnest attention to what I have to tell thee.'

'Your lordship need not doubt my attention,' said the Cavalier.

And the republican General, after another pause, as one who gave his confidence not without hesitation, proceeded to explain his views with a distinctness which he seldom used, yet not without his being a little biassed now and then by his long habits of circumlocution, which indeed he never laid entirely aside, save in the field of battle.

'Thou seest,' he said, 'my friend, how things stand with me. The Parliament, I care not who knows it, love me not; still less do the Council of State, by whom they manage the executive government of the kingdom. I cannot tell why they nourish suspicion against me, unless it is because I will not deliver this poor innocent army, which has followed me in so many military actions, to be now pulled asunder, broken piecemeal and reduced, so that they who have protected the state at the expense of their blood will not have, perchance, the means of feeding themselves by their labour; which, methinks, were hard measure, since it is taking from Esau his birthright, even without giving him a poor mess of pottage.'

'Esau is likely to help himself, I think,' replied Wildrake.

'Truly, thou sayst wisely,' replied the General: 'it is ill starving an armed man, if there is food to be had for taking; nevertheless, far be it from me to encourage rebellion, or want of due subordination to these our rulers. I would only petition in a due and becoming, a sweet and harmonious, manner that they would listen to our conditions and consider our necessities.'

But, sir, looking on me, and estimating me so little as they do, you must think that it would be a provocation in me towards the Council of State, as well as the Parliament, if, simply to gratify your worthy master, I were to act contrary to their purposes, or deny currency to the commission under their authority, which is as yet the highest in the state — and long may it be so for me — to carry on the sequestration which they intend. And would it not also be said that I was lending myself to the Malignant interest, affording this den of the bloodthirsty and lascivious tyrants of yore to be in this our day a place of refuge to that old and inveterate Amalekite, Sir Henry Lee, to keep possession of the place in which he hath so long glorified himself? Truly it would be a perilous matter.'

'Am I then to report,' said Wildrake, 'an it please you, that you cannot stead Colonel Everard in this matter?'

'Unconditionally, ay; but, taken conditionally, the answer may be otherwise,' answered Cromwell. 'I see thou art not able to fathom my purpose, and therefore I will partly unfold it to thee. But take notice that, should thy tongue betray my counsel, save in so far as carrying it to thy master, by all the blood which has been shed in these wild times, thou shalt die a thousand deaths in one!'

'Do not fear me, sir,' said Wildrake, whose natural boldness and carelessness of character was for the present time borne down and quelled, like that of falcons in the presence of the eagle.

'Hear me then,' said Cromwell, 'and let no syllable escape thee. Knowest thou not the young Lee whom they call Albert, a Malignant like his father; and one who went up with the Young Man to that last ruffle which we had with him at Worcester — may we be grateful for the victory!'

'I know there is such a young gentleman as Albert Lee,' said Wildrake.

'And knowest thou not — I speak not by way of prying into the good colonel's secrets, but only as it behoves me to know something of the matter, that I may best judge how I am to serve him — knowest thou not that thy master, Markham Everard, is a suitor after the sister of this same Malignant, a daughter of the old keeper, called Sir Henry Lee?'

'All this I have heard,' said Wildrake, 'nor can I deny that I believe in it.'

'Well then, go to. When the young man Charles Stuart fled from the field of Worcester, and was by sharp chase and

pursuit compelled to separate himself from his followers, I know by sure intelligence that this Albert Lee was one of the last who remained with him, if not indeed the very last.'

'It was devilish like him,' said the Cavalier, without sufficiently weighing his expressions, considering in what presence they were to be uttered. 'And I'll uphold him with my rapier to be a true chip of the old block.'

'Ha, swearest thou?' said the General. 'Is this thy reformation?'

'I never swear, so please you,' replied Wildrake, recollecting himself, 'except there is some mention of Malignants and Cavaliers in my hearing; and then the old habit returns, and I swear like one of Goring's troopers.'

'Out upon thee,' said the General; 'what can it avail thee to practise a profanity so horrible to the ears of others, and which brings no emolument to him who uses it?'

'There are, doubtless, more profitable sins in the world than the barren and unprofitable vice of swearing,' was the answer which rose to the lips of the Cavalier; but that was exchanged for a profession of regret for having given offence. The truth was, the discourse began to take a turn which rendered it more interesting than ever to Wildrake, who therefore determined not to lose the opportunity for obtaining possession of the secret that seemed to be suspended on Cromwell's lips; and that could only be through means of keeping guard upon his own.

'What sort of a house is Woodstock?' said the General, abruptly.

'An old mansion,' said Wildrake, in reply; 'and, so far as I could judge by a single night's lodgings, having abundance of back-stairs, also subterranean passages, and all the communications under ground which are common in old raven-nests of the sort.'

'And places for concealing priests, unquestionably,' said Cromwell. 'It is seldom that such ancient houses lack secret stalls wherein to mew up these calves of Bethel.'

'Your Honour's Excellency,' said Wildrake, 'may swear to that.'

'I swear not at all,' replied the General, drily. 'But what think'st thou, good fellow? I will ask thee a blunt question—Where will those two Worcester fugitives that thou wottest of be more likely to take shelter—and that they must be sheltered somewhere, I well know—than in this same old palace, with

all the corners and concealments whereof young Albert hath been acquainted ever since his earliest infancy?’

‘Truly,’ said Wildrake, making an effort to answer the question with seeming indifference, while the possibility of such an event, and its consequences, flashed fearfully upon his mind — ‘truly, I should be of your honour’s opinion, but that I think the company who, by the commission of Parliament, have occupied Woodstock are likely to fright them thence, as a cat scares doves from a pigeon-house. The neighbourhood, with reverence, of Generals Desborough and Harrison will suit ill with fugitives from Worcester field.’

‘I thought as much, and so, indeed, would I have it,’ answered the General. ‘Long may it be ere our names shall be aught but a terror to our enemies! But in this matter, if thou art an active plotter for thy master’s interest, thou mightst, I should think, work out something favourable to his present object.’

‘My brain is too poor to reach the depth of your honourable purpose,’ said Wildrake.

‘Listen, then, and let it be to profit,’ answered Cromwell. ‘Assuredly the conquest at Worcester was a great and crowning mercy; yet might we seem to be but small in our thankfulness for the same, did we not do what in us lies towards the ultimate improvement and final conclusion of the great work which has been thus prosperous in our hands, professing, in pure humility and singleness of heart, that we do not, in any way, deserve our instrumentality to be remembered, nay, would rather pray and entreat that our name and fortunes were forgotten than that the great work were in itself incomplete. Nevertheless, truly, placed as we now are, it concerns us more nearly than others — that is if so poor creatures should at all speak of themselves as concerned, whether more or less, with these changes which have been wrought around, not, I say, by ourselves, or our own power, but by the destiny to which we were called, fulfilling the same with all meekness and humility — I say, it concerns us nearly that all things should be done in conformity with the great work which hath been wrought, and is yet working, in these lands. Such is my plain and simple meaning. Nevertheless, it is much to be desired that this young man — this King of Scots, as he called himself — this Charles Stuart — should not escape forth from the nation, where his arrival has wrought so much disturbance and bloodshed.’

‘I have no doubt,’ said the Cavalier, looking down, ‘that

your lordship's wisdom hath directed all things as they may best lead towards such a consummation ; and I pray your pains may be paid as they deserve.'

'I thank thee, friend,' said Cromwell, with much humility ; 'doubtless we shall meet our reward, being in the hands of a good paymaster, who never passeth Saturday night. But understand me, friend — I desire no more than my own share in the good work. I would heartily do what poor kindness I can to your worthy master, and even to you in your degree — for such as I do not converse with ordinary men that our presence may be forgotten like an everyday's occurrence. We speak to men like thee for their reward or their punishment ; and I trust it will be the former which thou in thine office wilt merit at my hand.'

'Your honour,' said Wildrake, 'speaks like one accustomed to command.'

'True ; men's minds are linked to those of my degree by fear and reverence,' said the General ; 'but enough of that, desiring, as I do, no other dependency on my special person than is alike to us all upon that which is above us. But I would desire to cast this golden ball into your master's lap. He hath served against this Charles Stuart and his father ; but he is a kinsman near to the old knight, Lee, and stands well affected towards his daughter. *Thou* also wilt keep a watch, my friend — that ruffling look of thine will procure thee the confidence of every Malignant, and the prey cannot approach this cover, as though to shelter, like a cony in the rocks, but thou wilt be sensible of his presence.'

'I make a shift to comprehend your Excellency,' said the Cavalier ; 'and I thank you heartily for the good opinion you have put upon me, and which I pray I may have some handsome opportunity of deserving, that I may show my gratitude by the event. But still, with reverence, your Excellency's scheme seems unlikely while Woodstock remains in possession of the sequestrators. Both the old knight and his son, and far more such a fugitive as your honour hinted at, will take special care not to approach it till they are removed.'

'It is for that I have been dealing with thee thus long,' said the General. 'I told thee that I was something unwilling, upon slight occasion, to dispossess the sequestrators by my own proper warrant, although having, perhaps, sufficient authority in the state both to do so and to despise the murmurs of those who blame me. In brief, I would be loth to tamper with my

privileges, and make experiments between their strength and the powers of the commission granted by others, without pressing need, or at least great prospect of advantage. So, if thy colonel will undertake, for his love of the republic, to find the means of preventing its worst and nearest danger, which must needs occur from the escape of this Young Man, and will do his endeavour to stay him, in case his flight should lead him to Woodstock, which I hold very likely, I will give thee an order to these sequestrators to evacuate the palace instantly, and to the next troop of my regiment, which lies at Oxford, to turn them out by the shoulders, if they make any scruples, — ay, even, for example's sake, if they drag Desborough out foremost, though he be wedded to my sister.'

'So please you, sir,' said Wildrake, 'and with your most powerful warrant, I trust I might expel the Commissioners, even without the aid of your most warlike and devout troopers.'

'That is what I am least anxious about,' replied the General: 'I should like to see the best of them sit after I had nodded to them to begone — always excepting the worshipful House, in whose name our commissions run, but who, as some think, will be done with politics ere it be time to renew them. Therefore, what chiefly concerns me to know is, whether thy master will embrace a traffic which hath such a fair promise of profit with it. I am well convinced that, with a scout like thee, who hast been in the Cavaliers' quarters, and canst, I should guess, resume thy drinking, ruffianly, health-quaffing manners whenever thou hast a mind, he must discover where this Stuart hath ensconced himself. Either the young Lee will visit the old one in person, or he will write to him, or hold communication with him by letter. At all events, Markham Everard and thou must have an eye in every hair of your head.' While he spoke, a flush passed over his brow; he rose from his chair, and paced the apartment in agitation. 'Woe to you if you suffer the young adventurer to escape me! You had better be in the deepest dungeon in Europe than breathe the air of England, should you but dream of playing me false. I have spoken freely to thee, fellow — more freely than is my wont; the time required it. But, to share my confidence is like keeping a watch over a powder-magazine: the least and most insignificant spark blows thee to ashes. Tell your master what I have said, but not how I said it. Fie, that I should have been betrayed into this distemperature of passion! Begone, sirrah. Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders. Yet, stay — thou hast something to ask.'

'I would know,' said Wildrake, to whom the visible anxiety of the General gave some confidence, 'what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?'

'A tall, rawboned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here is his picture by a good hand, some time since.' He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall; but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second, but of his unhappy father.

The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feelings, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for *his* blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death. Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have mounted higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power.

But this natural and sudden flash of indignation, which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man like Wildrake, was presently subdued when confronted with the strong yet stifled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as Cromwell. As the Cavalier looked on his dark and bold countenance, agitated by inward and indescribable feelings, he found his own violence of spirit die away and lose itself in fear and wonder. So true it is that, as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others; as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream.

Wildrake stood a silent, inactive, and almost a terrified spectator, while Cromwell, assuming a firm sternness of eye and manner, as one who compels himself to look on what some strong internal feeling renders painful and disgusting to him, proceeded, in brief and interrupted expressions, but yet with a firm voice, to comment on the portrait of the late king. His words seemed less addressed to Wildrake than to be the spontaneous unburdening of his own bosom, swelling under recollection of the past and anticipation of the future.

‘That Flemish painter,’ he said — ‘that Antonio Vandyck, what a power he has ! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy, still the King stands uninjured by time ; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woeful tale. It was a stern necessity — it was an awful deed ! The calm pride of that eye might have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards ; but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman. Lay not on poor sinful man, whose breath is in his nostrils, the blame that he falls, when Heaven never gave him strength of nerves to stand. The weak rider is thrown by his unruly horse and trampled to death ; the strongest man, the best cavalier, springs to the empty saddle, and uses bit and spur till the fiery steed knows its master. Who blames him who, mounted aloft, rides triumphantly amongst the people, for having succeeded where the unskilful and feeble fell and died ? Verily he hath his reward. Then, what is that piece of painted canvas to me more than others ? No ; let him show to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye. Those who have acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows. Not wealth nor power brought me from my obscurity : the oppressed consciences, the injured liberties of England, were the banner that I followed.’

He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defence before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment ; and observing his master, with his eyes kindling, his arm extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised, like a general in the act of commanding the advance of his army, he instantly withdrew.

‘It was other than selfish regards that drew me forth to action,’ continued Cromwell, ‘and I dare the world — ay, living or dead I challenge — to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of personal evil will to yonder unhappy —’

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a gentlewoman entered, who, from her resemblance to the General, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognised as his daughter. She walked up to Cromwell, gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, ‘Father, this is not well : you have promised me this should not happen.’

The General hung down his head, like one who was either ashamed of the passion to which he had given way or of the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment, without again turning his head towards the portrait which had so much affected him, or looking towards Wildrake, who remained fixed in astonishment.

CHAPTER IX

Doctor. Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

Macbeth.

WILDRAKE was left in the cabinet, as we have said, astonished and alone. It was often noised about that Cromwell, the deep and sagacious statesman, the calm and intrepid commander, he who had overcome such difficulties, and ascended to such heights, that he seemed already to bestride the land which he had conquered, had, like many other men of great genius, a constitutional taint of melancholy, which sometimes displayed itself both in words and actions, and had been first observed in that sudden and striking change, when, abandoning entirely the dissolute freaks of his youth, he embraced a very strict course of religious observances, which upon some occasions he seemed to consider as bringing him into more near and close contact with the spiritual world. This extraordinary man is said sometimes, during that period of his life, to have given way to spiritual delusions, or, as he himself conceived them, prophetic inspirations of approaching grandeur, and of strange, deep, and mysterious agencies, in which he was in future to be engaged, in the same manner as his younger years had been marked by fits of exuberant and excessive frolic and debaucheries. Something of this kind seemed to explain the ebullition of passion which he had now manifested.

With wonder at what he had witnessed, Wildrake felt some anxiety on his own account. Though not the most reflecting of mortals, he had sense enough to know that it is dangerous to be a witness of the infirmities of men high in power; and he was left so long by himself, as induced him to entertain some secret doubts whether the General might not be tempted to take means of confining or removing a witness who had seen him lowered, as it seemed, by the suggestions of his own conscience, beneath that lofty flight which, in general, he affected to sustain above the rest of the sublunary world.

In this, however, he wronged Cromwell, who was free either from an extreme degree of jealous suspicion or from anything which approached towards bloodthirstiness. Pearson appeared, after a lapse of about an hour, and, intimating to Wildrake that he was to follow, conducted him into a distant apartment, in which he found the General seated on a low couch. His daughter was in the apartment, but remained at some distance, apparently busied with some female needlework, and scarce turned her head as Pearson and Wildrake entered.

At a sign from the Lord General, Wildrake approached him as before. 'Comrade,' he said, 'your old friends the Cavaliers look on me as their enemy, and conduct themselves towards me as if they desired to make me such. I profess they are labouring to their own prejudice; for I regard, and have ever regarded, them as honest and honourable fools, who were silly enough to run their necks into nooses, and their heads against stone walls, that a man called Stuart, and no other, should be king over them. Fools! are there no words made of letters that would sound as well as Charles Stuart with that magic title beside them? Why, the word king is like a lighted lamp, that throws the same bright gilding upon any combination of the alphabet, and yet you must shed your blood for a name! But thou, for thy part, shalt have no wrong from me. Here is an order, well warranted, to clear the lodge at Woodstock, and abandon it to thy master's keeping, or those whom he shall appoint. He will have his uncle and pretty cousin with him, doubtless. Fare thee well; think on what I told thee. They say beauty is a loadstone to yonder long lad thou dost wot of; but I reckon he has other stars at present to direct his course than bright eyes and fair hair. Be it as it may, thou knowest my purpose; peer out—peer out: keep a constant and careful look-out on every ragged patch that wanders by hedgerow or lane: these are days when a beggar's cloak may cover a king's ransom. There are some broad Portugal pieces for thee—something strange to thy pouch, I ween. Once more, think on what thou hast heard, and,' he added, in a lower and more impressive tone of voice, 'forget what thou hast seen. My service to thy master; and, yet once again, *remember*—and *forget*.'

Wildrake made his obeisance, and, returning to his inn, left Windsor with all possible speed.

It was afternoon in the same day when the Cavalier rejoined his Roundhead friend, who was anxiously expecting him at the inn in Woodstock appointed for their rendezvous.

'Where hast thou been?—what hast thou seen?—what strange uncertainty is in thy looks?—and why dost thou not answer me?'

'Because,' said Wildrake, laying aside his riding-cloak and rapier, 'you ask so many questions at once. A man has but one tongue to answer with, and mine is wellnigh glued to the roof of my mouth.'

'Will drink unloosen it?' said the colonel; 'though I dare say thou hast tried that spell at every alehouse on the road. Call for what thou wouldst have, man; only be quick.'

'Colonel Everard,' answered Wildrake, 'I have not tasted so much as a cup of cold water this day.'

'Then thou art out of humour for that reason,' said the colonel; 'salve thy sore with brandy, if thou wilt, but leave being so fantastic and unlike to thyself as thou showest in this silent mood.'

'Colonel Everard,' replied the Cavalier, very gravely, 'I am an altered man.'

'I think thou dost alter,' said Everard, 'every day in the year, and every hour of the day. Come, good now, tell me, hast thou seen the General, and got his warrant for clearing out the sequestrators from Woodstock?'

'I have seen the Devil,' said Wildrake, 'and have, as thou sayst, got a warrant from him.'

'Give it me,' said Everard, hastily catching at the packet.

'Forgive me, Mark,' said Wildrake; 'if thou knewest the purpose with which this deed is granted—if thou knewest—what it is not my purpose to tell thee—what manner of hopes are founded on thy accepting it, I have that opinion of thee, Mark Everard, that thou would'st as soon take a red-hot horse-shoe from the anvil with thy bare hand as receive into it this slip of paper.'

'Come—come,' said Everard, 'this comes of some of your exalted ideas of loyalty, which, excellent within certain bounds, drive us mad when encouraged up to some heights. Do not think, since I must needs speak plainly with thee, that I see without sorrow the downfall of our ancient monarchy, and the substitution of another form of government in its stead; but ought my regret for the past to prevent my acquiescing and aiding in such measures as are likely to settle the future? The royal cause is ruined, hadst thou and every Cavalier in England sworn the contrary—ruined, not to rise again, for many a day at least. The Parliament, so often draughted and

drained of those who were courageous enough to maintain their own freedom of opinion, is now reduced to a handful of statesmen, who have lost the respect of the people, from the length of time during which they have held the supreme management of affairs. They cannot stand long unless they were to reduce the army; and the army, late servants, are now masters, and will refuse to be reduced. They know their strength, and that they may be an army subsisting on pay and free quarters throughout England as long as they will. I tell thee, Wildrake, unless we look to the only man who can rule and manage them, we may expect military law throughout the land; and I, for mine own part, look for any preservation of our privileges that may be vouchsafed to us only through the wisdom and forbearance of Cromwell. Now you have my secret. You are aware that I am not doing the best I would, but the best I can. I wish — not so ardently as thou, perhaps — yet I *do* wish that the King could have been restored on good terms of composition, safe for us and for himself. And now, good Wildrake, rebel as thou thinkest me, make me no worse a rebel than an unwilling one. God knows, I never laid aside love and reverence to the King, even in drawing my sword against his ill advisers.'

'Ah, plague on you,' said Wildrake, 'that is the very cant of it — that's what you all say. All of you fought against the King in pure love and loyalty, and not otherwise. However, I see your drift, and I own that I like it better than I expected. The army is your bear now, and Old Noll is your bear-ward; and you are like a country constable, who makes interest with the bear-ward that he may prevent him from letting bruin loose. Well, there may come a day when the sun will shine on our side of the fence, and thereon shall you, and all the good fair-weather folks who love the stronger party, come and make common cause with us.'

Without much attending to what his friend said, Colonel Everard carefully studied the warrant of Cromwell. 'It is bolder and more peremptory than I expected,' he said. 'The General must feel himself strong, when he opposes his own authority so directly to that of the Council of State and the Parliament.'

'You will not hesitate to act upon it?' said Wildrake.

'That I certainly will not,' answered Everard; 'but I must wait till I have the assistance of the Mayor, who, I think, will gladly see these fellows ejected from the lodge. I must not go

altogether upon military authority, if possible.' Then, stepping to the door of the apartment, he despatched a servant of the house in quest of the chief magistrate, desiring he should be made acquainted that Colonel Everard desired to see him with as little loss of time as possible.

'You are sure he will come, like a dog at a whistle,' said Wildrake. 'The word captain or colonel makes the fat citizen trot in these days, when one sword is worth fifty corporation charters. But there are dragoons yonder, as well as the grim-faced knave whom I frightened the other evening when I showed my face in at the window. Think'st thou the knaves will show no rough play?'

'The General's warrant will weigh more with them than a dozen acts of Parliament,' said Everard. 'But it is time thou eatest, if thou hast in truth ridden from Windsor hither without baiting.'

'I care not about it,' said Wildrake: 'I tell thee, your General gave me a breakfast which, I think, will serve me one while, if I am ever able to digest it. By the mass, it lay so heavy on my conscience, that I carried it to church to see if I could digest it there with my other sins. But not a whit.'

'To church! To the door of the church, thou meanest,' said Everard. 'I know thy way: thou art ever wont to pull thy hat off reverently at the threshold, but for crossing it, that day seldom comes.'

'Well,' replied Wildrake, 'and if I do pull off my castor and kneel, is it not seemly to show the same respects in a church which we offer in a palace? It is a dainty matter, is it not, to see your Anabaptists, and Brownists, and the rest of you, gather to a sermon with as little ceremony as hogs to a trough? But here comes food, and now for a grace, if I can remember one.'

Everard was too much interested about the fate of his uncle and his fair cousin, and the prospect of restoring them to their quiet home, under the protection of that formidable truncheon which was already regarded as the leading-staff of England, to remark, that certainly a great alteration had taken place in the manners and outward behaviour at least of his companion. His demeanour frequently evinced a sort of struggle betwixt old habits of indulgence and some newly-formed resolutions of abstinence; and it was almost ludicrous to see how often the hand of the neophyte directed itself naturally to a large black leathern jack, which contained two double flagons of strong ale,

and how often, diverted from its purpose by the better reflections of the reformed toper, it seized, instead, upon a large ewer of salubrious and pure water.

It was not difficult to see that the task of sobriety was not yet become easy, and that, if it had the recommendation of the intellectual portion of the party who had resolved upon it, the outward man yielded a reluctant and restive compliance. But honest Wildrake had been dreadfully frightened at the course proposed to him by Cromwell, and, with a feeling not peculiar to the Catholic religion, had formed a solemn resolution within his own mind that, if he came off safe and with honour from this dangerous interview, he would show his sense of Heaven's favour by renouncing some of the sins which most easily beset him, and especially that of intemperance, to which, like many of his wild compeers, he was too much addicted.

This resolution, or vow, was partly prudential as well as religious; for it occurred to him as very possible that some matters of a difficult and delicate nature might be thrown into his hands at the present emergency, during the conduct of which it would be fitting for him to act by some better oracle than that of the Bottle, celebrated by Rabelais. In full compliance with this prudent determination, he touched neither the ale nor the brandy which were placed before him, and declined peremptorily the sack with which his friend would have garnished the board. Nevertheless, just as the boy removed the trenchers and napkins, together with the large black-jack which we have already mentioned, and was one or two steps on his way to the door, the sinewy arm of the Cavalier, which seemed to elongate itself on purpose, as it extended far beyond the folds of the threadbare jacket, arrested the progress of the retiring Ganymede, and, seizing on the black-jack, conveyed it to the lips, which were gently breathing forth the aspiration, 'D—n—I mean, Heaven forgive me! we are poor creatures of clay—one modest sip must be permitted to our frailty.'

So murmuring, he glued the huge flagon to his lips, and as the head was slowly and gradually inclined backwards in proportion as the right hand elevated the bottom of the pitcher, Everard had great doubts whether the drinker and the cup were likely to part until the whole contents of the latter had been transferred to the person of the former. Roger Wildrake stinted, however, when, by a moderate computation, he had swallowed at one draught about a quart and a half.

He then replaced it on the salver, fetched a long breath to

refresh his lungs, bade the boy get him gone with the rest of the liquors, in a tone which inferred some dread of his constancy, and then, turning to his friend Everard, he expatiated in praise of moderation, observing, that the mouthful which he had just taken had been of more service to him than if he had remained quaffing healths at table for four hours together.

His friend made no reply, but could not help being privately of opinion that Wildrake's temperance had done as much execution on the tankard in his single draught as some more moderate toppers might have effected if they had sat sipping for an evening. But the subject was changed by the entrance of the landlord, who came to announce to his honour Colonel Everard that the worshipful Mayor of Woodstock, with the Rev. Master Holdenough, were come to wait upon him.

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of action. I am aware, worthy colonel, that you and your worthy father have ever borne yourselves in these turmoils like men of a truly Christian and moderate spirit, striving to pour oil into the wounds of the land, which some would rub with vitriol and pepper; and we know you are faithful children of that church which we have reformed from its papistical and prelatical tenets.'

'My good and reverend friend,' said Everard, 'I respect the piety and learning of many of your teachers; but I am also for liberty of conscience to all men. I neither side with sectaries nor do I desire to see them the object of suppression by violence.'

'Sir — sir,' said the Presbyterian, hastily, 'all this hath a fair sound; but I would you should think what a fine country and church we are like to have of it, amidst the errors, blasphemies, and schisms which are daily introduced into the church and kingdom of England, so that worthy Master Edwards, in his *Gangræna*, declareth, that our native country is about to become the very sink and cesspool of all schisms, heresies, blasphemies, and confusions, as the army of Hannibal was said to be the refuse of all nations — *colluvies omnium gentium*. Believe me, worthy colonel, that they of the Honourable House view all this over-lightly, and with the winking connivance of old Eli. These instructors, the schismatics, shoulder the orthodox ministers out of their pulpits, thrust themselves into families, and break up the peace thereof, stealing away men's hearts from the established faith.'

'My good Master Holdenough,' replied the colonel, interrupting the zealous preacher, 'there is ground of sorrow for all these unhappy discords; and I hold with you, that the fiery spirits of the present time have raised men's minds at once above sober-minded and sincere religion and above decorum and common sense. But there is no help save patience. Enthusiasm is a stream that may foam off in its own time, whereas it is sure to bear down every barrier which is directly opposed to it. But what are these schismatical proceedings to our present purpose?'

'Why, partly this, sir,' said Holdenough, 'although perhaps you may make less of it than I should have thought before we met. I was myself — I, Nehemiah Holdenough,' he added, consequentially, 'was forcibly expelled from my own pulpit, even as a man should have been thrust out of his own house, by an alien and an intruder, a wolf, who was not at the trouble even

CHAPTER X

Here we have one head
Upon two bodies ; your two-headed bullock
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
These two have but one meaning, thought, and counsel ;
And, when the single noddle has spoke out,
The four legs scrape assent to 't.

Old Play.

IN the goodly form of the honest Mayor there was a bustling mixture of importance and embarrassment, like the deportment of a man who was conscious that he had an important part to act, if he could but exactly discover what that part was. But both were mingled with much pleasure at seeing Everard, and he frequently repeated his welcomes and all-hails before he could be brought to attend to what that gentleman said in reply.

'Good, worthy colonel, you are indeed a desirable sight to Woodstock at all times, being, as I may say, almost our townsman, as you have dwelt so much and so long at the palace. Truly, the matter begins almost to pass my wit, though I have transacted the affairs of this borough for many a long day ; and you are come to my assistance like — like —'

'*Tanquam deus ex machina*, as the ethnic poet hath it,' said Master Holdenough, 'although I do not often quote from such books. Indeed, Master Markham Everard — or worthy colonel, as I ought rather to say — you are simply the most welcome man who has come to Woodstock since the days of old King Harry.'

'I had some business with you, my good friend,' said the colonel, addressing the Mayor ; 'I shall be glad if it should so happen at the same time that I may find occasion to pleasure you or your worthy pastor.'

'No question you can do so, good sir,' interposed Master Holdenough : 'you have the heart, sir, and you have the hand ; and we are much in want of good counsel, and that from a man

'True, sir; and I have that confidence in the commission which I hold, that I would take the field against the Foul Fiend without a moment's delay,' said Holdenough; 'but the place in which he hath of late appeared, being Woodstock, is filled with those dangerous and impious persons of whom I have been but now complaining; and though, confident in my own resources, I dare venture in disputation with their Great Master himself, yet without your protection, most worthy colonel, I see not that I may with prudence trust myself with the tossing and goring ox Desborough, or the bloody and devouring bear Harrison, or the cold and poisonous snake Bletson — all of whom are now at the lodge, doing license and taking spoil as they think meet; and, as all men say, the Devil has come to make a fourth with them.'

'In good truth, worthy and noble sir,' said the Mayor, 'it is even as Master Holdenough says: our privileges are declared void, our cattle seized in the very pastures. They talk of cutting down and disparking the fair chase, which has been so long the pleasure of so many kings, and making Woodstock of as little note as any paltry village. I assure you we heard of your arrival with joy, and wondered at your keeping yourself so close in your lodgings. We know no one save your father or you that are like to stand the poor burgesses' friend in this extremity, since almost all the gentry around are Malignants, and under sequestration. We trust, therefore, you will make strong intercession in our behalf.'

'Certainly, Master Mayor,' said the colonel, who saw himself with pleasure anticipated; 'it was my very purpose to have interfered in this matter, and I did but keep myself alone until I should be furnished with some authority from the Lord General.'

'Powers from the Lord General!' said the Mayor, thrusting the clergyman with his elbow. 'Dost thou hear that? What cock will fight that cock? We shall carry it now over their necks, and Woodstock shall be brave Woodstock still.'

'Keep thine elbow from my side, friend,' said Holdenough, annoyed by the action which the Mayor had suited to his words; 'and may the Lord send that Cromwell prove not as sharp to the people of England as thy bones against my person! Yet I approve that we should use his authority to stop the course of these men's proceedings.'

'Let us set out, then,' said Colonel Everard; 'and I trust we shall find the gentlemen reasonable and obedient.'

The functionaries, laic and clerical, assented with much joy ; and the colonel required and received Wildrake's assistance in putting on his cloak and rapier, as if he had been the dependant whose part he acted. The Cavalier contrived, however, while doing him these menial offices, to give his friend a shrewd pinch, in order to maintain the footing of secret equality betwixt them.

The colonel was saluted, as they passed through the streets, by many of the anxious inhabitants, who seemed to consider his intervention as affording the only chance of saving their fine park, and the rights of the corporation, as well as of individuals, from ruin and confiscation.

As they entered the park, the colonel asked his companions, 'What is this you say of apparitions being seen amongst them ?'

'Why, colonel,' said the clergyman, 'you know yourself that Woodstock was always haunted ?'

'I have lived therein many a day,' said the colonel, 'and I know that I never saw the least sign of it, although idle people spoke of the house as they do of all old mansions, and gave the apartments ghosts and spectres to fill up the places of as many of the deceased great as had ever dwelt there.'

'Nay, but, good colonel,' said the clergyman, 'I trust you have not reached the prevailing sin of the times, and become indifferent to the testimony in favour of apparitions, which appears so conclusive to all but atheists and advocates for witches ?'

'I would not absolutely disbelieve what is so generally affirmed,' said the colonel ; 'but my reason leads me to doubt most of the stories which I have heard of this sort, and my own experience never went to confirm any of them.'

'Ay, but trust me,' said Holdenough, 'there was always a demon of one or the other species about this Woodstock. Not a man or woman in the town but has heard stories of apparitions in the forest or about the old castle. Sometimes it is a pack of hounds that sweep along, and the whoops and halloos of the huntsmen, and the winding of horns and the galloping of horse, which is heard as if first more distant, and then close around you ; and then anon it is a solitary huntsman, who asks if you can tell him which way the stag is gone. He is always dressed in green ; but the fashion of his clothes is some five hundred years old. This is what we call Demon Meridianum — the noonday spectre.'

'My worthy and reverend sir,' said the colonel, 'I have lived

at Woodstock many seasons, and have traversed the chase at all hours. Trust me, what you hear from the villagers is the growth of their idle folly and superstition.'

'Colonel,' replied Holdenough, 'a negative proves nothing. What signifies, craving your pardon, that you have not seen anything, be it earthly or be it of the other world, to detract from the evidence of a score of people who have? And, besides, there is the Demon Nocturnum—the being that walketh by night. He has been among these Independents and schismatics last night. Ay, colonel, you may stare, but it is even so; they may try whether he will mend their gifts, as they profanely call them, of exposition and prayer. No, sir, I trow, to master the foul fiend there goeth some competent knowledge of theology, and an acquaintance of the humane letters, ay, and a regular clerical education and clerical calling.'

'I do not in the least doubt,' said the colonel, 'the efficacy of your qualifications to lay the Devil; but still I think some odd mistake has occasioned this confusion amongst them, if there has any such in reality existed. Desborough is a block-head, to be sure; and Harrison is fanatic enough to believe anything. But there is Bletson, on the other hand, who believes nothing. What do you know of this matter, good Master Mayor?'

'In sooth, and it was Master Bletson who gave the first alarm,' replied the magistrate, 'or, at least, the first distinct one. You see, sir, I was in bed with my wife, and no one else; and I was as fast asleep as a man can desire to be at two hours after midnight, when, behold you, they came knocking at my bedroom door, to tell me there was an alarm in Woodstock, and that the bell of the lodge was ringing at that dead hour of the night as hard as ever it rung when it called the court to dinner.'

'Well, but the cause of this alarm?' said the colonel.

'You shall hear, worthy colonel—you shall hear,' answered the Mayor, waving his hand with dignity; for he was one of those persons who will not be hurried out of their own pace. 'So Mrs. Mayor would have persuaded me, in her love and affection, poor wretch, that to rise at such an hour out of my own warm bed was like to bring on my old complaint the lumbago, and that I should send the people to Alderman Dutton. "Alderman Devil, Mrs. Mayo;" said I—I beg your reverence's pardon for using such a phrase—"Do you think I am going to lie a-bed when the town is on fire, and the Cavaliers up, and the devil to pay?" I beg pardon again, parson. But

here we are before the gate of the palace ; will it not please you to enter ?'

'I would first hear the end of your story,' said the colonel ; 'that is, Master Mayor, if it happens to have an end.'

'Everything hath an end,' said the Mayor, 'and that which we call a pudding hath two. Your worship will forgive me for being facetious. Where was I ? O, I jumped out of bed, and put on my red plush breeches, with the blue nether stocks, for I always make a point of being dressed suitably to my dignity, night and day, summer or winter, Colonel Everard ; and I took the constable along with me, in case the alarm should be raised by night-walkers or thieves, and called up worthy Master Holdenough out of his bed, in case it should turn out to be the Devil. And so I thought I was provided for the worst, and so away we came ; and, by and by, the soldiers who came to the town with Master Tomkins, who had been called to arms, came marching down to Woodstock as fast as their feet would carry them ; so I gave our people the sign to let them pass us, and outmarch us, as it were, and this for a twofold reason.'

'I will be satisfied,' interrupted the colonel, 'with one good reason. You desired the redcoats should have the *first* of the fray ?'

'True, sir — very true ; and also that they should have the *last* of it, in respect that fighting is their especial business. However, we came on at a slow pace, as men who are determined to do their duty without fear or favour, when suddenly we saw something white haste away up the avenue towards the town, when six of our constables and assistants fled at once, as conceiving it to be an apparition called the White Woman of Woodstock.'

'Look you there, colonel,' said Master Holdenough, 'I told you there were demons of more kinds than one, which haunt the ancient scenes of royal debauchery and cruelty.'

'I hope you stood your own ground, Master Mayor ?' said the colonel.

'I — yes — most assuredly — that is, I did not, strictly speaking, keep my ground ; but the town-clerk and I retreated — retreated, colonel, and without confusion or dishonour, and took post behind worthy Master Holdenough, who, with the spirit of a lion, threw himself in the way of the supposed spectre, and attacked it with such a siserary of Latin as might have scared the Devil himself, and thereby plainly discovered

that it was no devil at all, nor white woman, neither woman of any colour, but worshipful Master Bletson, a member of the House of Commons, and one of the commissioners sent hither upon this unhappy sequestration of the wood, chase, and lodge of Woodstock.'

'And this was all you saw of the demon?' said the colonel.

'Truly, yes,' answered the Mayor; 'and I had no wish to see more. However, we conveyed Master Bletson, as in duty bound, back to the lodge, and he was ever maundering by the way how that he met a party of scarlet devils incarnate marching down to the lodge; but, to my poor thinking, it must have been the Independent dragoons who had just passed us.'

'And more incarnate devils I would never wish to see,' said Wildrake, who could remain silent no longer. His voice, so suddenly heard, showed how much the Mayor's nerves were still alarmed, for he started and jumped aside with an alacrity of which no one would at first sight suppose a man of his portly dignity to have been capable. Everard imposed silence on his intrusive attendant; and, desirous to hear the conclusion of this strange story, requested the Mayor to tell him how the matter ended, and whether they stopped the supposed spectre.

'Truly, worthy sir,' said the Mayor, 'Master Holdenough was quite venturous upon confronting, as it were, the Devil, and compelling him to appear under the real form of Master Joshua Bletson, member of Parliament for the borough of Littlefaith.'

'In sooth, Master Mayor,' said the divine, 'I were strangely ignorant of my own commission and its immunities, if I were to value opposing myself to Satan, or any Independent in his likeness, all of whom, in the name of Him I serve, I do defy, spit at, and trample under my feet; and because Master Mayor is something tedious, I will briefly inform your honour that we saw little of the Enemy that night, save what Master Bletson said in the first feeling of his terrors, and save what we might collect from the disordered appearance of the Honourable Colonel Desborough and Major-General Harrison.'

'And what plight were they in, I pray you?' demanded the colonel.

'Why, worthy sir, every one might see with half an eye that they had been engaged in a fight wherein they had not been honoured with perfect victory; seeing that General Harrison was stalking up and down the parlour, with his drawn sword in his hand, talking to himself, his doublet unbuttoned, his points untrussed, his garters loose, and like

to throw him down as he now and then trode on them, and gaping and grinning like a mad player. And yonder sat Desborough with a dry pottle of sack before him, which he had just emptied, and which, though the element in which he trusted, had not restored him sense enough to speak or courage enough to look over his shoulder. He had a Bible in his hand, forsooth, as if it would of itself make battle against the Evil One; but I peered over his shoulder, and, alas! the good gentleman held the bottom of the page uppermost. It was as if one of your musketeers, noble and valiant sir, were to present the butt of his piece at the enemy instead of the muzzle — ha, ha, ha! it was a sight to judge of schismatics by, both in point of head and in point of heart, in point of skill and in point of courage. Oh! colonel, then was the time to see the true character of an authorised pastor of souls over those unhappy men who leap into the fold without due and legal authority, and will, forsooth, preach, teach, and exhort, and blasphemously term the doctrine of the church saltless porridge and dry chips!’

‘I have no doubt you were ready to meet the danger, reverend sir; but I would fain know of what nature it was, and from whence it was to be apprehended?’

‘Was it for me to make such inquiry?’ said the clergyman, triumphantly. ‘Is it for a brave soldier to number his enemies, or inquire from what quarter they are to come? No, sir, I was there with match lighted, bullet in my mouth, and my harquebuss shouldered, to encounter as many devils as Hell could pour in, were they countless as motes in the sunbeam, and although they came from all points of the compass. The Papists talk of the temptation of St. Anthony — pshaw! Let them double all the myriads which the brain of a crazy Dutch painter hath invented, and you will find a poor Presbyterian divine — I will answer for one at least — who, not in his own strength, but his Master’s, will receive the assault in such sort that, far from returning against him as against yonder poor hound, day after day and night after night, he will at once pack them off as with a vengeance to the uttermost parts of Assyria.’

‘Still,’ said the colonel, ‘I pray to know whether you saw anything upon which to exercise your pious learning?’

‘Saw!’ answered the divine; ‘no, truly, I saw nothing, nor did I look for anything. Thieves will not attack well-armed travellers, nor will devils or evil spirits come against one who

bears in his bosom the Word of truth, in the very language in which it was first dictated. No, sir, they shun a divine who can understand the holy text, as a crow is said to keep wide of a gun loaded with hail-shot.'

They had walked a little way back upon their road, to give time for this conversation; and the colonel, perceiving it was about to lead to no satisfactory explanation of the real cause of alarm on the preceding night, turned round, and observing, it was time they should go to the lodge, began to move in that direction with his three companions.

It had now become dark, and the towers of Woodstock arose high above the umbrageous shroud which the forest spread around the ancient and venerable mansion. From one of the highest turrets, which could still be distinguished as it rose against the clear blue sky, there gleamed a light like that of a candle within the building.

The Mayor stopt short, and catching fast hold of the divine, and then of Colonel Everard, exclaimed, in a trembling and hasty, but suppressed, tone — 'Do you see yonder light?'

'Ay, marry do I,' said Colonel Everard; 'and what does that matter? A light in a garret-room of such an old mansion as Woodstock is no subject for wonder, I trow.'

'But a light from Rosamond's Tower is surely so?' said the Mayor.

'True,' said the colonel, something surprised when, after a careful examination, he satisfied himself that the worthy magistrate's conjecture was right. 'That is indeed Rosamond's Tower; and as the drawbridge by which it was accessible has been destroyed for centuries, it is hard to say what chance could have lighted a lamp in such an inaccessible place.'

'That light burns with no earthly fuel,' said the Mayor: 'neither from whale nor olive oil, nor bees-wax, nor mutton-suet either. I dealt in these commodities, colonel, before I went into my present line; and I can assure you I could distinguish the sort of light they give, one from another, at a greater distance than yonder turret. Look you, that is no earthly flame. See you not something blue and reddish upon the edges? that bodes full well where it comes from. Colonel, in my opinion we had better go back to sup at the town, and leave the Devil and the redcoats to settle their matters together for to-night; and then when we come back the next morning, we will have a pull with the party that chances to keep a-field.'

'You will do as you please, Master Mayor,' said Everard;

‘but my duty requires me that I should see the Commissioners to-night.’

‘And mine requires me to see the Foul Fiend,’ said Master Holdenough, ‘if he dare make himself visible to me. I wonder not that, knowing who is approaching, he betakes himself to the very citadel, the inner and the last defences, of this ancient and haunted mansion. He is dainty, I warrant you, and must dwell where is a relish of luxury and murder about the walls of his chamber. In yonder turret sinned Rosamond, and in yonder turret she suffered; and there she sits, or, more likely, the Enemy in her shape, as I have heard true men of Woodstock tell. I wait on you, good colonel; Master Mayor will do as he pleases. The strong man hath fortified himself in his dwelling-house, but, lo, there cometh another stronger than he.’

‘For me,’ said the Mayor, ‘who am as unlearned as I am unwarlike, I will not engage either with the powers of the Earth or the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and I would we were again at Woodstock; and harkye, good fellow,’ slapping Wildrake on the shoulder, ‘I will bestow on thee a shilling wet and a shilling dry if thou wilt go back with me.’

‘Gadzookers, Master Mayor,’ said Wildrake, neither flattered by the magistrate’s familiarity of address nor captivated by his munificence, ‘I wonder who the devil made you and me fellows? And, besides, do you think I would go back to Woodstock with your worshipful cod’s-head, when, by good management, I may get a peep of Fair Rosamond, and see whether she was that choice and incomparable piece of ware which the world has been told of by rhymers and ballad-makers?’

‘Speak less lightly and wantonly, friend,’ said the divine; ‘we are to resist the Devil that he may flee from us, and not to tamper with him, or enter into his counsels, or traffic with the merchandise of his great Vanity Fair.’

‘Mind what the good man says, Wildrake,’ said the colonel; ‘and take heed another time how thou dost suffer thy wit to outrun discretion.’

‘I am beholden to the reverend gentleman for his advice,’ answered Wildrake, upon whose tongue it was difficult to impose any curb whatever, even when his own safety rendered it most desirable. ‘But, gadzookers, let him have had what experience he will in fighting with the Devil, he never saw one so black as I had a tussle with — not a hundred years ago.’

‘How, friend,’ said the clergyman, who understood everything literally when apparitions were mentioned, ‘have you

had so late a visitation of Satan? Believe me, then, that I wonder why thou darest to entertain his name so often and so lightly as I see thou dost use it in thy ordinary discourse. But when and where didst thou see the Evil One?’

Everard hastily interposed, lest by something yet more strongly alluding to Cromwell his imprudent squire should, in mere wantonness, betray his interview with the General. ‘The young man raves,’ he said, ‘of a dream which he had the other night, when he and I slept together in Victor Lee’s chamber, belonging to the ranger’s apartments at the lodge.’

‘Thanks for help at a pinch, good patron,’ said Wildrake, whispering into Everard’s ear, who in vain endeavoured to shake him off, ‘a fib never failed a fanatic.’

‘You, also, spoke something too lightly of these matters, considering the work which we have in hand, worthy colonel,’ said the Presbyterian divine. ‘Believe me, the young man, thy servant, was more likely to see visions than to dream merely idle dreams in that apartment; for I have always heard that, next to Rosamond’s Tower, in which, as I said, she played the wanton, and was afterwards poisoned by Queen Eleanor, Victor Lee’s chamber was the place in the lodge of Woodstock more peculiarly the haunt of evil spirits. I pray you, young man, tell me this dream or vision of yours.’

‘With all my heart, sir,’ said Wildrake; then addressing his patron, who began to interfere, he said, ‘Tush, sir, you have had the discourse for an hour, and why should not I hold forth in my turn? By this darkness, if you keep me silent any longer, I will turn Independent preacher, and stand up in your despite for the freedom of private judgment. And so, reverend sir, I was dreaming of a carnal divertisement called a bull-baiting; and methought they were venturing dogs at head, as merrily as e’er I saw them at Tutbury bull-running; and methought I heard some one say, there was the Devil come to have a sight of the bull-ring. Well, I thought that, gadswoons, I would have a peep at his Infernal Majesty. So I looked, and there was a butcher in greasy woollen, with his steel by his side; but he was none of the Devil. And there was a drunken Cavalier, with his mouth full of oaths, and his stomach full of emptiness, and a gold-laced waistcoat in a very dilapidated condition, and a ragged hat, with a piece of a feather in it; and he was none of the Devil neither. And there was a miller, his hands dusty with meal, and every atom of it stolen; and there was a vintner, his green apron stained with wine, and every

drop of it sophisticated ; but neither was the old gentleman I looked for to be detected among these artisans of iniquity. At length, sir, I saw a grave person with cropped hair, a pair of longish and projecting ears, a hand as broad as a slobbering bib under his chin, a brown coat surmounted by a Geneva cloak, and I had Old Nicholas at once in his genuine paraphernalia, by —— !’

‘Shame — shame !’ said Colonel Everard. ‘What ! behave thus to an old gentleman and a divine !’

‘Nay, let him proceed,’ said the minister, with perfect equanimity ; ‘if thy friend, or secretary, is gibing, I must have less patience than becomes my profession if I could not bear an idle jest, and forgive him who makes it. Or if, on the other hand, the Enemy has really presented himself to the young man in such a guise as he intimates, wherefore should we be surprised that he who can take upon him the form of an angel of light should be able to assume that of a frail and peccable mortal, whose spiritual calling and profession ought, indeed, to induce him to make his life an example to others, but whose conduct, nevertheless, such is the imperfection of our unassisted nature, sometimes rather presents us with a warning of what we should shun ?’

‘Now, by the mass, honest dominie — I mean, reverend sir — I crave you a thousand pardons,’ said Wildrake, penetrated by the quietness and patience of the Presbyterian’s rebuke. ‘By St. George, if quiet patience will do it, thou art fit to play a game at foils with the Devil himself, and I would be contented to hold stakes.’

As he concluded an apology which was certainly not uncalled for, and seemed to be received in perfectly good part, they approached so close to the exterior door of the lodge that they were challenged with the emphatic ‘Stand,’ by a sentinel who mounted guard there. Colonel Everard replied, ‘A friend’ ; and the sentinel repeating his command, ‘Stand, friend,’ proceeded to call the corporal of the guard. The corporal came forth, and at the same time turned out his guard. Colonel Everard gave his name and designation, as well as those of his companions, on which the corporal said, ‘He doubted not there would be orders for his instant admission ; but, in the first place, Master Tomkins must be consulted, that he might learn their honours’ mind.’

‘How, sir !’ said the colonel, ‘do you, knowing who I am, presume to keep me on the outside of your post ?’

‘Not if your honour pleases to enter,’ said the corporal, ‘and undertakes to be my warranty ; but such are the orders of my post.’

‘Nay, then, do your duty,’ said the colonel ; ‘but are the Cavaliers up, or what is the matter, that you keep so close and strict a watch ?’

The fellow gave no distinct answer, but muttered between his mustachios something about the enemy, and the roaring lion who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Presently afterwards, Tomkins appeared, followed by two servants, bearing lights in great standing brass candlesticks. They marched before Colonel Everard and his party, keeping as close to each other as two cloves of the same orange ; and starting from time to time, and shuddering, as they passed through sundry intricate passages, they led up a large and ample wooden staircase, the banisters, rail, and lining of which were executed in black oak, and finally into a long saloon, or parlour, where there was a prodigious fire, and about twelve candles of the largest size distributed in sconces against the wall. There were seated the Commissioners, who now held in their power the ancient mansion and royal domain of Woodstock.

CHAPTER XI

The bloody bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to forms, in groans his hate express'd.

Next him the buffoon ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose.

Hind and Panther.

THE strong light in the parlour which we have described served to enable Everard easily to recognise his acquaintances, Desborough, Harrison, and Bletson, who had assembled round an oak table of large dimensions, placed near the blazing chimney, on which were arranged wine, and ale, and materials for smoking, then the general indulgence of the time. There was a species of movable cupboard set betwixt the table and the door, calculated originally for a display of plate upon grand occasions, but at present only used as a screen ; which purpose it served so effectually that, ere he had coasted around it, Everard heard the following fragment of what Desborough was saying, in his strong coarse voice : 'Sent him to share with us, I'se warrant ye. It was always his Excellency my brother-in-law's way : if he made a treat for five friends, he would invite more than the table could hold. I have known him ask three men to eat two eggs.'

'Hush — hush,' said Bletson ; and the servants, making their appearance from behind the tall cupboard, announced Colonel Everard. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have a description of the party into which he now entered.

Desborough was a stout, bull-necked man, of middle size, with heavy, vulgar features, grizzled, bushy eyebrows, and wall-eyes. The flourish of his powerful relative's fortunes had burst forth in the finery of his dress, which was much more ornamented than was usual among the Roundheads. There was embroidery on his cloak, and lace upon his band ; his hat displayed a feather with a golden clasp ; and all his habiliments were those of a Cavalier, or follower of the court, rather than the plain dress

of a Parliamentary officer. But, Heaven knows, there was little of courtlike grace or dignity in the person or demeanour of the individual, who became his fine suit as the hog on the sign-post does his gilded armour. It was not that he was positively deformed, or misshaped, for, taken in detail, the figure was well enough. But his limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were upon bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions. In short, to use an extravagant comparison, the members of Colonel Desborough seemed rather to resemble the disputatious representatives of a federative congress than the well-ordered union of the orders of the state in a firm and well-compacted monarchy, where each holds his own place and all obey the dictates of a common head.

General Harrison, the second of the Commissioners, was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, who had risen into his high situation in the army, and his intimacy with Cromwell, by his dauntless courage in the field, and the popularity he had acquired by his exalted enthusiasm amongst the military saints, sectaries, and Independents who composed the strength of the existing army. Harrison was of mean extraction, and bred up to his father's employment of a butcher. Nevertheless, his appearance, though coarse, was not vulgar, like that of Desborough, who had so much the advantage of him in birth and education. He had a masculine height and strength of figure, was well made, and in his manner announced a rough military character, which might be feared, but could not easily become the object of contempt or ridicule. His aquiline nose and dark black eyes set off to some advantage a countenance otherwise irregular, and the wild enthusiasm that sometimes sparkled in them as he dilated on his opinions to others, and often seemed to slumber under his long dark eyelashes as he mused upon them himself, gave something strikingly wild, and even noble, to his aspect. He was one of the chief leaders of those who were called Fifth Monarchy men, who, going even beyond the general fanaticism of the age, presumptuously interpreted the Book of the Revelations after their own fancies, considered that the second advent of the Messiah, and the millennium, or reign of the saints upon earth, was close at hand, and that they themselves, illuminated, as they believed, with the power of foreseeing these approaching events, were the chosen instruments for the estab-

lishment of the New Reign, or Fifth Monarchy, as it was called, and were fated also to win its honours, whether celestial or terrestrial.

When this spirit of enthusiasm, which operated like a partial insanity, was not immediately affecting Harrison's mind, he was a shrewd, worldly man and a good soldier, one who missed no opportunity of mending his fortune, and who, in expecting the exaltation of the Fifth Monarchy, was, in the meanwhile, a ready instrument for the establishment of the Lord General's supremacy. Whether it was owing to his early occupation, and habits of indifference to pain or bloodshed acquired in the shambles, to natural disposition and want of feeling, or, finally, to the awakened character of his enthusiasm, which made him look upon those who opposed him as opposing the Divine will, and therefore meriting no favour or mercy, is not easy to say; but all agreed that, after a victory or the successful storm of a town, Harrison was one of the most cruel and pitiless men in Cromwell's army, always urging some misapplied text to authorise the continued execution of the fugitives, and sometimes even putting to death those who had surrendered themselves prisoners. It was said, that at times the recollection of some of those cruelties troubled his conscience, and disturbed the dreams of beatification in which his imagination indulged.

When Everard entered the apartment, this true representative of the fanatical soldiers of the day, who filled those ranks and regiments which Cromwell had politically kept on foot, while he procured the reduction of those in which the Presbyterian interest predominated, was seated a little apart from the others, his legs crossed and stretched out at length towards the fire, his head resting on his elbow, and turned upwards, as if studying, with the most profound gravity, the half-seen carving of the Gothic roof.

Bletson remains to be mentioned, who, in person and figure, was diametrically different from the other two. There was neither foppery nor slovenliness in his exterior, nor had he any marks of military service or rank about his person. A small walking rapier seemed merely worn as a badge of his rank as a gentleman, without his hand having the least purpose of becoming acquainted with the hilt, or his eye with the blade. His countenance was thin and acute, marked with lines which thought rather than age had traced upon it; and a habitual sneer on his countenance, even when he least wished to express contempt on his features, seemed to assure the individual ad-

dressed that in Bletson he conversed with a person of intellect far superior to his own. This was a triumph of intellect only, however ; for on all occasions of difference respecting speculative opinions, and indeed on all controversies whatsoever, Bletson avoided the ultimate *ratio* of blows and knocks.

Yet this peaceful gentleman had found himself obliged to serve personally in the Parliamentary army at the commencement of the Civil War, till, happening unluckily to come in contact with the fiery Prince Rupert, his retreat was judged so precipitate, that it required all the shelter his friends could afford to keep him free of an impeachment or a court-martial. But as Bletson spoke well, and with great effect, in the House of Commons, which was his natural sphere, and was on that account high in the estimation of his party, his behaviour at Edgehill was passed over, and he continued to take an active share in all the political events of that bustling period, though he faced not again the actual front of war.

Bletson's theoretical politics had long inclined him to espouse the opinions of Harrington and others, who adopted the visionary idea of establishing a pure democratical republic in so extensive a country as Britain. This was a rash theory, where there is such an infinite difference betwixt ranks, habits, education, and morals ; where there is such an immense disproportion betwixt the wealth of individuals ; and where a large portion of the inhabitants consists of the inferior classes of the large towns and manufacturing districts—men unfitted to bear that share in the direction of a state which must be exercised by the members of a republic in the proper sense of the word. Accordingly, as soon as the experiment was made, it became obvious that no such form of government could be adopted with the smallest chance of stability ; and the question came only to be, whether the remnant, or, as it was vulgarly called, the Rump, of the Long Parliament, now reduced by the seclusion of so many of the members to a few scores of persons, should continue, in spite of their unpopularity, to rule the affairs of Britain ? Whether they should cast all loose by dissolving themselves, and issuing writs to convoke a new Parliament, the composition of which no one could answer for, any more than for the measures they might take when assembled ? Or, lastly, whether Cromwell, as actually happened, was not to throw the sword into the balance, and boldly possess himself of that power which the remnant of the Parliament were unable to hold, and yet afraid to resign ?

Such being the state of parties, the Council of State, in distributing the good things in their gift, endeavoured to soothe and gratify the army, as a beggar flings crusts to a growling mastiff. In this view Desborough had been created a Commissioner in the Woodstock matter to gratify Cromwell, Harrison to soothe the fierce Fifth Monarchy men, and Bletson as a sincere republican, and one of their own leaven.

But if they supposed Bletson had the least intention of becoming a martyr to his republicanism, or submitting to any serious loss on account of it, they much mistook the man. He entertained their principles sincerely, and not the less that they were found impracticable ; for the miscarriage of his experiment no more converts the political speculator than the explosion of a retort undeceives an alchemist. But Bletson was quite prepared to submit to Cromwell, or any one else who might be possessed of the actual authority. He was a ready subject in practice to the powers existing, and made little difference betwixt various kinds of government, holding in theory all to be nearly equal in imperfection, so soon as they diverged from the model of Harrington's *Oceana*. Cromwell had already been tampering with him, like wax between his finger and thumb, and which he was ready shortly to seal with, smiling at the same time to himself when he beheld the Council of State giving rewards to Bletson as their faithful adherent, while he himself was secure of his allegiance, how soon soever the expected change of government should take place.

But Bletson was still more attached to his metaphysical than his political creed, and carried his doctrines of the perfectibility of mankind as far as he did those respecting the conceivable perfection of a model of government ; and as in the one case he declared against all power which did not emanate from the people themselves, so, in his moral speculations, he was unwilling to refer any of the phenomena of nature to a final cause. When pushed, indeed, very hard, Bletson was compelled to mutter some inarticulate and unintelligible doctrines concerning an *Animus Mundi*, or Creative Power, in the works of nature, by which she originally called into existence, and still continues to preserve, her works. To this power, he said, some of the purest metaphysicians rendered a certain degree of homage ; nor was he himself inclined absolutely to censure those who, by the institution of holidays, choral dances, songs, and harmless feasts and libations, might be disposed to celebrate the great goddess Nature ; at least, dancing, singing, feasting, and sporting

being comfortable things to both young and old, they might as well sport, dance, and feast in honour of such appointed holidays as under any other pretext. But then this moderate show of religion was to be practised under such exceptions as are admitted by the Highgate oath; and no one was to be compelled to dance, drink, sing, or feast whose taste did not happen to incline them to such divertisements, nor was any one to be obliged to worship the creative power, whether under the name of the *Animus Mundi* or any other whatsoever. The interference of the Deity in the affairs of mankind he entirely disowned, having proved to his own satisfaction that the idea originated entirely in priestcraft. In short, with the shadowy metaphysical exception aforesaid, Mr. Joshua Bletson of Darlington, member for Littlecreed [Littlefaith], came as near the predicament of an atheist as it is perhaps possible for a man to do. But we say this with the necessary salvo; for we have known many like Bletson, whose curtains have been shrewdly shaken by superstition, though their fears were unsanctioned by any religious faith. The devils, we are assured, believe and tremble; but on earth there are many who, in worse plight than even the natural children of perdition, tremble without believing, and fear even while they blaspheme.

It follows, of course, that nothing could be treated with more scorn by Mr. Bletson than the debates about Prelacy and Presbytery, about Presbytery and Independency, about Quakers and Anabaptists, Muggletonians and Brownists, and all the various sects with which the Civil War had commenced, and by which its dissensions were still continued. 'It was,' he said, 'as if beasts of burden should quarrel amongst themselves about the fashion of their halters and pack-saddles, instead of embracing a favourable opportunity of throwing them aside.' Other witty and pithy remarks he used to make when time and place suited; for instance, at the club called the Rota, frequented by St. John, and established by Harrington, for the free discussion of political and religious subjects.

But when Bletson was out of this academy or stronghold of philosophy, he was very cautious how he carried his contempt of the general prejudice in favour of religion and Christianity further than an implied objection or a sneer. If he had an opportunity of talking in private with an ingenuous and intelligent youth, he sometimes attempted to make a proselyte, and showed much address in bribing the vanity of inexperience, by suggesting that a mind like his ought to spurn the prejudices impressed

CHAPTER XII

Three form a college ; an you give us four,
Let him bring his share with him.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MR. BLETSON arose and paid his respects to Colonel Everard with the ease and courtesy of a gentleman of the time, though on every account grieved at his intrusion, as a religious man who held his freethinking principles in detestation, and would effectually prevent his conversion of Harrison, and even of Desborough, if anything could be moulded out of such a clod, to the worship of the *Animus Mundi*. Moreover, Bletson knew Everard to be a man of steady probity, and by no means disposed to close with a scheme on which he had successfully sounded the other two, and which was calculated to assure the Commissioners of some little private indemnification for the trouble they were to give themselves in the public business. The philosopher was yet less pleased when he saw the magistrate and the pastor who had met him in his flight of the preceding evening, when he had been seen, *parma non bene relictâ*, with cloak and doublet left behind him.

The presence of Colonel Everard was as displeasing to Desborough as to Bletson ; but the former, having no philosophy in him, nor an idea that it was possible for any man to resist helping himself out of untold money, was chiefly embarrassed by the thought that the plunder which they might be able to achieve out of their trust might, by this unwelcome addition to their number, be divided into four parts instead of three ; and this reflection added to the natural awkwardness with which he grumbled forth a sort of welcome, addressed to Everard.

As for Harrison, he remained like one on higher thoughts intent, his posture unmoved, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as before, and in no way indicating the least consciousness that the company had been more than doubled around him.

Meantime, Everard took his place at the table, as a man who assumed his own right, and pointed to his companions to sit down nearer the foot of the board. Wildrake so far misunderstood his signals as to sit down above the Mayor; but rallying his recollection at a look from his patron, he rose and took his place lower, whistling, however, as he went — a sound at which the company stared, as at a freedom highly unbecoming. To complete his indecorum, he seized upon a pipe, and filling it from a large tobacco-box, was soon immersed in a cloud of his own raising, from which a hand shortly after emerged, seized on the black-jack of ale, withdrew it within the vapoury sanctuary, and, after a potential draught, replaced it upon the table, its owner beginning to renew the cloud which his intermitted exercise of the tube had almost allowed to subside.

Nobody made any observation on his conduct, out of respect, probably, to Colonel Everard, who bit his lip, but continued silent, aware that censure might extract some escapade more unequivocally characteristic of a Cavalier from his refractory companion. As silence seemed awkward, and the others made no advances to break it, beyond the ordinary salutation, Colonel Everard at length said, 'I presume, gentlemen, that you are somewhat surprised at my arrival here, and thus intruding myself into your meeting?'

'Why the dickens should we be surprised, colonel?' said Desborough: 'we know his Excellency my brother-in-law Noll's — I mean my Lord Cromwell's — way of over-quartering his men in the towns he marches through. Thou hast obtained a share in our commission?'

'And in that,' said Bletson, smiling and bowing, 'the Lord General has given us the most acceptable colleague that could have been added to our number. No doubt your authority for joining with us must be under warrant of the Council of State?'

'Of that, gentlemen,' said the colonel, 'I will presently advise you.' He took out his warrant accordingly, and was about to communicate the contents; but observing that there were three or four half-empty flasks upon the table, that Desborough looked more stupid than usual, and that the philosopher's eyes were reeling in his head, notwithstanding the temperance of Bletson's usual habits, he concluded that they had been fortifying themselves against the horrors of the haunted mansion, by laying in a store of what is called Dutch courage, and therefore prudently resolved to postpone his more important

business with them till the cooler hour of morning. He, therefore, instead of presenting the General's warrant superseding their commission, contented himself with replying, 'My business has, of course, some reference to your proceedings here. But here is—excuse my curiosity—a reverend gentleman,' pointing to Holdenough, 'who has told me that you are so strangely embarrassed here as to require both the civil and spiritual authority to enable you to keep possession of Woodstock.'

'Before we go into that matter,' said Bletson, blushing up to the eyes at the recollection of his own fears, so manifestly displayed, yet so inconsistent with his principles, 'I should like to know who this other stranger is, who has come with the worthy magistrate and the no less worthy Presbyterian?'

'Meaning me?' said Wildrake, laying his pipe aside. 'Gad-zooks, the time hath been that I could have answered the question with a better title; but at present I am only his honour's poor clerk, or secretary, whichever is the current phrase.'

'Fore George, my lively blade, thou art a frank fellow of thy tattle,' said Desborough. 'There is my¹ secretary Tomkins, whom men sillily enough call Fibbet, and the honourable Lieutenant-General Harrison's secretary, Bibbet, who are now at supper belowstairs, that durst not for their ears speak a phrase above their breath in the presence of their betters, unless to answer a question.'

'Yes, Colonel Everard,' said the philosopher, with his quiet smile, glad, apparently, to divert the conversation from the topic of last night's alarm, and recollections which humbled his self-love and self-satisfaction—'yes; and when Master Fibbet and Master Bibbet *do* speak, their affirmations are as much in a common mould of mutual attestation as their names would accord in the verses of a poet. If Master Fibbet happens to tell a fiction, Master Bibbet swears it as truth. If Master Bibbet chances to have gotten drunk in the fear of the Lord, Master Fibbet swears he is sober. I have called my own secretary Gibbet, though his name chances to be only Gibeon, a worthy Israelite at your service, but as pure a youth as ever picked a lamb-bone at Paschal. But I call him Gibbet, merely to make up the holy trefoil with another rhyme. This squire of thine, Colonel Everard, looks as if he might be worthy to be coupled with the rest of the fraternity.'

'Not I, truly,' said the Cavalier; 'I'll be coupled with no Jew that was ever whelped, and no Jewess neither.'

¹ [Compare top of p. 158.]

‘Scorn not for that, young man,’ said the philosopher; ‘the Jews are, in point of religion, the elder brethren, you know.’

‘The Jews older than the Christians?’ said Desborough; ‘fore George, they will have thee before the General Assembly, Bletson, if thou venturdest to say so.’

Wildrake laughed without ceremony at the gross ignorance of Desborough, and was joined by a sniggling response from behind the cupboard, which, when inquired into, proved to be produced by the serving-men. These worthies, timorous as their betters, when they were supposed to have left the room, had only withdrawn to their present place of concealment.

‘How now, ye rogues,’ said Bletson, angrily; ‘do you not know your duty better?’

‘We beg your worthy honour’s pardon,’ said one of the men, ‘but we dared not go downstairs without a light.’

‘A light, ye cowardly poltroons!’ said the philosopher; ‘what—to show which of you looks palest when a rat squeaks? But take a candlestick and begone, you cowardly villains; the devils you are so much afraid of must be but paltry kites, if they hawk at such bats as you are.’

The servants, without replying, took up one of the candlesticks and prepared to retreat, Trusty Tomkins at the head of the troop, when suddenly, as they arrived at the door of the parlour, which had been left half open, it was shut violently. The three terrified domestics tumbled back into the middle of the room, as if a shot had been discharged in their face, and all who were at the table started to their feet.

Colonel Everard was incapable of a moment’s fear, even if anything frightful had been seen; but he remained stationary, to see what his companions would do, and to get at the bottom, if possible, of the cause of their alarm upon an occasion so trifling. The philosopher seemed to think that *he* was the person chiefly concerned to show manhood on the occasion.

He walked to the door accordingly, murmuring at the cowardice of the servants; but at such a snail’s pace that it seemed he would most willingly have been anticipated by any one whom his reproaches had roused to exertion. ‘Cowardly blockheads!’ he said at last, seizing hold of the handle of the door, but without turning it effectually round, ‘dare you not open a door? (still fumbling with the lock)—dare you not go down a staircase without a light? Here, bring me the candle, you cowardly villains! By Heaven, something sighs on the outside!’

As he spoke, he let go the handle of the parlour door, and stepped back a pace or two into the apartment, with cheeks as pale as the band he wore.

'*Deus adjutor meus!*' said the Presbyterian clergyman, rising from his seat. 'Give place, sir,' addressing Bletson; 'it would seem I know more of this matter than thou, and I bless Heaven I am armed for the conflict.'

Bold as a grenadier about to mount a breach, yet with the same belief in the existence of a great danger to be encountered, as well as the same reliance in the goodness of his cause, the worthy man stepped before the philosophical Bletson, and taking a light from a sconce in one hand, quietly opened the door with the other, and standing in the threshold, said, 'Here is nothing.'

'And who expected to see anything,' said Bletson, 'excepting those terrified oafs, who take fright at every puff of wind that whistles through the passages of this old dungeon?'

'Mark you, Master Tomkins,' said one of the waiting-men in a whisper to the steward, 'see how boldly the minister pressed forward before all of them. Ah! Master Tomkins, our parson is the real commissioned officer of the church; your lay-preachers are no better than a parcel of club-men and volunteers.'

'Follow me those who list,' said Master Holdenough, 'or go before me those who choose, I will walk through the habitable places of this house before I leave it, and satisfy myself whether Satan hath really mingled himself among these dreary dens of ancient wickedness, or whether, like the wicked of whom holy David speaketh, we are afraid and flee when no one pursueth.'

Harrison, who had heard these words, sprung from his seat, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'Were there as many fiends in the house as there are hairs on my head, upon this cause I will charge them up to their very trenches.'

So saying, he brandished his weapon, and pressed to the head of the column, where he moved side by side with the minister. The Mayor of Woodstock next joined the body, thinking himself safer perhaps in the company of his pastor; and the whole train moved forward in close order, accompanied by the servants bearing lights, to search the lodge for some cause of that panic with which they seemed to be suddenly seized.

'Nay, take me with you, my friends,' said Colonel Everard, who had looked on in surprise, and was now about to follow

the party, when Bletson laid hold on his cloak and begged him to remain.

'You see, my good colonel,' he said, affecting a courage which his shaking voice belied, 'here are only you and I, and honest Desborough, left behind in garrison, while all the others are absent on a sally. We must not hazard the whole troops on one sortie, that were unmilitary. Ha, ha, ha!'

'In the name of Heaven, what means all this?' said Everard. 'I heard a foolish tale about apparitions as I came this way, and now I find you all half-mad with fear, and cannot get a word of sense among so many of you. Fie, Colonel Desborough — fie, Master Bletson; try to compose yourselves, and let me know, in Heaven's name, the cause of all this disturbance. One would be apt to think your brains were turned.'

'And so mine well may,' said Desborough, 'ay, and overturned too, since my bed last night was turned upside down, and I was placed for ten minutes heels uppermost and head downmost, like a bullock going to be shot.'

'What means this nonsense, Master Bletson? Desborough must have had the nightmare.'

'No, faith, colonel; the goblins, or whatever else they were, had been favourable to honest Desborough, for they reposed the whole of his person on that part of his body which — hark, did you not hear something? — is the central point of gravity, namely, his head.'

'Did you see anything to alarm you?' said the colonel.

'Nothing,' said Bletson; 'but we heard hellish noises, as all our people did, and I, believing little of ghosts and apparitions, concluded the Cavaliers were taking us at advantage, so, remembering Rainsborough's fate, I e'en jumped the window, and ran to Woodstock, to call the soldiers to the rescue of Harrison and Desborough.'

'And did you not first go to see what the danger was?'

'Ah, my good friend, you forgot that I laid down my commission at the time of the self-denying ordinance. It would have been quite inconsistent with my duty as a Parliament man to be brawling amidst a set of ruffians, without any military authority. No; when the Parliament commanded me to sheathe my sword, colonel, I have too much veneration for their authority to be found again with it drawn in my hand.'

'But the Parliament,' said Desborough, hastily, 'did not command you to use your heels when your hands could have saved a man from choking. Ods dickens! you might have

stopped when you saw my bed canted heels uppermost, and me half-stifled in the bedclothes — you might, I say, have stopped and lent a hand to put it to rights, instead of jumping out of the window, like a new-shorn sheep, so soon as you had run across my room.'

'Nay, worshipful Master Desborough,' said Bletson, winking on Everard, to show that he was playing on his thick-skulled colleague, 'how could I tell your particular mode of reposing? There are many tastes: I have known men who slept by choice on a slope or angle of forty-five.'

'Yes, but did ever a man sleep standing on his head, except by miracle?' said Desborough.

'Now, as to miracles,' said the philosopher, confident in the presence of Everard, besides that an opportunity of scoffing at religion really in some degree diverted his fear, 'I leave these out of the question, seeing that the evidence on such subjects seems as little qualified to carry conviction as a horsehair to land a leviathan.'

A loud clap of thunder, or a noise as formidable, rang through the lodge as the scoffer had ended, which struck him pale and motionless, and made Desborough throw himself on his knees and repeat exclamations and prayers in much admired confusion.

'There must be contrivance here,' exclaimed Everard; and snatching one of the candles from a sconce, he rushed out of the apartment, little heeding the entreaties of the philosopher, who, in the extremity of his distress, conjured him by the *Animus Mundi* to remain to the assistance of a distressed philosopher endangered by witches, and a Parliament-man assaulted by ruffians. As for Desborough, he only gaped like a clown in a pantomime; and, doubtful whether to follow or stop, his natural indolence prevailed, and he sat still.

When on the landing-place of the stairs, Everard paused a moment to consider which was the best course to take. He heard the voices of men talking fast and loud, like people who wish to drown their fears, in the lower story; and aware that nothing could be discovered by those whose inquiries were conducted in a manner so noisy, he resolved to proceed in a different direction, and examine the second floor, which he had now gained.

He had known every corner, both of the inhabited and uninhabited part of the mansion, and availed himself of the candle to traverse two or three intricate passages, which he was afraid

he might not remember with sufficient accuracy. This movement conveyed him to a sort of *vil-de-bau*, an octagon vestibule, or small hall, from which various rooms opened. Amongst these doors, Everard selected that which led to a very long, narrow, and dilapidated gallery, built in the time of Henry VIII., and which, running along the whole south-west side of the building, communicated at different points with the rest of the mansion. This he thought was likely to be the post occupied by those who proposed to act the sprites upon the occasion; especially as its length and shape gave him some idea that it was a spot where the bold thunder might in many ways be imitated.

Determined to ascertain the truth if possible, he placed his light on a table in the vestibule, and applied himself to open the door into the gallery. At this point he found himself strongly opposed, either by a bolt drawn or, as he rather conceived, by somebody from within resisting his attempt. He was induced to believe the latter, because the resistance slackened and was renewed, like that of human strength, instead of presenting the permanent opposition of an inanimate obstacle. Though Everard was a strong and active young man, he exhausted his strength in the vain attempt to open the door; and having paused to take breath, was about to renew his efforts with foot and shoulder, and to call at the same time for assistance, when, to his surprise, on again attempting the door more gently, in order to ascertain if possible where the strength of the opposing obstacle was situated, he found it give way to a very slight impulse, some impediment fell broken to the ground, and the door flew wide open. The gust of wind occasioned by the sudden opening of the door blew out the candle, and Everard was left in darkness, save where the moonshine, which the long side-row of latticed windows dimmed, could imperfectly force its way into the gallery, which lay in ghostly length before him.

The melancholy and doubtful twilight was increased by a quantity of creeping plants on the outside, which, since all had been neglected in these ancient halls, now completely overgrown, had in some instances greatly diminished, and in others almost quite choked up, the space of the lattices, extending between the heavy stone shaft-work which divided the windows, both lengthways and across. On the other side there were no windows at all, and the gallery had been once hung round with paintings, chiefly portraits, by which that side of the apartment

had been adorned. Most of the pictures had been removed, yet the empty frames of some, and the tattered remnants of others, were still visible along the extent of the waste gallery; the look of which was so desolate, and it appeared so well adapted for mischief, supposing there were enemies near him, that Everard could not help pausing at the entrance, and recommending himself to God, ere, drawing his sword, he advanced into the apartment, treading as lightly as possible, and keeping in the shadow as much as he could.

Markham Everard was by no means superstitious, but he had the usual credulity of the times; and though he did not yield easily to tales of supernatural visitations, yet he could not help thinking he was in the very situation where, if such things were ever permitted, they might be expected to take place, while his own stealthy and ill-assured pace, his drawn weapon and extended arms, being the very attitude and action of doubt and suspicion, tended to increase in his mind the gloomy feelings of which they are the usual indications, and with which they are constantly associated. Under such unpleasant impressions, and conscious of the neighbourhood of something unfriendly, Colonel Everard had already advanced about half along the gallery, when he heard some one sigh very near him, and a low soft voice pronounce his name.

‘Here I am,’ he replied, while his heart beat thick and short. ‘Who calls on Markham Everard?’

Another sigh was the only answer.

‘Speak,’ said the colonel, ‘whoever or whatsoever you are, and tell with what intent and purpose you are lurking in these apartments?’

‘With a better intent than yours,’ returned the soft voice.

‘Than mine!’ answered Everard in great surprise. ‘Who are you that dare judge of my intents?’

‘What or who are you, Markham Everard, who wander by moonlight through these deserted halls of royalty, where none should be but those who mourn their downfall, or are sworn to avenge it?’

‘It is — and yet it cannot be,’ said Everard; ‘yet it is, and must be. Alice Lee, the Devil or you speaks. Answer me, I conjure you. Speak openly — on what dangerous scheme are you engaged? where is your father? why are you here? wherefore do you run so deadly a venture? Speak, I conjure you, Alice Lee!’

‘She whom you call on is at the distance of miles from this

have had in snatching her from a torrent or conflagration, at the chance of hurting her by the violence of his grasp. All this passed through his mind in the course of a single minute; and he resolved at all events to detain her on the spot, and compel, if possible, an explanation from her.

With this purpose, Everard again conjured his cousin, in the name of Heaven, to give up this idle and dangerous mummery; and lending an accurate ear to her answer, endeavoured from the sound to calculate as nearly as possible the distance between them.

‘I am not she for whom you take me,’ said the voice; ‘and dearer regards than aught connected with her life or death bid me warn you to keep aloof and leave this place.’

‘Not till I have convinced you of your childish folly,’ said the colonel, springing forward, and endeavouring to catch hold of her who spoke to him. But no female form was within his grasp. On the contrary, he was met by a shock which could come from no woman’s arm, and which was rude enough to stretch him on his back on the floor. At the same time he felt the point of a sword at his throat, and his hands so completely mastered, that not the slightest defence remained to him.

‘A cry for assistance,’ said a voice near him, but not that which he had hitherto heard, ‘will be stifled in your blood. No harm is meant you—be wise, and be silent.’

The fear of death, which Everard had often braved in the field of battle, became more intense as he felt himself in the hands of unknown assassins, and totally devoid of all means of defence. The sharp point of the sword pricked his bare throat and the foot of him who held it was upon his breast. He felt as if a single thrust would put an end to life, and all the feverish joys and sorrows which agitate us so strangely, and from which we are yet so reluctant to part. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; his heart throbbed, as if it would burst from its confinement in the bosom; he experienced the agony which fear imposes on the brave man, acute in proportion to that which pain inflicts when it subdues the robust and healthy.

‘Cousin Alice,’ he attempted to speak, and the sword’s-point pressed his throat yet more closely—‘cousin, let me not be murdered in a manner so fearful.’

‘I tell you,’ replied the voice, ‘that you speak to one who is not here; but your life is not aimed at, provided you swear

on your faith as a Christian and your honour as a gentleman that you will conceal what has happened, whether from the people below or from any other person. On this condition you may rise; and if you seek her, you will find Alice Lee at Joceline's cottage in the forest.'

'Since I may not help myself otherwise,' said Everard, 'I swear, as I have a sense of religion and honour, I will say nothing of this violence, nor make any search after those who are concerned in it.'

'For that we care nothing,' said the voice. 'Thou hast an example how well thou mayst catch mischief on thy own part; but we are in case to defy thee. Rise and begone.'

The foot, the sword's-point, were withdrawn, and Everard was about to start up hastily, when the voice, in the same softness of tone which distinguished it at first, said, 'No haste—cold and bare steel is yet around thee. Now—now—now (the words dying away as at a distance)—thou art free. Be secret and be safe.'

Markham Everard arose, and, in rising, embarrassed his feet with his own sword, which he had dropped when springing forward, as he supposed, to lay hold of his fair cousin. He snatched it up in haste, and as his hand clasped the hilt, his courage, which had given way under the apprehension of instant death, began to return; he considered, with almost his usual composure, what was to be done next. Deeply affronted at the disgrace which he had sustained, he questioned for an instant whether he ought to keep his extorted promise, or should not rather summon assistance, and make haste to discover and seize those who had been recently engaged in such violence on his person. But these persons, be they who they would, had had his life in their power; he had pledged his word in ransom of it; and what was more, he could not divest himself of the idea that his beloved Alice was a confidante, at least, if not an actor, in the confederacy which had thus baffled him. This prepossession determined his conduct; for, though angry at supposing she must have been accessory to his personal ill-treatment, he could not in any event think of an instant search through the mansion, which might have compromised her safety, or that of his uncle. 'But I will to the hut,' he said—'I will instantly to the hut, ascertain her share in this wild and dangerous confederacy, and snatch her from ruin, if it be possible.'

As, under the influence of the resolution which he had

in departing from it into one which expressed more of feeling than he would be thought to possess.

'If that be the Devil's work, Mark,' said he, 'the Foul Fiend's claws are not nigh so formidable as they are represented; but no one shall say that your blood has been shed unrevenged, while Roger Wildrake was by your side. Where left you this same imp? I will back to the field of fight, confront him with my rapier, and were his nails tenpenny nails, and his teeth as long as those of a harrow, he shall render me reason for the injury he has done you.'

'Madness — madness!' exclaimed Everard; 'I had this trifling hurt by a fall; a basin and towel will wipe it away. Meanwhile, if you will ever do me kindness, get the troop-horses: command them for the service of the public, in the name of his Excellency the General. I will but wash, and join you in an instant before the gate.'

'Well, I will serve you, Everard, as a mute serves the Grand Signior, without knowing why or wherefore. But will you go without seeing these people below?'

'Without seeing any one,' said Everard; 'lose no time, for God's sake.'

He found out the non-commissioned officer, and demanded the horses in a tone of authority, to which the corporal yielded undisputed obedience, as one well aware of Colonel Everard's military rank and consequence. So all was in a minute or two ready for the expedition.

CHAPTER XIII

She kneel'd, and saintlike
Cast her eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

King Henry VIII.

COLONEL EVERARD'S departure at the late hour, for so it was then thought, of seven in the evening excited much speculation. There was a gathering of menials and dependants in the outer chamber, or hall, for no one doubted that his sudden departure was owing to his having, as they expressed it, 'seen something,' and all desired to know how a man of such acknowledged courage as Everard looked under the awe of a recent apparition. But he gave them no time to make comments; for, striding through the hall wrapt in his riding-suit, he threw himself on horseback, and rode furiously through the chase, towards the hut of the keeper Joliffe.

It was the disposition of Markham Everard to be hot, keen, earnest, impatient, and decisive to a degree of precipitation. The acquired habits which education had taught, and which the strong moral and religious discipline of his sect had greatly strengthened, were such as to enable him to conceal, as well as to check, this constitutional violence, and to place him upon his guard against indulging it. But when in the high tide of violent excitation, the natural impetuosity of the young soldier's temper was sometimes apt to overcome these artificial obstacles, and then, like a torrent foaming over a wear, it became more furious as if in revenge for the constrained calm which it had been for some time obliged to assume. In these instances he was accustomed to see only that point to which his thoughts were bent, and to move straight towards it, whether a moral object or the storming of a breach, without either calculating or even appearing to see the difficulties which were before him.

At present, his ruling and impelling motive was to detach his beloved cousin, if possible, from the dangerous and discredit-

able machinations in which he suspected her to have engaged, or, on the other hand, to discover that she really had no concern with these stratagems. He should know how to judge of that in some measure, he thought, by finding her present or absent at the hut, towards which he was now galloping. He had read, indeed, in some ballad or minstrel's tale, of a singular deception practised on a jealous old man by means of a subterranean communication between his house and that of a neighbour, which the lady in question made use of to present herself in the two places alternately with such speed and so much address that, after repeated experiments, the dotard was deceived into the opinion that his wife and the lady who was so very like her, and to whom his neighbour paid so much attention, were two different persons. But in the present case there was no room for such a deception : the distance was too great, and as he took by much the nearest way from the castle, and rode full speed, it would be impossible, he knew, for his cousin, who was a timorous horsewoman even by daylight, to have got home before him.

Her father might indeed be displeased at his interference ; but what title had he to be so ? Was not Alice Lee the near relation of his blood, the dearest object of his heart, and would he now abstain from an effort to save her from the consequences of a silly and wild conspiracy, because the old knight's spleen might be awakened by Everard's making his appearance at their present dwelling contrary to his commands ? No. He would endure the old man's harsh language, as he endured the blast of the autumn wind, which was howling around him, and swinging the crashing branches of the trees under which he passed, but could not oppose, or even retard, his journey.

If he found not Alice, as he had reason to believe she would be absent, to Sir Henry Lee himself he would explain what he had witnessed. However she might have become accessory to the juggling tricks performed at Woodstock, he could not but think it was without her father's knowledge, so severe a judge was the old knight of female propriety, and so strict an assertor of female decorum. He would take the same opportunity, he thought, of stating to him the well-grounded hopes he entertained that his dwelling at the lodge might be prolonged, and the sequestrators removed from the royal mansion and domains, by other means than those of the absurd species of intimidation which seemed to be resorted to, to scare them from thence.

All this seemed to be so much within the line of his duty as a relative, that it was not until he halted at the door of the ranger's hut, and threw his bridle into Wildrake's hand, that Everard recollected the fiery, high, and unbending character of Sir Henry Lee, and felt, even when his fingers were on the latch, a reluctance to intrude himself upon the presence of the irritable old knight.

But there was no time for hesitation. Bevis, who had already bayed more than once from within the lodge [hut], was growing impatient, and Everard had but just time to bid Wildrake hold the horses until he should send Joceline to his assistance, when old Joan unpinned the door, to demand who was without at that time of the night. To have attempted anything like an explanation with poor Dame Joan would have been quite hopeless; the colonel therefore put her gently aside, and shaking himself loose from the hold she had laid on his cloak, entered the kitchen of Joceline's dwelling. Bevis, who had advanced to support Joan in her opposition, humbled his lion port, with that wonderful instinct which makes his race remember so long those with whom they have been familiar, and acknowledged his master's relative by doing homage in his fashion with his head and tail.

Colonel Everard, more uncertain in his purpose every moment as the necessity of its execution drew near, stole over the floor like one who treads in a sick-chamber, and opening the door of the interior apartment with a slow and trembling hand, as he would have withdrawn the curtains of a dying friend, he saw within the scene which we are about to describe.

Sir Henry Lee sat in a wicker arm-chair by the fire. He was wrapped in a cloak, and his limbs extended on a stool, as if he were suffering from gout or indisposition. His long white beard, flowing over the dark-coloured garment, gave him more the appearance of a hermit than of an aged soldier or man of quality; and that character was increased by the deep and devout attention with which he listened to a respectable old man, whose dilapidated dress showed still something of the clerical habit, and who, with a low, but full and deep voice, was reading the Evening Service according to the Church of England. Alice Lee kneeled at the feet of her father, and made the responses with a voice that might have suited the choir of angels, and a modest and serious devotion which suited the melody of her tone. The face of the officiating clergyman would have been good-looking had it not been disfigured with

a black patch which covered the left eye and a part of his face, and had not the features which were visible been marked with the traces of care and suffering.

When Colonel Everard entered, the clergyman raised his finger, as cautioning him to forbear disturbing the divine service of the evening, and pointed to a seat; to which, struck deeply with the scene he had witnessed, the intruder stole with as light a step as possible, and knelt devoutly down as one of the little congregation.

Everard had been bred by his father what was called a Puritan — a member of a sect who, in the primitive sense of the word, were persons that did not except against the doctrines of the Church of England, or even in all respects against its hierarchy, but chiefly dissented from it on the subject of certain ceremonies, habits, and forms of ritual, which were insisted upon by the celebrated and unfortunate Laud with ill-timed tenacity. But even if, from the habits of his father's house, Everard's opinions had been diametrically opposed to the doctrines of the English Church, he must have been reconciled to them by the regularity with which the service was performed in his uncle's family at Woodstock, who, during the blossom of his fortunes, generally had a chaplain residing in the lodge for that special purpose.

Yet, deep as was the habitual veneration with which he heard the impressive service of the church, Everard's eyes could not help straying towards Alice and his thoughts wandering to the purpose of his presence there. She seemed to have recognised him at once, for there was a deeper glow than usual upon her cheek, her fingers trembled as they turned the leaves of her prayer-book, and her voice, lately as firm as it was melodious, faltered when she repeated the responses. It appeared to Everard, as far as he could collect by the stolen glances which he directed towards her, that the character of her beauty, as well as of her outward appearance, had changed with her fortunes.

The beautiful and high-born young lady had now approached as nearly as possible to the brown stuff dress of an ordinary village maiden; but what she had lost in gaiety of appearance, she had gained as it seemed in dignity. Her beautiful light-brown tresses, now folded around her head, and only curled where nature had so arranged them, gave her an air of simplicity which did not exist when her head-dress showed the skill of a curious tirewoman. A light, joyous air, with something

of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. Perhaps the former arch, though innocent, expression of countenance was uppermost in her lover's recollection when he concluded that Alice had acted a part in the disturbances which had taken place at the lodge. It is certain that, when he now looked upon her, it was with shame for having nourished such a suspicion, and the resolution to believe rather that the Devil had imitated her voice than that a creature who seemed so much above the feelings of this world, and so nearly allied to the purity of the next, should have had the indelicacy to mingle in such manœuvres as he himself and others had been subjected to.

These thoughts shot through his mind, in spite of the impropriety of indulging them at such a moment. The service now approached the close ; and, a good deal to Colonel Everard's surprise as well as confusion, the officiating priest, in firm and audible tone, and with every attribute of dignity, prayed to the Almighty to bless and preserve 'Our Sovereign Lord, King Charles, the lawful and undoubted king of these realms.' The petition (in those days most dangerous) was pronounced with a full, raised, and distinct articulation, as if the priest challenged all who heard him to dissent if they dared. If the republican officer did not assent to the petition, he thought at least it was no time to protest against it.

The service was concluded in the usual manner, and the little congregation arose. It now included Wildrake, who had entered during the latter prayer, and was the first of the party to speak, running up to the priest and shaking him by the hand most heartily, swearing at the same time that he truly rejoiced to see him. The good clergyman returned the pressure with a smile, observing, he should have believed his asseveration without an oath. In the meanwhile, Colonel Everard, approaching his uncle's seat, made a deep inclination of respect, first to Sir Henry Lee and then to Alice, whose colour now spread from her cheek to her brow and bosom.

'I have to crave your excuse,' said the colonel with hesitation, 'for having chosen for my visit, which I dare not hope would be very agreeable at any time, a season most peculiarly unsuitable.'

'So far from it, nephew,' answered Sir Henry, with much more mildness of manner than Everard had dared to expect,

‘that your visits at other times would be much more welcome had we the fortune to see you often at our hours of worship.’

‘I hope the time will soon come, sir, when Englishmen of all sects and denominations,’ replied Everard, ‘will be free in conscience to worship in common the great Father, whom they all after their manner call by that affectionate name.’

‘I hope so too, nephew,’ said the old man in the same unaltered tone; ‘and we will not at present dispute whether you would have the Church of England coalesce with the Conventicle or the Conventicle conform to the Church. It was, I ween, not to settle jarring creeds that you have honoured our poor dwelling, where, to say the truth, we dared scarce have expected to see you again, so coarse was our last welcome.’

‘I should be happy to believe,’ said Colonel Everard, hesitating, ‘that—that—in short, my presence was not now so unwelcome here as on that occasion.’

‘Nephew,’ said Sir Henry, ‘I will be frank with you. When you were last here, I thought you had stolen from me a precious pearl, which at one time it would have been my pride and happiness to have bestowed on you; but which, being such as you have been of late, I would bury in the depths of the earth rather than give to your keeping. This somewhat chafed, as honest Will says, “the rash humour which my mother gave me.” I thought I was robbed, and I thought I saw the robber before me. I am mistaken: I am not robbed; and the attempt without the deed I can pardon.’

‘I would not willingly seek offence in your words, sir,’ said Colonel Everard, ‘when their general purport sounds kind; but I can protest before Heaven that my views and wishes towards you and your family are as void of selfish hopes and selfish ends as they are fraught with love to you and to yours.’

‘Let us hear them, man; we are not much accustomed to good wishes nowadays, and their very rarity will make them welcome.’

‘I would willingly, Sir Henry, since you might not choose me to give you a more affectionate name, convert those wishes into something effectual for your comfort. Your fate, as the world now stands, is bad, and, I fear, like to be worse.’

‘Worse than I expect it cannot be. Nephew, I do not shrink before my changes of fortune. I shall wear coarser clothes, I shall feed on more ordinary food; men will not doff their cap to me as they were wont, when I was the great and the wealthy. What of that? Old Harry Lee loved his honour

better than his title, his faith better than his land and lordship. Have I not seen the Thirtieth of January? I am neither philomath nor astrologer; but old Will teaches me that when green leaves fall winter is at hand, and that darkness will come when the sun sets.'

'Bethink you, sir,' said Colonel Everard, 'if, without any submission asked, any oath taken, any engagement imposed, express or tacit, excepting that you are not to excite disturbances in the public peace, you can be restored to your residence in the lodge, and your usual fortunes and perquisites there—I have great reason to hope this may be permitted, if not expressly, at least on sufferance.'

'Yes, I understand you. I am to be treated like the royal coin, marked with the ensign of the Rump, to make it pass current, although I am too old to have the royal insignia grinded off from me. Kinsman, I will have none of this. I have lived at the lodge too long; and let me tell you, I had left it in scorn long since, but for the orders of one whom I may yet live to do service to. I will take nothing from the usurpers, be their name Rump or Cromwell—be they one devil or legion: I will not take from them an old cap to cover my grey hairs, a cast cloak to protect my frail limbs from the cold. They shall not say they have, by their unwilling bounty, made Abraham rich. I will live, as I will die, the Loyal Lee.'

'May I hope you will think of it, sir; and that you will, perhaps, considering what slight submission is asked, give me a better answer?'

'Sir, if I retract my opinion, which is not my wont, you shall hear of it. And now, cousin, have you more to say? We keep that worthy clergyman in the outer room.'

'Something I had to say—something touching my cousin Alice,' said Everard, with embarrassment; 'but I fear that the prejudices of both are so strong against me——'

'Sir, I dare turn my daughter loose to you. I will go join the good doctor in Dame Joan's apartment. I am not unwilling that you should know that the girl hath, in all reasonable sort, the exercise of her free will.'

He withdrew, and left the cousins together.

Colonel Everard advanced to Alice, and was about to take her hand. She drew back, took the seat which her father had occupied, and pointed out to him one at some distance.

'Are we then so much estranged, my dearest Alice?' he said.

'We will speak of that presently,' she replied. 'In the first place, let me ask the cause of your visit here at so late an hour.'

'You heard,' said Everard, 'what I stated to your father?'

'I did; but that seems to have been only part of your errand: something there seemed to be which applied particularly to me.'

'It was a fancy—a strange mistake,' answered Everard. 'May I ask if you have been abroad this evening?'

'Certainly not,' she replied. 'I have small temptation to wander from my present home, poor as it is; and whilst here I have important duties to discharge. But why does Colonel Everard ask so strange a question?'

'Tell me in turn, why your cousin Markham has lost the name of friendship and kindred, and even of some nearer feeling, and then I will answer you, Alice.'

'It is soon answered,' she said. 'When you drew your sword against my father's cause, almost against his person, I studied, more than I should have done, to find excuse for you. I knew—that is, I thought I knew—your high feelings of public duty. I knew the opinions in which you had been bred up; and I said, "I will not, even for this, cast him off: he opposes his King because he is loyal to his country." You endeavoured to avert the great and concluding tragedy of the Thirtieth of January, and it confirmed me in my opinion that Markham Everard might be misled, but could not be base or selfish.'

'And what has changed your opinion, Alice? or who dare,' said Everard, reddening, 'attach such epithets to the name of Markham Everard?'

'I am no subject,' she said, 'for exercising your valour, Colonel Everard, nor do I mean to offend. But you will find enough of others who will avow that Colonel Everard is truckling to the usurper Cromwell, and that all his fair pretexts of forwarding his country's liberties are but a screen for driving a bargain with the successful encroacher, and obtaining the best terms he can for himself and his family.'

'For myself—never!'

'But for your family you have. Yes, I am well assured that you have pointed out to the military tyrant the way in which he and his satraps may master the government. Do you think my father or I would accept an asylum purchased at the price of England's liberty and your honour?'

‘Gracious Heaven, Alice, what is this? You accuse me of pursuing the very course which so lately had your approbation.’

‘When you spoke with authority of your father, and recommended our submission to the existing government, such as it was, I own I thought — that my father’s grey head might, without dishonour, have remained under the roof where it had so long been sheltered. But did your father sanction your becoming the adviser of yonder ambitious soldier to a new course of innovation, and his abettor in the establishment of a new species of tyranny? It is one thing to submit to oppression, another to be the agent of tyrants. And O, Markham — their bloodhound!’

‘How! bloodhound? What mean you? I own it is true I could see with content the wounds of this bleeding country stanch’d, even at the expense of beholding Cromwell, after his matchless rise, take a yet further step to power — but to be his bloodhound! What is your meaning?’

‘It is false, then? Ah, I thought I could swear it had been false!’

‘What, in the name of God, is it you ask?’

‘It is false that you are engaged to betray the young King of Scotland?’

‘Betray him! I betray him, or any fugitive! Never! I would he were well out of England. I would lend him my aid to escape, were he in the house at this instant, and think in acting so I did his enemies good service, by preventing their soiling themselves with his blood; but betray him, never!’

‘I knew it — I was sure it was impossible. Oh, be yet more honest: disengage yourself from yonder gloomy and ambitious soldier! Shun him and his schemes, which are formed in injustice, and can only be realised in yet more blood.’

‘Believe me,’ replied Everard, ‘that I choose the line of policy best befitting the times.’

‘Choose that,’ she said, ‘which best befits duty, Markham — which best befits truth and honour. Do your duty, and let Providence decide the rest. Farewell, we tempt my father’s patience too far; you know his temper — farewell, Markham.’

She extended her hand, which he pressed to his lips, and left the apartment. A silent bow to his uncle, and a sign to Wildrake, whom he found in the kitchen of the cabin, were the only tokens of recognition exhibited, and leaving the hut, he was soon mounted, and, with his companion, advanced on his return to the lodge.

CHAPTER XIV

Deeds are done on earth
Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Old Play.

EVERARD had come to Joceline's hut as fast as horse could bear him, and with the same impetuosity of purpose as of speed. He saw no choice in the course to be pursued, and felt in his own imagination the strongest right to direct, and even reprove, his cousin, beloved as she was, on account of the dangerous machinations with which she appeared to have connected herself. He returned slowly, and in a very different mood.

Not only had Alice, prudent as beautiful, appeared completely free from the weakness of conduct which seemed to give him some authority over her, but her views of policy, if less practicable, were so much more direct and noble than his own, as led him to question whether he had not compromised himself too rashly with Cromwell, even although the state of the country was so greatly divided and torn by faction, that the promotion of the General to the possession of the executive government seemed the only chance of escaping a renewal of the Civil War. The more exalted and purer sentiments of Alice lowered him in his own eyes; and though unshaken in his opinion, that it were better the vessel should be steered by a pilot having no good title to the office than that she should run upon the breakers, he felt that he was not espousing the most direct, manly, and disinterested side of the question.

As he rode on, immersed in these unpleasant contemplations, and considerably lessened in his own esteem by what had happened, Wildrake, who rode by his side, and was no friend

to long silence, began to enter into conversation. 'I have been thinking, Mark,' said he, 'that if you and I had been called to the bar — as, by the by, has been in danger of happening to me in more senses than one — I say, had we become barristers, I would have had the better-oiled tongue of the two — the fairer art of persuasion.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Everard, 'though I never heard thee use any, save to induce an usurer to lend thee money or a taverner to abate a reckoning.'

'And yet this day, or rather night, I could have, as I think, made a conquest which baffled you.'

'Indeed?' said the colonel, becoming attentive.

'Why, look you,' said Wildrake, 'it was a main object with you to induce Mistress Alice Lee — by Heaven, she is an exquisite creature, I approve of your taste, Mark — I say, you desire to persuade her, and the stout old Trojan her father, to consent to return to the lodge, and live there quietly, and under connivance, like gentlefolk, instead of lodging in a hut hardly fit to harbour a Tom of Bedlam.'

'Thou art right : such, indeed, was a great part of my object in this visit,' answered Everard.

'But, perhaps, you also expected to visit there yourself, and so keep watch over pretty Mistress Lee — eh?'

'I never entertained so selfish a thought,' said Everard; 'and if this nocturnal disturbance at the mansion were explained and ended, I would instantly take my departure.'

'Your friend Noll would expect something more from you,' said Wildrake : 'he would expect, in case the knight's reputation for loyalty should draw any of our poor exiles and wanderers about the lodge, that you should be on the watch and ready to snap them. In a word, as far as I can understand his long-winded speeches, he would have Woodstock a trap, your uncle and his pretty daughter the bait of toasted cheese — craving your Chloe's pardon for the comparison — you the spring-fall which should bar their escape, his lordship himself being the great grimalkin to whom they are to be given over to be devoured.'

'Dared Cromwell mention this to thee in express terms?' said Everard, pulling up his horse and stopping in the midst of the road.

'Nay, not in express terms, which I do not believe he ever used in his life, you might as well expect a drunken man to go straight forward ; but he insinuated as much to me, and

indicated that you might deserve well of him — gadzo, the damnable proposal sticks in my throat — by betraying our noble and rightful King (here he pulled off his hat), whom God grant in health and wealth long to reign, as the worthy clergyman says, though I fear just now his Majesty is both sick and sorry, and never a penny in his pouch to boot.'

'This tallies with what Alice hinted,' said Everard; 'but how could she know it? Didst thou give her any hint of such a thing?'

'I!' replied the Cavalier — 'I, who never saw Mistress Alice in my life till to-night, and then only for an instant — zooks, man, how is that possible?'

'True,' replied Everard, and seemed lost in thought. At length he spoke — 'I should call Cromwell to account for his bad opinion of me; for, even though not seriously expressed, but, as I am convinced it was, with the sole view of proving you, and perhaps myself, it was, nevertheless, a misconstruction to be resented.'

'I'll carry a cartel for you, with all my heart and soul,' said Wildrake; 'and turn out with his godliness's second with as good will as I ever drank a glass of sack.'

'Pshaw,' replied Everard, 'those in his high place fight no single combats. But tell me, Roger Wildrake, didst thou thyself think me capable of the falsehood and treachery implied in such a message?'

'I!' exclaimed Wildrake. 'Markham Everard, you have been my early friend, my constant benefactor. When Colchester was reduced, you saved me from the gallows, and since that thou hast twenty times saved me from starving. But, by Heaven, if I thought you capable of such villainy as your General recommended, by yonder blue sky, and all the works of creation which it bends over, I would stab you with my own hand.'

'Death,' replied Everard, 'I should indeed deserve, but not from you, perhaps; but fortunately I cannot, if I would, be guilty of the treachery you would punish. Know, that I had this day secret notice, and from Cromwell himself, that the Young Man has escaped by sea from Bristol.'

'Now, God Almighty be blessed, who protected him through so many dangers!' exclaimed Wildrake. 'Huzza! Up hearts, Cavaliers! Hey for Cavaliers! God bless King Charles! Moon and stars catch my hat!' and he threw it up as high as he could into the air. The celestial bodies which he invoked

did not receive the present despatched to them ; but, as in the case of Sir Henry Lee's scabbard, an old gnarled oak became a second time the receptacle of a waif and stray of loyal enthusiasm. Wildrake looked rather foolish at the circumstance, and his friend took the opportunity of admonishing him.

'Art thou not ashamed to bear thee so like a schoolboy?'

'Why,' said Wildrake, 'I have but sent a Puritan's hat upon a loyal errand. I laugh to think how many of the schoolboys thou talk'st of will be cheated into climbing the pollard next year, expecting to find the nest of some unknown bird in yonder unmeasured margin of felt.'

'Hush now, for God's sake, and let us speak calmly,' said Everard. 'Charles has escaped, and I am glad of it. I would willingly have seen him on his father's throne by composition, but not by the force of the Scottish army and the incensed and vengeful Royalists——'

'Master Markham Everard——' began the Cavalier, interrupting him.

'Nay, hush, dear Wildrake,' said Everard ; 'let us not dispute a point on which we cannot agree, and give me leave to go on. I say, since the young man has escaped, Cromwell's offensive and injurious stipulation falls to the ground ; and I see not why my uncle and his family should not again enter their own house, under the same terms of connivance as many other Royalists. What may be incumbent on me is different, nor can I determine my course until I have an interview with the General, which, as I think, will end in his confessing that he threw in this offensive proposal to sound us both. It is much in his manner ; for he is blunt, and never sees or feels the punctilious honour which the gallants of the days stretch to such delicacy.'

'I'll acquit him of having any punctilio about him,' said Wildrake, 'either touching honour or honesty. Now, to come back to where we started. Supposing you were not to reside in person at the lodge, and to forbear even visiting there, unless on invitation, when such a thing can be brought about, I tell you frankly, I think your uncle and his daughter might be induced to come back to the lodge, and reside there as usual. At least the clergyman, that worthy old cock, gave me to hope as much.'

'He had been hasty in bestowing his confidence,' said Everard.

'True,' replied Wildrake ; 'he confided in me at once, for he instantly saw my regard for the church. I thank Heaven

I never passed a clergyman in his canonicals without pulling my hat off ; and thou knowest, the most desperate duel I ever fought was with young Grayless of the Inner Temple, for taking the wall of the Rev. Dr. Bunce. Ah, I can gain a chaplain's ear instantly. Gadzooks, they know whom they have to trust to in such a one as I.'

'Dost thou think, then,' said Colonel Everard, 'or rather does this clergyman think, that, if they were secure of intrusion from me, the family would return to the lodge, supposing the intruding Commissioners gone, and this nocturnal disturbance explained and ended ?'

'The old knight,' answered Wildrake, 'may be wrought upon by the doctor to return, if he is secure against intrusion. As for disturbances, the stout old boy, so far as I can learn in two minutes' conversation, laughs at all this turmoil as the work of mere imagination, the consequence of the remorse of their own evil consciences, and says that goblin or devil was never heard of at Woodstock until it became the residence of such men as they who have now usurped the possession.'

'There is more than imagination in it,' said Everard. 'I have personal reason to know there is some conspiracy carrying on, to render the house untenable by the Commissioners. I acquit my uncle of accession to such a silly trick ; but I must see it ended ere I can agree to his and my cousin's residing where such a confederacy exists ; for they are likely to be considered as the contrivers of such pranks, be the actual agent who he may.'

'With reverence to your better acquaintance with the gentleman, Everard, I should rather suspect the old father of Puritans — I beg your pardon again — has something to do with the business ; and if so, Lucifer will never look near the true old knight's beard, nor abide a glance of yonder maiden's innocent blue eyes. I will uphold them as safe as pure gold in a miser's chest.'

'Sawest thou aught thyself, which makes thee think thus ?'

'Not a quill of the Devil's pinion saw I,' replied Wildrake. 'He supposes himself too secure of an old Cavalier who must steal, hang, or drown in the long-run, so he gives himself no trouble to look after the assured booty. But I heard the serving-fellows prate of what they had seen and heard ; and though their tales were confused enough, yet if there was any truth among them at all, I should say the Devil must have been in the dance. But, halloo ! here comes some one upon us. Stand, friend, who art thou ?'

'A poor day-labourer in the great work of England — Joseph Tomkins by name — secretary to a godly and well-endowed leader in this poor Christian army of England, called General Harrison.'

'What news, Master Tomkins?' said Everard; 'and why are you on the road at this late hour?'

'I speak to the worthy Colonel Everard, as I judge?' said Tomkins; 'and truly I am glad of meeting your honour. Heaven knows, I need such assistance as yours. Oh, worthy Master Everard, here has been a sounding of trumpets, and a breaking of vials, and a pouring forth, and ——!'

'Prithee, tell me, in brief, what is the matter — where is thy master — and, in a word, what has happened?'

'My master is close by, parading it in the little meadow, beside the hugeous oak which is called by the name of the late Man; ride but two steps forward, and you may see him walking swiftly to and fro, advancing all the while the naked weapon.'

Upon proceeding as directed, but with as little noise as possible, they descried a man, whom of course they concluded must be Harrison, walking to and fro beneath the King's Oak, as a sentinel under arms, but with more wildness of demeanour. The tramp of the horses did not escape his ear; and they heard him call out, as if at the head of the brigade — 'Lower pikes against cavalry; here comes Prince Rupert. Stand fast, and you shall turn them aside, as a bull would toss a cur-dog. Lower your pikes still, my hearts, the end secured against your foot — down on your right knee, front rank — spare not for the spoiling of your blue aprons. Ha — Zerobabel — ay, that is the word!'

'In the name of Heaven, about whom or what is he talking?' said Everard; 'wherefore does he go about with his weapon drawn?'

'Truly, sir, when aught disturbs my master, General Harrison,¹ he is something rapt in the spirit, and conceives that he is commanding a reserve of pikes at the great battle of Armageddon; and for his weapon, alack, worthy sir, wherefore should he keep Sheffield steel in calves' leather, when there are fiends to be combated — incarnate fiends on earth, and raging infernal fiends under the earth?'

'This is intolerable,' said Everard. 'Listen to me, Tomkins. Thou art not now in the pulpit, and I desire none of thy preaching language. I know thou canst speak intelligibly when

¹ [Compare p. 122.]

thou art so minded. Remember, I may serve or harm thee; and as you hope or fear anything on my part, answer straightforward. What has happened to drive out thy master to the wild wood at this time of night?'

'Forsooth, worthy and honoured sir, I will speak with the precision I may. True it is, and of verity, that the breath of man, which is in his nostrils, goeth forth and returneth ——'

'Hark you, sir,' said Colonel Everard, 'take care where you ramble in your correspondence with me. You have heard how, at the great battle of Dunbar in Scotland, the General himself held a pistol to the head of Lieutenant Hewcreed, threatening to shoot him through the brain if he did not give up holding forth and put his squadron in line to the front. Take care, sir.'

'Verily, the lieutenant then charged with an even and unbroken order,' said Tomkins, 'and bore a thousand plaids and bonnets over the beach before him into the sea. Neither shall I pretermitt or postpone your honour's commands, but speedily obey them, and that without delay.'

'Go to, fellow; thou knowest what I would have,' said Everard; 'speak at once—I know thou canst if thou wilt. Trusty Tomkins is better known than he thinks for.'

'Worthy sir,' said Tomkins, in a much less periphrastic style, 'I will obey your worship as far as the spirit will permit. Truly, it was not an hour since, when my worshipful master being at table with Master Bibbet and myself, not to mention the worshipful Master Bletson and Colonel Desborough, and behold there was a violent knocking at the gate, as of one in haste. Now, of a certainty, so much had our household been harassed with witches and spirits, and other objects of sound and sight, that the sentinels could not be brought to abide upon their posts without doors, and it was only by provision of beef and strong liquors that we were able to maintain a guard of three men in the hall, who nevertheless ventured not to open the door, lest they should be surprised with some of the goblins wherewith their imaginations were overwhelmed. And they heard the knocking, which increased until it seemed that the door was wellnigh about to be beaten down. Worthy Master Bibbet was a little overcome with liquor, as is his fashion, good man, about this time of the evening, not that he is in the least given to ebriety, but simply, that since the Scottish campaign he hath had a perpetual ague, which obliges him so to nourish his frame against the damps of the night; wherefore, as it is well known to your honour that I discharge

the office of a faithful servant, as well to Major-General Harrison and the other Commissioners, as to my just and lawful master, Colonel Desborough ——

‘I know all that. And now that thou art trusted by both, I pray to Heaven thou mayst merit the trust,’ said Colonel Everard.

‘And devoutly do I pray,’ said Tomkins, ‘that your worshipful prayers may be answered with favour; for certainly to be, and to be called and entitled, Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins is to me more than ever would be an earl’s title, were such things to be granted anew in this regenerated government.’

‘Well, go on—go on; or if thou dalliest much longer, I will make bold to dispute the article of your honesty. I like short tales, sir, and doubt what is told with a long unnecessary train of words.’

‘Well, good sir, be not hasty. As I said before, the doors rattled till you would have thought the knocking was reiterated in every room of the palace. The bell rung out for company, though we could not find that any one tolled the clapper, and the guards let off their firelocks merely because they knew not what better to do. So, Master Bibbet being, as I said, unsusceptible of his duty, I went down with my poor rapier to the door, and demanded who was there; and I was answered in a voice which, I must say, was much like another voice, that it was one wanting Major-General Harrison. So, as it was then late, I answered mildly that General Harrison was betaking himself to his rest, and that any who wished to speak to him must return on the morrow morning, for that, after nightfall, the door of the palace, being in the room of a garrison, would be opened to no one. So the voice replied, and bid me open directly, without which he would blow the folding-leaves of the door into the middle of the hall. And therewithal the noise recommenced, that we thought the house would have fallen; and I was in some measure constrained to open the door, even like a besieged garrison which can hold out no longer.’

‘By my honour, and it was stoutly done of you, I must say,’ said Wildrake, who had been listening with much interest. ‘I am a bold daredevil enough, yet when I had two inches of oak plank between the actual fiend and me, hang him that would demolish the barrier between us, say I. I would as soon, when aboard, bore a hole in the ship and let in the waves; for you know we always compare the Devil to the deep sea.’

‘Prithee, peace, Wildrake,’ said Everard, ‘and let him go

on with his history. Well, and what saw'st thou when the door was opened? The great Devil with his horns and claws, thou wilt say, no doubt?'

'No, sir, I will say nothing but what is true. When I undid the door, one man stood there, and he, to seeming, a man of no extraordinary appearance. He was wrapped in a taffeta cloak, of a scarlet colour, and with a red lining. He seemed as if he might have been in his time a very handsome man, but there was something of paleness and sorrow in his face; a long love-lock and long hair he wore, even after the abomination of the Cavaliers, and the unloveliness, as learned Master Prynne well termed it, of love-locks; a jewel in his ear; a blue scarf over his shoulder, like a military commander for the King; and a hat with a white plume, bearing a peculiar hatband.'

'Some unhappy officer of Cavaliers, of whom so many are in hiding, and seeking shelter through the country,' briefly replied Everard.

'True, worthy sir—right as a judicious exposition. But there was something about this man, if he was a man, whom I, for one, could not look upon without trembling; nor the musketeers who were in the hall, without betraying much alarm, and swallowing, as they themselves will aver, the very bullets which they had in their mouths for loading their carabines and muskets. Nay, the wolf and deer-dogs, that are the fiercest of their kind, fled from this visitor, and crept into holes and corners, moaning and wailing in a low and broken tone. He came into the middle of the hall, and still he seemed no more than an ordinary man, only somewhat fantastically dressed, in a doublet of black velvet pinked upon scarlet satin under his cloak, a jewel in his ear, with large roses in his shoes, and a kerchief in his hand, which he sometimes pressed against his left side.'

'Gracious Heaven!' said Wildrake, coming close up to Everard, and whispering in his ear, with accents which terror rendered tremulous (a mood of mind most unusual to the daring man who seemed now overcome by it), 'it must have been poor Dick Robison the player, in the very dress in which I have seen him play *Philaster*—ay, and drunk a jolly bottle with him after it at the Mermaid! I remember how many frolics we had together, and all his little fantastic fashions. He served for his old master, Charles, in Mohun's troop, and was murdered by this butcher's dog, as I have heard, after surrender, at the battle of Naseby field.'

'Hush! I have heard of the deed,' said Everard; 'for God's sake hear the man to an end. Did this visitor speak to thee, my friend?'

'Yes, sir, in a pleasing tone of voice, but somewhat fanciful in the articulation, and like one who is speaking to an audience as from a bar or a pulpit, more than in the voice of ordinary men on ordinary matters. He desired to see Major-General Harrison.'

'He did! and you,' said Everard, infected by the spirit of the time, which, as is well known, leaned to credulity upon all matters of supernatural agency — 'what did you do?'

'I went up to the parlour and related that such a person inquired for him. He started when I told him, and eagerly desired to know the man's dress; but no sooner did I mention his dress, and the jewel in his ear, than he said, "Begone! tell him I will not admit him to speech of me. Say that I defy him, and will make my defiance good at the great battle in the valley of Armageddon, when the voice of the angel shall call all fowls which fly under the face of heaven to feed on the flesh of the captain and the soldier, the war-horse and his rider. Say to the Evil One, I have power to appeal our conflict even till that day, and that in the front of that fearful day he will again meet with Harrison." I went back with this answer to the stranger, and his face was writhed into such a deadly frown as a mere human brow hath seldom worn. "Return to him," he said, "and say it is MY HOUR; and that if he come not instantly down to speak with me, I will mount the stairs to him. Say that I COMMAND him to descend, by the token, that on the field of Naseby, *he did not the work negligently.*"'

'I have heard,' whispered Wildrake, who felt more and more strongly the contagion of superstition, 'that these words were blasphemously used by Harrison when he shot my poor friend Dick.'

'What happened next?' said Everard. 'See that thou speakest the truth!'

'As gospel unexpounded by a steeple-man,' said the Independent; 'yet truly it is but little I have to say. I saw my master come down, with a blank yet resolved air; and when he entered the hall and saw the stranger, he made a pause. The other waved on him as if to follow, and walked out at the portal. My worthy patron seemed as if he were about to follow, yet again paused, when this visitant, be he man or fiend, re-entered and said, "Obey thy doom."

“By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
 It is thy weird to follow me —
 To follow me through the ghastly moonlight —
 To follow me through the shadows of night —
 To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound.
 I conjure thee by the unstanched wound —
 I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
 When the body slept and the spirit awoke,
 In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke !”

So saying, he stalked out, and my master followed him into the wood. I followed also at a distance. But when I came up, my master was alone, and bearing himself as you now behold him.’

‘Thou hast had a wonderful memory, friend,’ said the colonel, coldly, ‘to remember these rhymes in a single recitation : there seems something of practice in all this.’

‘A single recitation, my honoured sir !’ exclaimed the Independent. ‘Alack, the rhyme is seldom out of my poor master’s mouth, when, as sometimes haps, he is less triumphant in his wrestles with Satan. But it was the first time I ever heard it uttered by another ; and, to say truth, he ever seems to repeat it unwillingly, as a child after his pedagogue, and as it was not indited by his own head, as the Psalmist saith.’

‘It is singular,’ said Everard. ‘I have heard and read that the spirits of the slaughtered have strange power over the slayer ; but I am astonished to have it insisted upon that there may be truth in such tales. Roger Wildrake — what art thou afraid of, man ? why dost thou shift thy place thus ?’

‘Fear ! it is not fear — it is hate, deadly hate. I see the murderer of poor Dick before me, and — see, he throws himself into a posture of fence. Sa—sa—say’st thou, brood of a butcher’s mastiff ? thou shalt not want an antagonist.’

Ere any one could stop him, Wildrake threw aside his cloak, drew his sword, and almost with a single bound cleared the distance betwixt him and Harrison, and crossed swords with the latter, as he stood brandishing his weapon, as if in immediate expectation of an assailant. Accordingly, the republican general was not for an instant taken at unawares, but the moment the swords clashed, he shouted, ‘Ha ! I feel thee now, thou hast come in body at last. Welcome — welcome ! The sword of the Lord and of Gideon !’

‘Part them — part them,’ cried Everard, as he and Tomkins, at first astonished at the suddenness of the affray, hastened to interfere. Everard, seizing on the Cavalier, drew him forcibly

backwards, and Tomkins contrived, with risk and difficulty, to master Harrison's sword, while the general exclaimed, 'Ha! two to one — two to one! thus fight demons.'

Wildrake, on his side, swore a dreadful oath, and added, 'Markham, you have cancelled every obligation I owed you: they are all out of sight — gone, d—n me!'

'You have indeed acquitted these obligations rarely,' said Everard. 'Who knows how this affair shall be explained and answered?'

'I will answer it with my life,' said Wildrake.

'Good now, be silent,' said Tomkins, 'and let me manage. It shall be so ordered that the good general shall never know that he hath encountered with a mortal man; only let that man of Moab put his sword into the scabbard's rest and be still.'

'Wildrake, let me entreat thee to sheathe thy sword,' said Everard, 'else, on my life, thou must turn it against me.'

'No, 'fore George, not so mad as that neither; but I'll have another day with him.'

'Thou, another day!' exclaimed Harrison, whose eye had still remained fixed on the spot where he found such palpable resistance. 'Yes, I know thee well; day by day, week by week, thou makest the same idle request, for thou knowest that my heart quivers at thy voice. But my hand trembles not when opposed to thine: the spirit is willing to the combat, if the flesh be weak when opposed to that which is not of the flesh.'

'Now, peace all, for Heaven's sake,' said the steward Tomkins; then added, addressing his master, 'There is no one here, if it please your Excellency, but Tomkins and the worthy Colonel Everard.'

General Harrison, as sometimes happens in cases of partial insanity (that is, supposing his to have been a case of mental delusion), though firmly and entirely persuaded of the truth of his own visions, yet was not willing to speak on the subject to those who, he knew, would regard them as imaginary. Upon this occasion, he assumed the appearance of perfect ease and composure, after the violent agitation he had just manifested, in a manner which showed how anxious he was to disguise his real feelings from Everard, whom he considered as unlikely to participate them.

He saluted the colonel with profound ceremony, and talked of the fineness of the evening, which had summoned him forth

of the lodge, to take a turn in the park and enjoy the favourable weather. He then took Everard by the arm, and walked back with him towards the lodge, Wildrake and Tomkins following close behind and leading the horses. Everard, desirous to gain some light on these mysterious incidents, endeavoured to come on the subject more than once, by a mode of interrogation which Harrison (for madmen are very often unwilling to enter on the subject of their mental delusion) parried with some skill, or addressed himself for aid to his steward Tomkins, who was in the habit of being voucher for his master upon all occasions, which led to Desborough's ingenious nickname of Fibbet.

'And wherefore had you your sword drawn, my worthy general,' said Everard, 'when you were only on an evening walk of pleasure?'

'Truly, excellent colonel, these are times when men must watch with their loins girded, and their lights burning, and their weapons drawn. The day draweth nigh, believe me or not as you will, that men must watch lest they be found naked and unarmed, when the seven trumpets shall sound, "Boot and saddle"; and the pipes of Jezer shall strike up, "Horse and away."'

'True, good general; but methought I saw you making passes even now as if you were fighting?' said Everard.

'I am of a strange fantasy, friend Everard,' answered Harrison; 'and when I walk alone, and happen, as but now, to have my weapon drawn, I sometimes, for exercise' sake, will practise a thrust against such a tree as that. It is a silly pride men have in the use of weapons. I have been accounted a master of fence, and have fought prizes when I was unregenerated, and before I was called to do my part in the great work, entering as a trooper into our victorious general's first regiment of horse.'

'But methought,' said Everard, 'I heard a weapon clash with yours?'

'How! a weapon clash with my sword? How could that be, Tomkins?'

'Truly, sir,' said Tomkins, 'it must have been a bough of the tree; they have them of all kinds here, and your honour may have pushed against one of them which the Brazilians call iron-wood, a block of which, being struck with a hammer, saith Purchas in his *Pilgrimage*, ringeth like an anvil.'

'Truly, it may be so,' said Harrison; 'for those rulers who

are gone assembled in this their abode of pleasure many strange trees and plants, though they gathered not of the fruit of that tree which beareth twelve manner of fruits, or of those leaves which are for the healing of the nations.'

Everard pursued his investigation; for he was struck with the manner in which Harrison evaded his questions, and the dexterity with which he threw his transcendental and fanatical notions, like a sort of veil, over the darker visions excited by remorse and conscious guilt.

'But,' said he, 'if I may trust my eyes and ears, I cannot but still think that you had a real antagonist. Nay, I am sure I saw a fellow, in a dark-coloured jerkin, retreat through the wood.'

'Did you?' said Harrison, with a tone of surprise, while his voice faltered in spite of him. 'Who could he be? Tomkins, did you see the fellow Colonel Everard talks of with the napkin in his hand — the bloody napkin which he always pressed to his side?'

This last expression, in which Harrison gave a mark different from that which Everard had assigned, but corresponding to Tomkins's original description of the supposed spectre, had more effect on Everard in confirming the steward's story than anything he had witnessed or heard. The voucher answered the draft upon him as promptly as usual, that he had seen such a fellow glide past them into the thicket; that he dared to say he was some deer-stealer, for he had heard they were become very audacious.

'Look ye there now, Master Everard,' said Harrison, hurrying from the subject. 'Is it not time now that we should lay aside our controversies, and join hand in hand to repairing the breaches of our Zion? Happy and contented were I, my excellent friend, to be a treader of mortar, or a bearer of a hod, upon this occasion, under our great leader, with whom Providence has gone forth in this great national controversy; and truly, so devoutly do I hold by our excellent and victorious General Oliver — whom Heaven long preserve! — that were he to command me, I should not scruple to pluck forth of his high place the man whom they call Speaker, even as I lent a poor hand to pluck down the man whom they called King. Wherefore, as I know your judgment holdeth with mine on this matter, let me urge unto you lovingly, that we may act as brethren, and build up the breaches and re-establish the bulwarks of our English Zion, whereby we shall be doubtless

chosen as pillars and buttresses, under our excellent Lord General, for supporting and sustaining the same, and endowed with proper revenues and incomes, both spiritual and temporal, to serve as a pedestal on which we may stand, seeing that otherwise our foundation will be on the loose sand. Nevertheless,' continued he, his mind again diverging from his views of temporal ambition into his visions of the Fifth Monarchy, 'these things are but vanity in respect of the opening of the book which is sealed; for all things approach speedily towards lightning and thundering, and unloosing of the great dragon from the bottomless pit, wherein he is chained.'

With this mingled strain of earthly politics and fanatical prediction, Harrison so overpowered Colonel Everard as to leave him no time to urge him farther on the particular circumstances of his nocturnal skirmish, concerning which it is plain he had no desire to be interrogated. They now reached the lodge of Woodstock.

CHAPTER XV

Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the screech-owl, sounding loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets out its sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

BEFORE the gate of the palace the guards were now doubled. Everard demanded the reason of this from the corporal, whom he found in the hall with his soldiers, sitting or sleeping around a great fire, maintained at the expense of the carved chairs and benches, with fragments of which it was furnished.

'Why, verily,' answered the man, 'the *corps de garde*, as your worship says, will be harassed to pieces by such duty; nevertheless, fear hath gone abroad among us, and no man will mount guard alone. We have drawn in, however, one or two of our outposts from Banbury and elsewhere, and we are to have a relief from Oxford to-morrow.'

Everard continued minute inquiries concerning the sentinels that were posted within as well as without the lodge; and found that, as they had been stationed under the eye of Harrison himself, the rules of prudent discipline had been exactly observed in the distribution of the posts. There remained nothing, therefore, for Colonel Everard to do but, remembering his own adventure of the evening, to recommend that an additional sentinel should be placed, with a companion, if judged indispensable, in that vestibule, or ante-room, from which the long gallery where he had met with the *rencontre* and other suites of apartments diverged. The corporal respectfully promised all obedience to his orders. The serving-men, being called, appeared also in double force. Everard demanded

to know whether the Commissioners had gone to bed, or whether he could get speech with them.

'They are in their bedroom, forsooth,' replied one of the fellows; 'but I think they be not yet undressed.'

'What!' said Everard, 'are Colonel Desborough and Master Bletson both in the same sleeping-apartment?'

'Their honours have so chosen it,' said the man; 'and their honours' secretaries remain upon guard all night.'

'It is the fashion to double guards all over the house,' said Wildrake. 'Had I a glimpse of a tolerably good-looking housemaid now, I should know how to fall into the fashion.'

'Peace, fool!' said Everard. 'And where are the Mayor and Master Holdenough?'

'The Mayor is returned to the borough on horseback, behind the trooper who goes to Oxford for the reinforcement; and the man of the steeple-house hath quartered himself in the chamber which Colonel Desborough had last night, being that in which he is most likely to meet the — your honour understands. The Lord pity us, we are a harassed family.'

'And where be General Harrison's knaves,' said Tomkins, 'that they do not marshal him to his apartment?'

'Here — here — here, Master Tomkins,' said three fellows, pressing forward, with the same consternation on their faces which seemed to pervade the whole inhabitants of Woodstock.

'Away with you, then,' said Tomkins. 'Speak not to his worship; you see he is not in the humour.'

'Indeed,' observed Colonel Everard, 'he looks singularly wan; his features seem writhen as by a palsy stroke; and though he was talking so fast while we came along, he hath not opened his mouth since we came to the light.'

'It is his manner after such visitations,' said Tomkins. 'Give his honour your arms, Zedekiah and Jonathan, to lead him off. I will follow instantly. You, Nicodemus, tarry to wait upon me: it is not well walking alone in this mansion.'

'Master Tomkins,' said Everard, 'I have heard of you often as a sharp, intelligent man; tell me fairly, are you in earnest afraid of anything supernatural haunting this house?'

'I would be loth to run the chance, sir,' said Tomkins, very gravely; 'by looking on my worshipful master, you may form a guess how the living look after they have spoken with the dead.' He bowed low, and took his leave.

Everard proceeded to the chamber which the two remaining Commissioners had, for comfort's sake, chosen to inhabit in.

company. They were preparing for bed as he went into their apartment. Both started as the door opened; both rejoiced when they saw it was only Everard who entered.

‘Harkye hither,’ said Bletson, pulling him aside, ‘sawest thou ever ass equal to Desborough? The fellow is as big as an ox and as timorous as a sheep: he has insisted on my sleeping here to protect him. Shall we have a merry night on’t, ha? We will, if thou wilt take the third bed, which was prepared for Harrison; but he has gone out, like a moon-calf, to look for the valley of Armageddon in the park of Woodstock.’

‘General Harrison has returned with me but now,’ said Everard.

‘Nay but, as I shall live, he comes not into our apartment,’ said Desborough, overhearing his answer. ‘No man that has been supping, for aught I know, with the Devil has a right to sleep among Christian folk.’

‘He does not propose so,’ said Everard: ‘he sleeps, as I understand, apart — and alone.’

‘Not quite alone, I daresay,’ said Desborough, ‘for Harrison hath a sort of attraction for goblins: they fly round him like moths about a candle. But, I prithee, good Everard, do thou stay with us. I know not how it is, but although thou hast not thy religion always in thy mouth, nor speakest many hard words about it, like Harrison, nor makest long preachments, like a certain most honourable relation of mine who shall be nameless, yet somehow I feel myself safer in thy company than with any of them. As for this Bletson, he is such a mere blasphemer, that I fear the Devil will carry him away ere morning.’

‘Did you ever hear such a paltry coward?’ said Bletson apart to Everard. ‘Do tarry, however, mine honoured colonel. I know your zeal to assist the distressed, and you see Desborough is in that predicament, that he will require near him more than one good example to prevent him thinking of ghosts and fiends.’

‘I am sorry I cannot oblige you, gentlemen,’ said Everard; ‘but I have settled my mind to sleep in Victor Lee’s apartment, so I wish you good-night; and, if you would repose without disturbance, I would advise that you commend yourselves, during the watches of the night, to Him unto whom night is even as mid-day. I had intended to have spoke with you this evening on the subject of my being here; but I will defer the conference till to-morrow, when, I think, I will be able to show you excellent reasons for leaving Woodstock.’

'We have seen plenty such already,' said Desborough. 'For one, I came here to serve the estate, with some moderate advantage doubtless to myself for my trouble; but if I am set upon my head again to-night, as I was the night before, I would not stay longer to gain a king's crown, for I am sure my neck would be unfitted to bear the weight of it.'

'Good-night,' exclaimed Everard, and was about to go, when Bletson again pressed close, and whispered to him, 'Hark thee, colonel, you know my friendship for thee — I do implore thee to leave the door of thy apartment open, that, if thou meetest with any disturbance, I may hear thee call, and be with thee upon the very instant. Do this, dear Everard — my fears for thee will keep me awake else; for I know that, notwithstanding your excellent sense, you entertain some of those superstitious ideas which we suck in with our mother's milk, and which constitute the ground of our fears in situations like the present; therefore, leave thy door open, if you love me, that you may have ready assistance from me in case of need.'

'My master,' said Wildrake, 'trusts, first, in his Bible, sir, and then in his good sword. He has no idea that the Devil can be baffled by the charm of two men lying in one room, still less that the Foul Fiend can be argued out of existence by the nullifidians of the Rota.'

Everard seized his imprudent friend by the collar, and dragged him off as he was speaking, keeping fast hold of him till they were both in the chamber of Victor Lee, where they had slept on a former occasion. Even then he continued to hold Wildrake, until the servant had arranged the lights and was dismissed from the room; then letting him go, addressed him with the upbraiding question, 'Art thou not a prudent and sagacious person, who in times like these seek'st every opportunity to argue yourself into a broil, or embroil yourself in an argument? Out on you!'

'Ay, out on me, indeed,' said the Cavalier — 'out on me for a poor tame-spirited creature, that submits to be bandied about in this manner by a man who is neither better born nor better bred than myself. I tell thee, Mark, you make an unfair use of your advantages over me. Why will you not let me go from you, and live and die after my own fashion?'

'Because, before we had been a week separate, I should hear of your dying after the fashion of a dog. Come, my good friend, what madness was it in thee to fall foul on Harrison, and then to enter into useless argument with Bletson?'

'Why, we are in the Devil's house, I think, and I would willingly give the landlord his due wherever I travel. To have sent him Harrison, or Bletson now, just as a lunch to stop his appetite, till Crom——'

'Hush! stone walls have ears,' said Everard, looking around him. 'Here stands thy night-drink. Look to thy arms, for we must be as careful as if the Avenger of Blood were behind us. Yonder is thy bed; and I, as thou seest, have one prepared in the parlour. The door only divides us.'

'Which I will leave open, in case thou shouldst halloo for assistance, as yonder nullifidian hath it. But how hast thou got all this so well put in order, good patron?'

'I gave the steward Tomkins notice of my purpose to sleep here.'

'A strange fellow that,' said Wildrake, 'and, as I judge, has taken measure of every one's foot: all seems to pass through his hands.'

'He is, I have understood,' replied Everard, 'one of the men formed by the times — has a ready gift of preaching and expounding, which keeps him in high terms with the Independents, and recommends himself to the more moderate people by his intelligence and activity.'

'Has his sincerity ever been doubted?' said Wildrake.

'Never that I heard of,' said the colonel; 'on the contrary, he has been familiarly called Honest Joe and Trusty Tomkins. For my part, I believe his sincerity has always kept pace with his interest. But come, finish thy cup, and to bed. What, all emptied at one draught?'

'Adzookers, yes — my vow forbids me to make two on 't; but, never fear, the nightcap will only warm my brain, not clog it. So, man or devil, give me notice if you are disturbed, and rely on me in a twinkling.' So saying, the Cavalier retreated into his separate apartment; and Colonel Everard, taking off the most cumbrous part of his dress, lay down in his hose and doublet, and composed himself to rest.

He was awakened from sleep by a slow and solemn strain of music, which died away as at a distance. He started up, and felt for his arms, which he found close beside him. His temporary bed being without curtains, he could look around him without difficulty; but as there remained in the chimney only a few red embers of the fire, which he had arranged before he went to sleep, it was impossible he could discern anything. He felt, therefore, in spite of his natural courage, that undefined

and thrilling species of tremor which attends a sense that danger is near, and an uncertainty concerning its cause and character. Reluctant as he was to yield belief to supernatural occurrences, we have already said he was not absolutely incredulous; as perhaps, even in this more sceptical age, there are many fewer complete and absolute infidels on this particular than give themselves out for such. Uncertain whether he had not dreamed of these sounds which seemed yet in his ears, he was unwilling to risk the raillery of his friend by summoning him to his assistance. He sat up, therefore, in his bed, not without experiencing that nervous agitation to which brave men as well as cowards are subject; with this difference, that the one sinks under it like the vine under the hail-storm, and the other collects his energies to shake it off, as the cedar of Lebanon is said to elevate its boughs to disperse the snow which accumulates upon them.

The story of Harrison, in his own absolute despite, and notwithstanding a secret suspicion which he had of trick or connivance, returned on his mind at this dead and solitary hour. Harrison, he remembered, had described the vision by a circumstance of its appearance different from that which his own remark had been calculated to suggest to the mind of the visionary: that bloody napkin, always pressed to the side, was then a circumstance present either to his bodily eye or to that of his agitated imagination. Did, then, the murdered revisit the living haunts of those who had forced them from the stage with all their sins unaccounted for? And if they did, might not the same permission authorise other visitations of a similar nature — to warn, to instruct, to punish? ‘Rash are they,’ was his conclusion, ‘and credulous, who receive as truth every tale of the kind; but no less rash may it be to limit the power of the Creator over the works which He has made, and to suppose that, by the permission of the Author of nature, the laws of nature may not, in peculiar cases and for high purposes, be temporarily suspended.’

While these thoughts passed through Everard’s mind, feelings unknown to him, even when he stood first on the rough and perilous edge of battle, gained ground upon him. He feared he knew not what; and where an open and discernible peril would have drawn out his courage, the absolute uncertainty of his situation increased his sense of the danger. He felt an almost irresistible desire to spring from his bed and heap fuel on the dying embers, expecting by the blaze to see some strange

sight in his chamber. He was also strongly tempted to awaken Wildrake; but shame, stronger than fear itself, checked these impulses. What! should it be thought that Markham Everard, held one of the best soldiers who had drawn a sword in this sad war — Markham Everard, who had obtained such distinguished rank in the army of the Parliament, though so young in years, was afraid of remaining by himself in a twilight-room at midnight? It never should be said.

This, was, however, no charm for his unpleasant current of thought. There rushed on his mind the various traditions of Victor Lee's chamber, which, though he had often despised them as vague, unauthenticated, and inconsistent rumours, engendered by ancient superstition, and transmitted from generation to generation by loquacious credulity, had yet something in them which did not tend to allay the present unpleasant state of his nerves. Then, when he recollected the events of that very afternoon — the weapon pressed against his throat, and the strong arm which threw him backward on the floor — if the remembrance served to contradict the idea of flitting phantoms and unreal daggers, it certainly induced him to believe that there was in some part of this extensive mansion a party of Cavaliers, or Malignants, harboured, who might arise in the night, overpower the guards, and execute upon them all, but on Harrison in particular, as one of the regicide judges, that vengeance which was so eagerly thirsted for by the attached followers of the slaughtered monarch.

He endeavoured to console himself on this subject by the number and position of the guards, yet still was dissatisfied with himself for not having taken yet more exact precautions, and for keeping an extorted promise of silence which might consign so many of his party to the danger of assassination. These thoughts, connected with his military duties, awakened another train of reflections. He bethought himself, that all he could now do was to visit the sentries and ascertain that they were awake, alert, on the watch, and so situated that in time of need they might be ready to support each other. 'This better befits me,' he thought, 'than to lie here like a child, frightening myself with the old woman's legend which I have laughed at when a boy. What although old Victor Lee was a sacrilegious man, as common report goes, and brewed ale in the font which he brought from the ancient palace of Holyrood, while church and building were in flames? And what although his eldest son was when a child scalded to death in the

same vessel? How many churches have been demolished since his time? How many fonts desecrated? So many, indeed, that, were the vengeance of Heaven to visit such aggressions in a supernatural manner, no corner in England, no, not the most petty parish church, but would have its apparition. Tush, these are idle fancies, unworthy, especially, to be entertained by those educated to believe that sanctity resides in the intention and the act, not in the buildings or fonts, or the form of worship.'

As thus he called together the articles of his Calvinistic creed, the bell of the great clock (a token seldom silent in such narratives) tolled three, and was immediately followed by the hoarse call of the sentinels through vault and gallery, upstairs and beneath, challenging and answering each other with the usual watchword, 'All's well.' Their voices mingled with the deep boom of the bell, yet ceased before that was silent, and, when they had died away, the tingling echo of the prolonged knell was scarcely audible. Ere yet that last distant tingling had finally subsided into silence, it seemed as if it again was awakened; and Everard could hardly judge at first whether a new echo had taken up the falling cadence, or whether some other and separate sound was disturbing anew the silence to which the deep knell had, as its voice ceased, consigned the ancient mansion and the woods around it.

But the doubt was soon cleared up. The musical tones, which had mingled with the dying echoes of the knell, seemed at first to prolong, and afterwards to survive, them. A wild strain of melody, beginning at a distance, and growing louder as it advanced, seemed to pass from room to room, from cabinet to gallery, from hall to bower, through the deserted and dishonoured ruins of the ancient residence of so many sovereigns; and, as it approached, no soldier gave alarm, nor did any of the numerous guests of various degrees who spent an unpleasant and terrified night in that ancient mansion seem to dare to announce to each other the inexplicable cause of apprehension.

Everard's excited state of mind did not permit him to be so passive. The sounds approached so nigh, that it seemed they were performing in the very next apartment a solemn service for the dead, when he gave the alarm, by calling loudly to his trusty attendant and friend Wildrake, who slumbered in the next chamber with only a door betwixt them, and even that ajar.

‘Wildrake — Wildrake! Up — up! Dost thou not hear the alarm?’

There was no answer from Wildrake, though the musical sounds, which now rung through the apartment as if the performers had actually been within its precincts, would have been sufficient to awaken a sleeping person, even without the shout of his comrade and patron.

‘Alarm, Roger Wildrake — alarm!’ again called Everard, getting out of bed and grasping his weapons. ‘Get a light, and cry alarm!’

There was no answer. His voice died away as the sound of the music seemed also to die; and the same soft sweet voice, which still to his thinking resembled that of Alice Lee, was heard in his apartment, and, as he thought, at no distance from him.

‘Your comrade will not answer,’ said the soft low voice. ‘Those only hear the alarm whose consciences feel the call.’

‘Again this mummer!’ said Everard. ‘I am better armed than I was of late; and but for the sound of that voice, the speaker had bought his trifling dear.’

It was singular, we may observe in passing, that the instant the distinct sounds of the human voice were heard by Everard, all idea of supernatural interference was at an end, and the charm by which he had been formerly fettered appeared to be broken; so much is the influence of imaginary or superstitious terror dependent, so far as respects strong judgments at least, upon what is vague or ambiguous; and so readily do distinct tones and express ideas bring such judgments back to the current of ordinary life.

The voice returned answer, as addressing his thoughts as well as his words. ‘We laugh at the weapons thou thinkest should terrify us. Over the guardians of Woodstock they have no power. Fire, if thou wilt, and try the effect of thy weapons. But know, it is not our purpose to harm thee: thou art of a falcon breed, and noble in thy disposition, though, unreclaimed and ill nurtured, thou hauntest with kites and carrion crows. Wing thy flight from hence on the morrow, for, if thou tarriest with the bats, owls, vultures, and ravens which have thought to nestle here, thou wilt inevitably share their fate. Away, then, that these halls may be swept and garnished for the reception of those who have a better right to inhabit them.’

Everard answered in a raised voice. ‘Once more I warn you, think not to defy me in vain. I am no child to be fright-

ened by goblins' tales, and no coward, armed as I am, to be alarmed at the threats of banditti. If I give you a moment's indulgence, it is for the sake of dear and misguided friends, who may be concerned with this dangerous gambol. Know, I can bring a troop of soldiers round the castle, who will search its most inward recesses for the author of this audacious frolic; and if that search should fail, it will cost but a few barrels of gunpowder to make the mansion a heap of ruins, and bury under them the authors of such an ill-judged pastime.'

'You speak proudly, sir colonel,' said another voice, similar to that harsher and stronger tone by which he had been addressed in the gallery; 'try your courage in this direction.'

'You should not dare me twice,' said Colonel Everard, 'had I a glimpse of light to take aim by.'

As he spoke, a sudden gleam of light was thrown with a brilliancy which almost dazzled the speaker, showing distinctly a form somewhat resembling that of Victor Lee, as represented in his picture, holding in one hand a lady completely veiled, and in the other his leading-staff or truncheon. Both figures were animated, and, as it appeared, standing within six feet of him.

'Were it not for the woman,' said Everard, 'I would not be thus mortally dared.'

'Spare not for the female form, but do your worst,' replied the same voice. 'I defy you.'

'Repeat your defiance when I have counted thrice,' said Everard, 'and take the punishment of your insolence. Once — I have cocked my pistol. Twice — I never missed my aim. By all that is sacred, I fire if you do not withdraw. When I pronounce the next number, I will shoot you dead where you stand. I am yet unwilling to shed blood: I give you another chance of flight, once — twice — THRICE!'

Everard aimed at the bosom, and discharged his pistol. The figure waved its arm in an attitude of scorn; and a loud laugh arose, during which the light, as gradually growing weaker, danced and glimmered upon the apparition of the aged knight, and then disappeared. Everard's life-blood ran cold to his heart. 'Had he been of human mould,' he thought, 'the bullet must have pierced him, but I have neither will nor power to fight with supernatural beings.'

The feeling of oppression was now so strong as to be actually sickening. He groped his way, however, to the fireside, and flung on the embers, which were yet gleaming, a handful of dry

fuel. It presently blazed, and afforded him light to see the room in every direction. He looked cautiously, almost timidly, around, and half expected some horrible phantom to become visible. But he saw nothing save the old furniture, the reading-desk, and other articles, which had been left in the same state as when Sir Henry Lee departed. He felt an uncontrollable desire, mingled with much repugnance, to look at the portrait of the ancient knight, which the form he had seen so strongly resembled. He hesitated betwixt the opposing feelings, but at length snatched, with desperate resolution, the taper which he had extinguished, and relighted it, ere the blaze of the fuel had again died away. He held it up to the ancient portrait of Victor Lee, and gazed on it with eager curiosity, not unmingled with fear. Almost the childish terrors of his earlier days returned, and he thought the severe pale eye of the ancient warrior followed his, and menaced him with its displeasure. And although he quickly argued himself out of such an absurd belief, yet the mixed feelings of his mind were expressed in words that seemed half addressed to the ancient portrait.

'Soul of my mother's ancestor,' he said, 'be it for weal or for woe, by designing men or by supernatural beings, that these ancient halls are disturbed, I am resolved to leave them on the morrow.'

'I rejoice to hear it, with all my soul,' said a voice behind him.

He turned, saw a tall figure in white, with a sort of turban upon its head, and dropping the candle in the exertion, instantly grappled with it.

'*Thou at least are palpable,*' he said.

'Palpable!' answered he whom he grasped so strongly. 'Sdeath, methinks you might know that without the risk of choking me; and if you loose me not, I'll show you that two can play at the game of wrestling.'

'Roger Wildrake!' said Everard, letting the Cavalier loose, and stepping back.

'Roger Wildrake? ay, truly. Did you take me for Roger Bacon, come to help you to raise the Devil, for the place smells of sulphur consumedly?'

'It is the pistol I fired. Did you not hear it?'

'Why, yes, it was the first thing waked me, for that night-cap which I pulled on made me sleep like a dormouse. Pshaw, I feel my brains giddy with it yet.'

'And wherefore came you not on the instant? I never needed help more.'

'I came as fast as I could,' answered Wildrake; 'but it was some time ere I got my senses collected, for I was dreaming of that cursed field at Naseby; and then the door of my room was shut, and hard to open, till I played the locksmith with my foot.'

'How! it was open when I went to bed,' said Everard.

'It was locked when I came out of bed, though,' said Wildrake, 'and I marvel you heard me not when I forced it open.'

'My mind was occupied otherwise,' said Everard.

'Well,' said Wildrake, 'but what has happened? Here am I bolt upright, and ready to fight, if this yawning fit will give me leave. Mother Redcap's mightiest is weaker than I drank last night, by a bushel to a barleycorn. I have quaffed the very elixir of malt. Ha — yaw.'

'And some opiate besides, I should think,' said Everard.

'Very like — very like; less than the pistol-shot would not waken me — even me, who with but an ordinary grace-cup sleep as lightly as a maiden on the first of May, when she watches for the earliest beam to go to gather dew. But what are you about to do next?'

'Nothing,' answered Everard.

'Nothing?' said Wildrake, in surprise.

'I speak it,' said Colonel Everard, 'less for your information than for that of others who may hear me, that I will leave the lodge this morning, and, if it is possible, remove the Commissioners.'

'Hark,' said Wildrake, 'do you not hear some noise, like the distant sound of the applause of a theatre? The goblins of the place rejoice in your departure.'

'I shall leave Woodstock,' said Everard, 'to the occupation of my uncle Sir Henry Lee, and his family, if they choose to resume it; not that I am frightened into this as a concession to the series of artifices which have been played off on this occasion, but solely because such was my intention from the beginning. But let me warn,' he added, raising his voice — 'let me warn the parties concerned in this combination that, though it may pass off successfully on a fool like Desborough, a visionary like Harrison, a coward like Bletson —'

Here a voice distinctly spoke, as standing near them — 'Or a wise, moderate, and resolute person like Colonel Everard.'

'By Heaven, the voice came from the picture,' said Wildrake, drawing his sword; 'I will pink his plated armour for him.'

'Offer no violence,' said Everard, startled at the interruption, but resuming with firmness what he was saying. 'Let those engaged be aware that, however this string of artifices may be immediately successful, it must, when closely looked into, be attended with the punishment of all concerned, the total demolition of Woodstock, and the irremediable downfall of the family of Lee. Let all concerned think of this, and desist in time.'

He paused, and almost expected a reply, but none such came.

'It is a very odd thing,' said Wildrake; 'but—yaw-ha—my brain cannot compass it just now: it whirls round like a toast in a bowl of muscadine. I must sit down—ha-yaw—and discuss it at leisure. Gramercy, good elbow-chair.'

So saying, he threw himself, or rather sank gradually, down on a large easy-chair, which had been often pressed by the weight of stout Sir Henry Lee, and in an instant was sound asleep. Everard was far from feeling the same inclination for slumber, yet his mind was relieved of the apprehension of any farther visitation that night; for he considered his treaty to evacuate Woodstock as made known to, and accepted in all probability by, those whom the intrusion of the Commissioners had induced to take such singular measures for expelling them. His opinion, which had for a time bent towards a belief in something supernatural in the disturbances, had now returned to the more rational mode of accounting for them by dexterous combination, for which such a mansion as Woodstock afforded so many facilities.

He heaped the hearth with fuel, lighted the candle, and, examining poor Wildrake's situation, adjusted him as easily in the chair as he could, the Cavalier stirring his limbs no more than an infant. His situation went far, in his patron's opinion, to infer trick and confederacy, for ghosts have no occasion to drug men's possets. He threw himself on the bed, and while he thought these strange circumstances over, a sweet and low strain of music stole through the chamber, the words 'Good-night—good-night—good-night,' thrice repeated, each time in a softer and more distant tone, seeming to assure him that the goblins and he were at truce, if not at peace, and that he had no more disturbance to expect that night. He had scarcely

the courage to call out a 'good-night'; for, after all his conviction of the existence of a trick, it was so well performed as to bring with it a feeling of fear, just like what an audience experience during the performance of a tragic scene, which they know to be unreal, and which yet affects their passions by its near approach to nature. Sleep overtook him at last, and left him not till broad daylight on the ensuing morning.

CHAPTER XVI

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyard.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WITH the fresh air, and the rising of morning, every feeling of the preceding night had passed away from Colonel Everard's mind, excepting wonder how the effects which he had witnessed could be produced. He examined the whole room, sounding both floor and wainscot with his knuckles and cane, but was unable to discern any secret passages; while the door, secured by a strong cross-bolt, and the lock besides, remained as firm as when he had fastened it on the preceding evening. The apparition resembling Victor Lee next called his attention. Ridiculous stories had been often circulated of this figure, or one exactly resembling it, having been met with by night among the waste apartments and corridors of the old palace; and Markham Everard had often heard such in his childhood. He was angry to recollect his own deficiency of courage, and the thrill which he felt on the preceding night when, by confederacy doubtless, such an object was placed before his eyes.

'Surely,' he said, 'this fit of childish folly could not make me miss my aim: more likely that the bullet had been withdrawn clandestinely from my pistol.'

He examined that which was undischarged; he found the bullet in it. He investigated the apartment opposite to the point at which he had fired, and at five feet from the floor, in a direct line between the bedside and the place where the appearances had been seen, a pistol-ball had recently buried itself in the wainscot. He had little doubt, therefore, that he had fired in a just direction; and indeed, to have arrived at the place where it was lodged, the bullet must have passed through the appearance at which he aimed, and proceeded point-blank to the wall beyond. This was mysterious, and induced him to

doubt whether the art of witchcraft or conjuration had not been called in to assist the machinations of those daring conspirators, who, being themselves mortal, might, nevertheless, according to the universal creed of the times, have invoked and obtained assistance from the inhabitants of another world.

His next investigation respected the picture of Victor Lee itself. He examined it minutely as he stood on the floor before it, and compared its pale, shadowy, faintly-traced outlines, its faded colours, the stern repose of the eye, and deathlike pallidness of the countenance with its different aspect on the preceding night, when illuminated by the artificial light which fell full upon it, while it left every other part of the room in comparative darkness. The features seemed then to have an unnatural glow, while the rising and falling of the flame in the chimney gave the head and limbs something which resembled the appearance of actual motion. Now, seen by day, it was a mere picture of the hard and ancient school of Holbein; last night, it seemed for the moment something more. Determined to get to the bottom of this contrivance if possible, Everard, by the assistance of a table and chair, examined the portrait still more closely, and endeavoured to ascertain the existence of any private spring, by which it might be slipt aside — a contrivance not unfrequent in ancient buildings, which usually abounded with means of access and escape, communicated to none but the lords of the castle, or their immediate confidants. But the panel on which Victor Lee was painted was firmly fixed in the wainscoting of the apartment, of which it made a part, and the colonel satisfied himself that it could not have been used for the purpose which he had suspected.

He next aroused his faithful squire Wildrake, who, notwithstanding his deep share of the 'blessedness of sleep,' had scarce even yet got rid of the effects of the grace-cup of the preceding evening. 'It was the reward,' according to his own view of the matter, 'of his temperance, one single draught having made him sleep more late and more sound than a matter of half a dozen, or from thence to a dozen, pulls would have done, when he was guilty of the enormity of rere-suppers,¹ and of drinking deep after them.'

'Had your temperate draught,' said Everard, 'been but a thought more strongly seasoned, Wildrake, thou hadst slept so sound that the last trump only could have waked thee.'

'And then,' answered Wildrake, 'I should have waked with

¹ See Note 3.

a headache, Mark ; for I see my modest sip has not exempted me from that epilogue. But let us go forth, and see how the night, which we have passed so strangely, has been spent by the rest of them. I suspect they are all right willing to evacuate Woodstock, unless they have either rested better than we or at least been more lucky in lodgings.'

'In that case, I will despatch thee down to Joceline's hut, to negotiate the re-entrance of Sir Henry Lee and his family into their old apartments, where, my interest with the General being joined with the indifferent repute of the place itself, I think they have little chance of being disturbed either by the present or by any new Commissioners.'

'But how are they to defend themselves against the fiends, my gallant colonel ?' said Wildrake. 'Methinks, had I an interest in yonder pretty girl such as thou dost boast, I should be loth to expose her to the terrors of a residence at Woodstock, where these devils — I beg their pardon, for I suppose they hear every word we say — these merry goblins make such gay work from twilight till morning.'

'My dear Wildrake,' said the colonel, 'I, as well as you, believe it possible that our speech may be overheard ; but I care not, and will speak my mind plainly. I trust Sir Henry and Alice are not engaged in this silly plot : I cannot reconcile it with the pride of the one, the modesty of the other, or the good sense of both, that any motive could engage them in so strange a conjunction. But the fiends are all of your own political persuasion, Wildrake, all true-blue Cavaliers ; and I am convinced that Sir Henry and Alice Lee, though they be unconnected with them, have not the slightest cause to be apprehensive of their goblin machinations. Besides, Sir Henry and Joceline must know every corner about the place : it will be far more difficult to play off any ghostly machinery upon him than upon strangers. But let us to our toilet, and when water and brush have done their work, we will inquire what is next to be done.'

'Nay, that wretched Puritan's garb of mine is hardly worth brushing,' said Wildrake ; 'and but for this hundred-weight of rusty iron, with which thou hast bedizened me, I look more like a bankrupt Quaker than anything else. But I'll make *you* as spruce as ever was a canting rogue of your party.'

So saying, and humming at the same time the Cavalier tune —

'Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hung around the wall,
Yet Heaven shall make amends for all,
When the King shall enjoy his own again.'

'Thou forgettest who are without,' said Colonel Everard.

'No, I remember who are within,' replied his friend. 'I only sing to my merry goblins, who will like me all the better for it. Tush, man, the devils are my *bonos socios*, and when I see them, I will warrant they prove such roaring boys as I knew when I served under Lunsford and Goring — fellows with long nails that nothing escaped, bottomless stomachs that nothing filled, mad for pillaging, ranting, drinking, and fighting, sleeping rough on the trenches, and dying stubbornly in their boots. Ah! those merry days are gone! Well, it is the fashion to make a grave face on't among Cavaliers, and specially the parsons that have lost their tithe-pigs; but I was fitted for the element of the time, and never did or can desire merrier days than I had during that same barbarous, bloody, and unnatural rebellion.'

'Thou wert ever a wild sea-bird, Roger, even according to your name, liking the gale better than the calm, the boisterous ocean better than the smooth lake, and your rough, wild struggle against the wind than daily food, ease, and quiet.'

'Pshaw! a fig for your smooth lake, and your old woman to feed me with brewer's grains, and the poor drake obliged to come swattering whenever she whistles! Everard, I like to feel the wind rustle against my pinions — now diving, now on the crest of the wave, now in ocean, now in sky; that is the wild-drake's joy, my grave one. And in the Civil War so it went with us — down in one county, up in another, beaten to-day, victorious to-morrow, now starving in some barren leaguer, now revelling in a Presbyterian's pantry — his cellars, his plate-chest, his old judicial thumb-ring, his pretty serving-wench, all at command!'

'Hush, friend,' said Everard; 'remember I hold that persuasion.'

'More the pity, Mark — more the pity,' said Wildrake; 'but, as you say, it is needless talking of it. Let us e'en go and see how your Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Holdenough, has fared, and whether he has proved more able to foil the Foul Fiend than have you his disciple and auditor.'

They left the apartment accordingly, and were overwhelmed with the various incoherent accounts of sentinels and others, all

of whom had seen or heard something extraordinary in the course of the night. It is needless to describe particularly the various rumours which each contributed to the common stock, with the greater alacrity that in such cases there seems always to be a sort of disgrace in not having seen or suffered as much as others.

The most moderate of the narrators only talked of sounds like the mewling of a cat, or the growling of a dog, especially the squeaking of a pig. They heard also as if it had been nails driven and saws used, and the clashing of fetters, and the rustling of silk gowns, and the notes of music, and in short all sorts of sounds which have nothing to do with each other. Others swore they had smelt savours of various kinds, chiefly bituminous, indicating a Satanic derivation; others did not indeed swear, but protested, to visions of men in armour, horses without heads, asses with horns, and cows with six legs, not to mention black figures, whose cloven hoofs gave plain information what realm they belonged to.

But these strongly-attested cases of nocturnal disturbances among the sentinels had been so general as to prevent alarm and succour on any particular point, so that those who were on duty called in vain on the *corps de garde*, who were trembling on their own post; and an alert enemy might have done complete execution on the whole garrison. But amid this general *alerte*, no violence appeared to be meant, and annoyance, not injury, seemed to have been the goblins' object, excepting in the case of one poor fellow, a trooper, who had followed Harrison in half his battles, and now was sentinel in that very vestibule upon which Everard had recommended them to mount a guard. He had presented his carabine at something which came suddenly upon him, when it was wrested out of his hands, and he himself knocked down with the butt end of it. His broken head and the drenched bedding of Desborough, upon whom a tub of ditch-water had been emptied during his sleep, were the only pieces of real evidence to attest the disturbances of the night.

The reports from Harrison's apartment were, as delivered by the grave Master Tomkins, that truly the general had passed the night undisturbed, though there was still upon him a deep sleep, and a folding of the hands to slumber; from which Everard argued that the machinators had esteemed Harrison's part of the reckoning sufficiently paid off on the preceding evening.

He then proceeded to the apartment doubly garrisoned by

the worshipful Desborough and the philosophical Bletson. They were both up and dressing themselves, the former open-mouthed in his feeling of fear and suffering. Indeed, no sooner had Everard entered than the ducked and dismayed colonel made a dismal complaint of the way he had spent the night, and murmured not a little against his worshipful kinsman for imposing a task upon him which inferred so much annoyance.

'Could not his Excellency my kinsman Noll,' he said, 'have given his poor relative and brother-in-law a sop somewhere else than out of this Woodstock, which seems to be the Devil's own porridge-pot? I cannot sup broth with the Devil: I have no long spoon — not I. Could he not have quartered me in some quiet corner, and given this haunted place to some of his preachers and prayers, who know the Bible as well as the muster-roll? whereas I know the four hoofs of a clean-going nag, or the points of a team of oxen, better than all the books of Moses. But I will give it over, at once and for ever: hopes of earthly gain shall never make me run the risk of being carried away bodily by the Devil, besides being set upon my head one whole night, and soused with ditch-water the next. No — no; I am too wise for that.'

Master Bletson had a different part to act. He complained of no personal annoyances; on the contrary, he declared 'he should have slept as well as ever he did in his life, but for the abominable disturbances around him, of men calling to arms every half hour, when so much as a cat trotted by one of their posts. He would rather,' he said, 'have slept among a whole sabaoth of witches, if such creatures could be found.'

'Then you think there are no such things as apparitions, Master Bletson?' said Everard. 'I used to be sceptical on the subject; but, on my life, to-night has been a strange one.'

'Dreams — dreams — dreams, my simple colonel,' said Bletson, though his pale face and shaking limbs belied the assumed courage with which he spoke. 'Old Chaucer, sir, hath told us the real moral on 't. He was an old frequenter of the forest of Woodstock, here —'

'Chaser!' said Desborough; 'some huntsman belike, by his name. Does he walk, like Hearne at Windsor?'

'Chaucer,' said Bletson, 'my dear Desborough, is one of those wonderful fellows, as Colonel Everard knows, who live many a hundred years after they are buried, and whose words haunt our ears after their bones are long mouldered in the dust.'

'Ay — ay! well,' answered Desborough, to whom this description of the old poet was unintelligible, 'I for one desire his room rather than his company — one of your conjurers, I warrant him. But what says he to the matter?'

'Only a slight spell, which I will take the freedom to repeat to Colonel Everard,' said Bletson; 'but which would be as bad as Greek to thee, Desborough. Old Geoffrey lays the whole blame of our nocturnal disturbance on superfluity of humours,

Which causen folke to dred in their dreams
Of arrowes, and of fire with red gleams,
Right as the humour of melancholy
Causeth many a man in sleep to cry
For fear of great bulls and bears black,
And others that black devils will them take.'

While he was thus declaiming, Everard observed a book sticking out from beneath the pillow of the bed lately occupied by the honourable member.

'Is that Chaucer?' he said, making to the volume. 'I would like to look at the passage ——'

'Chaucer!' said Bletson, hastening to interfere; 'no, that is Lucretius — my darling Lucretius. I cannot let you see it: I have some private marks.'

But by this time Everard had the book in his hand. 'Lucretius!' he said. 'No, Master Bletson, this is not Lucretius, but a fitter comforter in dread or in danger. Why should you be ashamed of it? Only, Bletson, instead of resting your head, if you can but anchor your heart upon this volume, it may serve you in better stead than Lucretius or Chaucer either.'

'Why, what book is it?' said Bletson, his pale cheek colouring with the shame of detection. 'Oh, the Bible!' throwing it down contemptuously; 'some book of my fellow Gibeon's: these Jews have been always superstitious, ever since Juvenal's time, thou knowest —'

Qualiacunque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.

He left me the old book for a spell, I warrant you, for 'tis a well-meaning fool.'

'He would scarce have left the New Testament as well as the Old,' said Everard. 'Come, my dear Bletson, do not be ashamed of the wisest thing you ever did in your life, supposing you took your Bible in an hour of apprehension, with a view to profit by the contents.'

Bletson's vanity was so much galled that it overcame his constitutional cowardice. His little thin fingers quivered for eagerness, his neck and cheeks were as red as scarlet, and his articulation was as thick and vehement as — in short, as if he had been no philosopher.

'Master Everard,' he said, 'you are a man of the sword, sir; and, sir, you seem to suppose yourself entitled to say whatever comes into your mind with respect to civilians, sir. But I would have you remember, sir, that there are bounds beyond which human patience may be urged, sir, and jests which no man of honour will endure, sir; and, therefore, I expect an apology for your present language, Colonel Everard, and this unmannerly jesting, sir, or you may chance to hear from me in a way that will not please you.'

Everard could not help smiling at this explosion of valour, engendered by irritated self-love.

'Look you, Master Bletson,' he said, 'I have been a soldier, that is true, but I was never a bloody-minded one; and as a Christian, I am unwilling to enlarge the kingdom of darkness by sending a new vassal thither before his time. If Heaven gives you time to repent, I see no reason why my hand should deprive you of it, which, were we to have a rencontre, would be your fate in the thrust of a sword or the pulling of a trigger. I therefore prefer to apologise; and I call Desborough, if he has recovered his wits, to bear evidence that I *do* apologise for having suspected you, who are completely the slave of your own vanity, of any tendency, however slight, towards grace or good sense. And I farther apologise for the time that I have wasted in endeavouring to wash an Ethiopian white, or in recommending rational inquiry to a self-willed atheist.'

Bletson, overjoyed at the turn the matter had taken — for the defiance was scarce out of his mouth ere he began to tremble for the consequences — answered with great eagerness and servility of manner — 'Nay, dearest colonel, say no more of it, an apology is all that is necessary among men of honour: it neither leaves dishonour with him who asks it nor infers degradation on him who makes it.'

'Not such an apology as I have made, I trust,' said the colonel.

'No, no — not in the least,' answered Bletson; 'one apology serves me just as well as another, and Desborough will bear witness you have made one, and that is all there can be said on the subject.'

‘Master Desborough and you,’ rejoined the colonel, ‘will take care how the matter is reported, I daresay, and I only recommend to both that, if mentioned at all, it may be told correctly.’

‘Nay — nay, we will not mention it at all,’ said Bletson : ‘we will forget it from this moment. Only, never suppose me capable of superstitious weakness. Had I been afraid of an apparent and real danger — why, such fear is natural to man, and I will not deny that the mood of mind may have happened to me as well as to others. But to be thought capable of resorting to spells, and sleeping with books under my pillow to secure myself against ghosts — on my word, it was enough to provoke one to quarrel, for the moment, with his very best friend. And now, colonel, what is to be done, and how is our duty to be executed at this accursed place? If I should get such a wetting as Desborough’s, why I should die of catarrh, though you see it hurts him no more than a bucket of water thrown over a post-horse. You are, I presume, a brother in our commission; how are you of opinion we should proceed?’

‘Why, in good time here comes Harrison,’ said Everard, ‘and I will lay my commission from the Lord General before you all, which, as you see, Colonel Desborough, commands you to desist from acting on your present authority, and intimates his pleasure accordingly, that you withdraw from this place.’

Desborough took the paper and examined the signature. ‘It is Noll’s signature sure enough,’ said he, dropping his under jaw; ‘only, every time of late he has made the “Oliver” as large as a giant, while the “Cromwell” creeps after like a dwarf, as if the surname were like to disappear one of these days altogether. But is his Excellency our kinsman, Noll Cromwell, since he has the surname yet, so unreasonable as to think his relations and friends are to be set upon their heads till they have the crick in their neck, drenched as if they had been plunged in a horse-pond, frightened, day and night, by all sort of devils, witches, and fairies, and get not a penny of smart-money? Adzooks — forgive me for swearing — if that’s the case, I had better home to my farm, and mind team and herd, than dangle after such a thankless person, though I *have* wived his sister. She was poor enough when I took her, for as high as Noll holds his head now.’

‘It is not my purpose,’ said Bletson, ‘to stir debate in this honourable meeting; and no one will doubt the veneration and attachment which I bear to our noble General, whom the

current of events, and his own matchless qualities of courage and constancy, have raised so high in these deplorable days. If I were to term him a direct and immediate emanation of the *Animus Mundi* itself — something which nature had produced in her proudest hour, while exerting herself, as is her law, for the preservation of the creatures to whom she has given existence — I should scarce exhaust the ideas which I entertain of him; always protesting, that I am by no means to be held as admitting, but merely as granting for the sake of argument, the possible existence of that species of emanation or exhalation from the *Animus Mundi* of which I have made mention. I appeal to you, Colonel Desborough, who are his Excellency's relation — to you, Colonel Everard, who hold the dearer title of his friend, whether I have overrated my zeal in his behalf?'

Everard bowed at this pause, but Desborough gave a more complete authentication. 'Nay, I can bear witness to that. I have seen when you were willing to tie his points or brush his cloak, or the like; and to be treated thus ungratefully, and gudgeoned of the opportunities which had been given you —'

'It is not for that,' said Bletson, waving his hand gracefully. 'You do me wrong, Master Desborough — you do indeed, kind sir, although I know you meant it not. No, sir — no partial consideration of private interest prevailed on me to undertake this charge. It was conferred on me by the Parliament of England, in whose name this war commenced, and by the Council of State, who are the conservators of England's liberty. And the chance and serene hope of serving the country, the confidence that I — and you, Master Desborough, and you, worthy General Harrison — superior, as I am, to all selfish considerations — to which I am sure you also, good Colonel Everard, would be superior, had you been named in this commission, as I would to Heaven you had — I say the hope of serving the country, with the aid of such respectable associates, one and all of them — as well as you, Colonel Everard, supposing you to have been of the number — induced me to accept of this opportunity, whereby I might, gratuitously, with your assistance, render so much advantage to our dear mother the Commonwealth of England. Such was my hope, my trust, my confidence. And now comes my Lord General's warrant to dissolve the authority by which we are entitled to act. Gentlemen, I ask this honourable meeting — with all respect to his Excellency — whether his commission be paramount to that from which he himself

directly holds *his* commission? No one will say so. I ask whether he has climbed into the seat from which the late Man descended, or hath a great seal, or means to proceed by prerogative in such a case? I cannot see reason to believe it, and therefore I must resist such doctrine. I am in your judgment, my brave and honourable colleagues; but, touching my own poor opinion, I feel myself under the unhappy necessity of proceeding in our commission, as if the interruption had not taken place; with this addition, that the Board of Sequestrators should sit by day at this same lodge of Woodstock, but that, to reconcile the minds of weak brethren, who may be afflicted by superstitious rumours, as well as to avoid any practice on our persons by the Malignants, who, I am convinced, are busy in this neighbourhood, we should remove our sittings after sunset to the George Inn, in the neighbouring borough.

‘Good Master Bletson,’ replied Colonel Everard, ‘it is not for me to reply to you; but you may know in what characters this army of England and their General write their authority. I fear me the annotation on this precept of the General will be expressed by the march of a troop of horse from Oxford to see it executed. I believe there are orders out for that effect; and you know by late experience that the soldier will obey his General equally against King and Parliament.’

‘That obedience is conditional,’ said Harrison, starting fiercely up. ‘Know’st thou not, Markham Everard, that I have followed the man Cromwell as close as the bull-dog follows his master? and so I will yet; but I am no spaniel, either to be beaten or to have the food I have earned snatched from me, as if I were a vile cur, whose wages are a whipping and free leave to wear my own skin. I looked, amongst the three of us, that we might honestly and piously, and with advantage to the Commonwealth, have gained out of this commission three, or it may be five, thousand pounds. And does Cromwell imagine I will part with it for a rough word? No man goeth a warfare on his own charges. He that serves the altar must live by the altar, and the saints must have means to provide them with good harness and fresh horses against the unsealing and the pouring forth. Does Cromwell think I am so much of a tame tiger as to permit him to rend from me at pleasure the miserable dole he hath thrown me? Of a surety I will resist; and the men who are here, being chiefly of my own regiment—men who wait, and who expect, with lamps burning and loins girded, and each one his weapon bound upon his thigh—will aid me to make this

house good against every assault — ay, even against Cromwell himself, until the latter coming. Selah — Selah !’

‘And I,’ said Desborough, ‘will levy troops and protect your out-quarters, not choosing at present to close myself up in garrison —’

‘And I,’ said Bletson, ‘will do my part, and hie me to town and lay the matter before Parliament, arising in my place for that effect.’

Everard was little moved by all these threats. The only formidable one, indeed, was that of Harrison, whose enthusiasm, joined with his courage, and obstinacy, and character among the fanatics of his own principles, made him a dangerous enemy. Before trying any arguments with the refractory major-general, Everard endeavoured to moderate his feelings, and threw something in about the late disturbances.

‘Talk not to me of supernatural disturbances, young man — talk not to me of enemies in the body or out of the body. Am I not the champion chosen and commissioned to encounter and to conquer the great Dragon, and the Beast which cometh out of the sea? Am I not to command the left wing and two regiments of the centre, when the saints shall encounter with the countless legions of Gog and Magog? I tell thee that my name is written on the sea of glass mingled with fire, and that I will keep this place of Woodstock against all mortal men, and against all devils, whether in field or chamber, in the forest or in the meadow, even till the saints reign in the fulness of their glory !’

Everard saw it was then time to produce two or three lines under Cromwell’s hand, which he had received from the General subsequently to the communication through Wildrake. The information they contained was calculated to allay the disappointment of the Commissioners. This document assigned as the reason of superseding the Woodstock Commission, that he should probably propose to the Parliament to require the assistance of General Harrison, Colonel Desborough, and Master Bletson, the honourable member for Littlefaith, in a much greater matter, namely, the disposing of the royal property, and disparking of the king’s forest, at Windsor. So soon as this idea was started, all parties pricked up their ears; and their drooping, and gloomy and vindictive, looks began to give place to courteous smiles, and to a cheerfulness which laughed in their eyes and turned their mustachios upwards.

Colonel Desborough acquitted his right honourable and

excellent cousin and kinsman of all species of unkindness; Master Bletson discovered that the interest of the state was trebly concerned in the good administration of Windsor more than in that of Woodstock; as for Harrison, he exclaimed, without disguise or hesitation, that the gleanings of the grapes of Windsor was better than the vintage of Woodstock. Thus speaking, the glance of his dark eye expressed as much triumph in the proposed earthly advantage as if it had not been, according to his vain persuasion, to be shortly exchanged for his share in the general reign of the millennium. His delight, in short, resembled the joy of an eagle, who preys upon a lamb in the evening with not the less relish because she descries in the distant landscape an hundred thousand men about to join battle with daybreak, and to give her an endless feast on the hearts and life-blood of the valiant.

Yet, though all agreed that they would be obedient to the General's pleasure in this matter, Bletson proposed, as a precautionary measure, in which all agreed, that they should take up their abode for some time in the town of Woodstock, to wait for their new commissions respecting Windsor; and this upon the prudential consideration, that it was best not to slip one knot until another was first tied.

Each commissioner, therefore, wrote to Oliver individually, stating, in his own way, the depth and height, length and breadth, of his attachment to him. Each expressed himself resolved to obey the General's injunctions to the uttermost; but with the same scrupulous devotion to the Parliament, each found himself at a loss how to lay down the commission entrusted to them by that body, and therefore felt bound in conscience to take up his residence at the borough of Woodstock, that he might not seem to abandon the charge committed to them until they should be called to administer the weightier matter of Windsor, to which they expressed their willingness instantly to devote themselves, according to his Excellency's pleasure.

This was the general style of their letters, varied by the characteristic flourishes of the writers. Desborough, for example, said something about the religious duty of providing for one's own household, only he blundered the text; Bletson wrote long and big words about the political obligation incumbent on every member of the community, on every person, to sacrifice his time and talents to the service of his country; while Harrison talked of the littleness of present affairs, in comparison

of the approaching tremendous change of all things beneath the sun. But although the garnishing of the various epistles was different, the result came to the same, that they were determined at least to keep sight of Woodstock until they were well assured of some better and more profitable commission.

Everard also wrote a letter in the most grateful terms to Cromwell, which would probably have been less warm had he known more distinctly than his follower chose to tell him the expectation under which the wily General had granted his request. He acquainted his Excellency with his purpose of continuing at Woodstock, partly to assure himself of the motions of the three Commissioners, and to watch whether they did not again enter upon the execution of the trust which they had for the present renounced; and partly to see that some extraordinary circumstances which had taken place in the lodge, and which would doubtless transpire, were not followed by any explosion to the disturbance of the public peace. He knew, as he expressed himself, that his Excellency was so much the friend of order, that he would rather disturbances or insurrections were prevented than punished; and he conjured the General to repose confidence in his exertions for the public service by every mode within his power, not aware, it will be observed, in what peculiar sense his general pledge might be interpreted.

These letters, being made up into a packet, were forwarded to Windsor by a trooper, detached on that errand.

CHAPTER XVII

We do that in our zeal
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Anonymous.

WHILE the Commissioners were preparing to remove themselves from the lodge to the inn at the borough of Woodstock, with all that state and bustle which attend the movements of great persons, and especially of such to whom greatness is not entirely familiar, Everard held some colloquy with the Presbyterian clergyman, Master Holdenough, who had issued from the apartment which he had occupied, as it were in defiance of the spirits by whom the mansion was supposed to be disturbed, and whose pale cheek and pensive brow gave token that he had not passed the night more comfortably than the other inmates of the lodge of Woodstock. Colonel Everard having offered to procure the reverend gentleman some refreshment, received this reply : ' This day shall I not taste food, saving that which we are assured of as sufficient for our sustenance, where it is promised that our bread shall be given us and our water shall be sure. Not that I fast in the Papis-tical opinion that it adds to those merits which are but an accumulation of filthy rags ; but because I hold it needful that no grosser sustenance should this day cloud my understanding, or render less pure and vivid the thanks I owe to Heaven for a most wonderful preservation.'

' Master Holdenough,' said Everard, ' you are, I know, both a good man and a bold one, and I saw you last night courageously go upon your sacred duty, when soldiers, and tried ones, seemed considerably alarmed.'

' Too courageous — too venturous,' was Master Holdenough's reply, the boldness of whose aspect seemed completely to have died away. ' We are frail creatures, Master Everard, and frailest when we think ourselves strongest. Oh, Colonel Everard,' he added, after a pause, and as if the confidence was partly involuntary, ' I have seen that which I shall never survive !'

'You surprise me, reverend sir,' said Everard; 'may I request you will speak more plainly? I have heard some stories of this wild night, nay, have witnessed strange things myself; but, methinks, I would be much interested in knowing the nature of your disturbance.'

'Sir,' said the clergyman, 'you are a discreet gentleman; and though I would not willingly that these heretics, schismatics, Brownists, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, and so forth, had such an opportunity of triumph as my defeat in this matter would have afforded them, yet with you, who have been ever a faithful follower of our church, and are pledged to the good cause by the great National League and Covenant, surely I would be more open. Sit we down, therefore, and let me call for a glass of pure water, for as yet I feel some bodily faltering; though, I thank Heaven, I am in mind resolute and composed as a merely mortal man may after such a vision. They say, worthy colonel, that looking on such things foretells, or causes, speedy death. I know not if it be true; but if so, I only depart like the tired sentinel when his officer releases him from his post; and glad shall I be to close these wearied eyes against the sight, and shut these harassed ears against the croaking, as of frogs, of Antinomians, and Pelagians, and Socinians, and Arminians, and Arians, and Nullifidians, which have come up into our England like those filthy reptiles into the house of Pharaoh.'

Here one of the servants who had been summoned entered with a cup of water, gazing at the same time in the face of the clergyman, as if his stupid grey eyes were endeavouring to read what tragic tale was written on his brow; and shaking his empty skull as he left the room, with the air of one who was proud of having discovered that all was not exactly right, though he could not so well guess what was wrong.

Colonel Everard invited the good man to take some refreshment more genial than the pure element, but he declined. 'I am in some sort a champion,' he said; 'and though I have been foiled in the late controversy with the enemy, still I have my trumpet to give the alarm, and my sharp sword to smite withal; therefore, like the Nazarites of old, I will eat nothing that cometh of the vine, neither drink wine nor strong drink, until these my days of combat shall have passed away.'

Kindly and respectfully the colonel anew pressed Master Holdenough to communicate the events that had befallen him on the preceding night; and the good clergyman proceeded as

follows, with that little characteristical touch of vanity in his narrative which naturally arose out of the part he had played in the world, and the influence which he had exercised over the minds of others. 'I was a young man at the University of Cambridge,' he said, 'when I was particularly bound in friendship to a fellow-student, perhaps because we were esteemed, though it is vain to mention it, the most hopeful scholars at our college, and so equally advanced, that it was difficult, perhaps, to say which was the greater proficient in his studies. Only our tutor, Master Purefoy, used to say that, if my comrade had the advantage of me in gifts, I had the better of him in grace; for he was attached to the profane learning of the classics, always unprofitable, often impious and impure, and I had light enough to turn my studies into the sacred tongues. Also we differed in our opinions touching the Church of England, for he held Arminian opinions, with Laud, and those who would connect our ecclesiastical establishment with the civil, and make the church dependent on the breath of an earthly man. In fine, he favoured Prelacy both in essentials and ceremonial; and although we parted with tears and embraces, it was to follow very different courses. He obtained a living, and became a great controversial writer in behalf of the bishops and of the court. I also, as is well known to you, to the best of my poor abilities, sharpened my pen in the cause of the poor oppressed people, whose tender consciences rejected the rites and ceremonies more befitting a Papistical than a Reformed church, and which, according to the blinded policy of the court, were enforced by pains and penalties. Then came the Civil War, and I—called thereunto by my conscience, and nothing fearing or suspecting what miserable consequences have chanced, through the rise of these Independents—consented to lend my countenance and labour to the great work, by becoming chaplain to Colonel Harrison's regiment. Not that I mingled with carnal weapons in the field—which Heaven forbid that a minister of the altar should—but I preached, exhorted, and, in time of need, was a surgeon, as well to the wounds of the body as of the soul. Now, it fell, towards the end of the war, that a party of Malignants had seized on a strong house in the shire of Shrewsbury, situated on a small island, advanced into a lake, and accessible only by a small and narrow causeway. From thence they made excursions, and vexed the country; and high time it was to suppress them, so that a part of our regiment went to reduce them; and I was requested to go, for





they were few in number to take in so strong a place, and the colonel judged that my exhortations would make them do valiantly. And so, contrary to my wont, I went forth with them, even to the field, where there was valiant fighting on both sides. Nevertheless, the Malignants, shooting their wall-pieces at us, had so much the advantage, that, after bursting their gates with a salvo of our cannon, Colonel Harrison ordered his men to advance on the causeway, and try to carry the place by storm. Natheless, although our men did valiantly, advancing in good order, yet being galled on every side by the fire, they at length fell into disorder, and were retreating with much loss, Harrison himself valiantly bringing up the rear, and defending them as he could against the enemy, who sallied forth in pursuit of them, to smite them hip and thigh. Now, Colonel Everard, I am a man of a quick and vehement temper by nature, though better teaching than the old law hath made me mild and patient as you now see me. I could not bear to see our Israelites flying before the Philistines, so I rushed upon the causeway, with the Bible in one hand and a halberd, which I had caught up, in the other, and turned back the foremost fugitives by threatening to strike them down, pointing out to them at the same time a priest in his cassock, as they call it, who was among the Malignants, and asking them whether they would not do as much for a true servant of Heaven as the uncircumcised would for a priest of Baal. My words and strokes prevailed: they turned at once, and shouting out, "Down with Baal and his worshippers!" they charged the Malignants so unexpectedly home, that they not only drove them back into their house of garrison, but entered it with them, as the phrase is, pell-mell. I also was there, partly hurried on by the crowd, partly to prevail on our enraged soldiers to give quarter; for it grieved my heart to see Christians and Englishmen hashed down with swords and gunstocks, like curs in the street when there is an alarm of mad dogs. In this way, the soldiers fighting and slaughtering, and I calling to them to stay their hand, we gained the very roof of the building, which was in part leaded, and to which, as a last tower of refuge, those of the Cavaliers who yet escaped had retired. I was myself, I may say, forced up the narrow winding staircase by our soldiers, who rushed on like dogs of chase upon their prey; and when extricated from the passage, I found myself in the midst of a horrid scene. The scattered defenders were, some resisting with the fury of despair, some on their knees, imploring for

compassion in words and tones to break a man's heart when he thinks on them ; some were calling on God for mercy — and it was time, for man had none. They were stricken down, thrust through, flung from the battlements into the lake ; and the wild cries of the victors, mingled with the groans, shrieks, and clamours of the vanquished, made a sound so horrible, that only death can erase it from any memory. And the men who butchered their fellow-creatures thus were neither pagans from distant savage lands, nor ruffians, the refuse and offscourings of our own people. They were in calm blood reasonable, nay, religious, men, maintaining a fair repute both heavenward and earthward. Oh, Master Everard, your trade of war should be feared and avoided, since it converts such men into wolves towards their fellow-creatures !

‘It is a stern necessity,’ said Everard, looking down, ‘and as such alone is justifiable. But proceed, reverend sir ; I see not how this storm, an incident but e’en too frequent on both sides during the late war, connects with the affair of last night.’

‘You shall hear anon,’ said Mr. Holdenough ; then paused, as one who makes an effort to compose himself before continuing a relation the tenor of which agitated him with much violence. ‘In this infernal tumult,’ he resumed — ‘for surely nothing on earth could so much resemble Hell as when men go thus loose in mortal malice on their fellow-creatures — I saw the same priest whom I had distinguished on the causeway, with one or two other Malignants, pressed into a corner by the assailants, and defending themselves to the last, as those who had no hope. I saw him — I knew him — oh, Colonel Everard !’

He grasped Everard's hand with his own left hand, and pressed the palm of his right to his face and forehead, sobbing aloud.

‘It was your college companion ?’ said Everard, anticipating the catastrophe.

‘Mine ancient — mine only friend, with whom I had spent the happy days of youth ! I rushed forward — I struggled — I entreated. But my eagerness left me neither voice nor language : all was drowned in the wretched cry which I had myself raised. “Down with the priest of Baal. Slay Mattan — slay him were he between the altars !” Forced over the battlements, but struggling for life, I could see him cling to one of those projections which were formed to carry the water from the leads ; but they hacked at his arms and hands. I heard the

heavy fall into the bottomless abyss below. Excuse me; I cannot go on!’

‘He may have escaped?’

‘Oh! no — no — no, the tower was four stories in height. Even those who threw themselves into the lake from the lower windows, to escape by swimming, had no safety; for mounted troopers on the shore caught the same bloodthirsty humour which had seized the storming-party, galloped around the margin of the lake, and shot those who were struggling for life in the water, or cut them down as they strove to get to land. They were all cut off and destroyed. Oh! may the blood shed on that day remain silent! Oh! that the earth may receive it in her recesses! Oh! that it may be mingled for ever with the dark waters of that lake, so that it may never cry for vengeance against those whose anger was fierce, and who slaughtered in their wrath! And, oh! may the erring man be forgiven who came into their assembly, and lent his voice to encourage their cruelty! Oh! Albany, my brother — my brother, I have lamented for thee even as David for Jonathan!’¹

The good man sobbed aloud, and so much did Colonel Everard sympathise with his emotions, that he forbore to press him upon the subject of his own curiosity until the full tide of remorseful passion had for the time abated. It was, however, fierce and agitating, the more so, perhaps, that indulgence in strong mental feeling of any kind was foreign to the severe and ascetic character of the man, and was therefore the more overpowering when it had at once surmounted all restraints. Large tears flowed down the trembling features of his thin, and usually stern, or at least austere, countenance; he eagerly returned the compression of Everard’s hand, as if thankful for the sympathy which the caress implied.

Presently after, Master Holdenough wiped his eyes, withdrew his hand gently from that of Everard, shaking it kindly as they parted, and proceeded with more composure: ‘Forgive me this burst of passionate feeling, worthy colonel. I am conscious it little becomes a man of my cloth, who should be the bearer of consolation to others, to give way in mine own person to an extremity of grief, weak at least, if indeed it is not sinful; for what are we, that we should weep and murmur touching that which is permitted? But Albany was to me as a brother. The happiest days of my life, ere my call to mingle myself in the strife of the land had awakened me to my duties,

¹ See Dr. Michael Hudson. Note 4.

were spent in his company. I — but I will make the rest of my story short.' Here he drew his chair close to that of Everard, and spoke in a solemn and mysterious tone of voice, almost lowered to a whisper — 'I saw him last night.'

'Saw *him* — saw whom?' said Everard. 'Can you mean the person whom ——'

'Whom I saw so ruthlessly slaughtered,' said the clergyman — 'my ancient college-friend, Joseph Albany.'

'Master Holdenough, your cloth and your character alike must prevent your jesting on such a subject as this.'

'Jesting!' answered Holdenough; 'I would as soon jest on my death-bed — as soon jest upon the Bible.'

'But you must have been deceived,' answered Everard, hastily; 'this tragical story necessarily often returns to your mind, and in moments when the imagination overcomes the evidence of the outward senses, your fancy must have presented to you an unreal appearance. Nothing more likely, when the mind is on the stretch after something supernatural, than that the imagination should supply the place with a chimera, while the over-excited feelings render it difficult to dispel the delusion.'

'Colonel Everard,' replied Holdenough, with austerity, 'in discharge of my duty I must not fear the face of man; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, as I have done before with more observance, that when you bring your carnal learning and judgment, as it is but too much your nature to do, to investigate the hidden things of another world, you might as well measure with the palm of your hand the waters of the Isis. Indeed, good sir, you err in this, and give men too much pretence to confound your honourable name with witch-advocates, freethinkers, and atheists, even with such as this man Bletson, who, if the discipline of the church had its hands strengthened, as it was in the beginning of the great conflict, would have been long ere now cast out of the pale, and delivered over to the punishment of the flesh, that his spirit might, if possible, be yet saved.'

'You mistake, Master Holdenough,' said Colonel Everard: 'I do not deny the existence of such preternatural visitations, because I cannot, and dare not, raise the voice of my own opinion against the testimony of ages, supported by such learned men as yourself. Nevertheless, though I grant the possibility of such things, I have scarce yet heard of an instance in my days so well fortified by evidence that I could at once

and distinctly say, "This must have happened by supernatural agency, and not otherwise."

'Hear, then, what I have to tell,' said the divine, 'on the faith of a man, a Christian, and, what is more, a servant of our Holy Church; and therefore, though unworthy, an elder and a teacher among Christians. I had taken my post yester evening in the half-furnished apartment wherein hangs a huge mirror, which might have served Goliath of Gath to have admired himself in, when clothed from head to foot in his brazen armour. I the rather chose this place, because they informed me it was the nearest habitable room to the gallery in which they say you had been yourself assailed that evening by the Evil One. Was it so, I pray you?'

'By some one with no good intentions I was assailed in that apartment. So far,' said Colonel Everard, 'you were correctly informed.'

'Well, I chose my post as well as I might, even as a resolved general approaches his camp, and casts up his mound as nearly as he can to the besieged city. And, of a truth, Colonel Everard, if I felt some sensation of bodily fear—for even Elias and the prophets, who commanded the elements, had a portion in our frail nature, much more such a poor sinful being as myself—yet was my hope and my courage high; and I thought of the texts which I might use, not in the wicked sense of periapts, or spells, as the blinded Papists employ them, together with the sign of the cross and other fruitless forms, but as nourishing and supporting that true trust and confidence in the blessed promises, being the true shield of faith wherewith the fiery darts of Satan may be withstood and quenched. And thus armed and prepared, I sat me down to read, at the same time to write, that I might compel my mind to attend to those subjects which became the situation in which I was placed, as preventing any unlicensed excursions of the fancy, and leaving no room for my imagination to brood over idle fears. So I methodised, and wrote down what I thought meet for the time, and peradventure some hungry souls may yet profit by the food which I then prepared.'

'It was wisely and worthily done, good and reverend sir,' replied Colonel Everard; 'I pray you to proceed.'

'While I was thus employed, sir, and had been upon the matter for about three hours, not yielding to weariness, a strange thrilling came over my senses, and the large and old-fashioned apartment seemed to wax larger, more gloomy, and

more cavernous, while the air of the night grew more cold and chill : I know not if it was that the fire began to decay, or whether there cometh before such things as were then about to happen a breath and atmosphere, as it were, of terror, as Job saith in a well-known passage, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made my bones to shake"; and there was a tingling noise in my ears, and a dizziness in my brain, so that I felt like those who call for aid when there is no danger, and was even prompted to flee, when I saw no one to pursue. It was then that something seemed to pass behind me, casting a reflection on the great mirror before which I had placed my writing-table, and which I saw by assistance of the large standing light which was then in front of the glass. And I looked up, and I saw in the glass distinctly the appearance of a man ; as sure as these words issue from my mouth, it was no other than the same Joseph Albany — the companion of my youth — he whom I had seen precipitated down the battlements of Clidestrough Castle into the deep lake below !'

'What did you do ?'

'It suddenly rushed on my mind,' said the divine, 'that the stoical philosopher Athenodorus had eluded the horrors of such a vision by patiently pursuing his studies ; and it shot at the same time across my mind that I, a Christian divine, and a steward of the mysteries, had less reason to fear evil, and better matter on which to employ my thoughts, than was possessed by a heathen, who was blinded even by his own wisdom. So, instead of betraying any alarm, or even turning my head around, I pursued my writing, but with a beating heart, I admit, and with a throbbing hand.'

'If you could write at all,' said the colonel, 'with such an impression on your mind, you may take the head of the English army for dauntless resolution.'

'Our courage is not our own, colonel,' said the divine, 'and not as ours should it be vaunted of. And again, when you speak of this strange vision as an impression on my fancy, and not a reality obvious to my senses, let me tell you once more, your worldly wisdom is but foolishness touching the things that are not worldly.'

'Did you not look again upon the mirror ?' said the colonel.

'I did, when I had copied out the comfortable text, "Thou shalt tread down Satan under thy feet."'

'And what did you then see ?'

'The reflection of the same Joseph Albany,' said Holdenough,

'passing slowly as from behind my chair, the same in member and lineament that I had known him in his youth, excepting that his cheek had the marks of the more advanced age at which he died, and was very pale.'

'What did you then?'

'I turned from the glass, and plainly saw the figure which had made the reflection in the mirror retreating towards the door, not fast, nor slow, but with a gliding, steady pace. It turned again when near the door, and again showed me its pale, ghastly countenance, before it disappeared. But how it left the room, whether by the door or otherwise, my spirits were too much hurried to remark exactly; nor have I been able, by any effort of recollection, distinctly to remember.'

'This is a strange, and, as coming from you, a most excellently well-attested apparition,' answered Everard. 'And yet, Master Holdenough, if the other world has been actually displayed, as you apprehend, and I will not dispute the possibility, assure yourself there are also wicked men concerned in these machinations. I myself have undergone some rencontres with visitants who possessed bodily strength, and wore, I am sure, earthly weapons.'

'Oh! doubtless — doubtless,' replied Master Holdenough: 'Beelzebub loves to charge with horse and foot mingled, as was the fashion of the old Scottish general, Davie Leslie. He has his devils in the body as well as his devils disembodied, and uses the one to support and back the other.'

'It may be as you say, reverend sir,' answered the colonel. 'But what do you advise in this case?'

'For that I must consult with my brethren,' said the divine; 'and if there be but left in our borders five ministers of the true kirk, we will charge Satan in full body, and you shall see whether we have not power over him to resist till he shall flee from us. But failing that ghostly armament against these strange and unearthly enemies, truly I would recommend that, as a house of witchcraft and abomination, this polluted den of ancient tyranny and prostitution should be totally consumed by fire, lest Satan, establishing his headquarters so much to his mind, should find a garrison and a fastness from which he might sally forth to infest the whole neighbourhood. Certain it is, that I would recommend to no Christian soul to inhabit the mansion; and, if deserted, it would become a place for wizards to play their pranks, and witches to establish their Sabbath, and those who, like Demas, go about after the wealth

'And have I not the power to bind and to loose?' said the clergyman.

'It is a power little available, save over those of your own church,' said Everard, with a tone something contemptuous.

'Take heed—take heed,' said the divine, who, though an excellent, was, as we have elsewhere seen, an irritable, man. 'Do not insult me; but think honourably of the messenger, for the sake of Him whose commission he carries. Do not, I say, defy me: I am bound to discharge my duty, were it to the displeasing of my twin brother.'

'I can see nought your office has to do in the matter,' said Colonel Everard; 'and I, on my side, give you warning not to attempt to meddle beyond your commission.'

'Right—you hold me already to be as submissive as one of your grenadiers,' replied the clergyman, his acute features trembling with a sense of indignity, so as even to agitate his grey hair; 'but beware, sir, I am not so powerless as you suppose. I will invoke every true Christian in Woodstock to gird up his loins, and resist the restoration of Prelacy, oppression, and Malignancy within our borders. I will stir up the wrath of the righteous against the oppressor—the Ishmaelite—the Edomite—and against his race, and against those who support him and encourage him to rear up his horn. I will call aloud, and spare not, and arouse the many whose love hath waxed cold, and the multitude who care for none of these things. There shall be a remnant to listen to me; and I will take the stick of Joseph, which was in the hand of Ephraim, and go down to cleanse this place of witches and sorcerers, and of enchantments, and will cry and exhort, saying, "Will you plead for Baal? will you serve him? Nay, take the prophets of Baal; let not a man escape."'

'Master Holdenough—Master Holdenough,' said Colonel Everard, with much impatience, 'by the tale yourself told me, you have exhorted upon that text once too often already.'

The old man struck his palm forcibly against his forehead and fell back into a chair as these words were uttered, as suddenly, and as much without power of resistance, as if the colonel had fired a pistol through his head. Instantly regretting the reproach which he had suffered to escape him in his impatience, Everard hastened to apologise, and to offer every conciliatory excuse, however inconsistent, which occurred to him on the moment. But the old man was too deeply affected; he rejected his hand, lent no ear to what he said, and finally

started up, saying sternly, 'You have abused my confidence, sir — abused it vilely, to turn it into my own reproach; had I been a man of the sword, you dared not. But enjoy your triumph, sir, over an old man, and your father's friend; strike at the wound his imprudent confidence showed you.'

'Nay, my worthy and excellent friend ——' said the colonel.

'Friend!' answered the old man, vehemently. 'We are foes, sir — foes now, and for ever.'

So saying, and starting from the seat into which he had rather fallen than thrown himself, he ran out of the room with a precipitation of step which he was apt to use upon occasions of irritable feeling, and which was certainly more eager than dignified, especially as he muttered while he ran, and seemed as if he were keeping up his own passion by recounting over and over the offence which he had received.

'Soh!' said Colonel Everard, 'and there was not strife enough between mine uncle and the people of Woodstock already, but I must needs increase it, by chafing this irritable and quick-tempered old man, eager as I knew him to be in his ideas of church-government, and stiff in his prejudices respecting all who dissent from him! The mob of Woodstock will rise; for though he would not get a score of them to stand by him in any honest or intelligible purpose, yet let him cry "havoc and destruction," and I will warrant he has followers enow. And my uncle is equally wild and unpersuadable. For the value of all the estate he ever had, he would not allow a score of troopers to be quartered in the house for defence; and if he be alone, or has but Joceline to stand by him, he will be as sure to fire upon those who come to attack the lodge as if he had a hundred men in garrison; and then what can chance but danger and bloodshed?'

This progress of melancholy anticipation was interrupted by the return of Master Holdenough, who, hurrying into the room with the same precipitate pace at which he had left it, ran straight up to the colonel, and said, 'Take my hand, Markham — take my hand hastily; for the old Adam is whispering at my heart that it is a disgrace to hold it extended so long.'

'Most heartily do I receive your hand, my venerable friend,' said Everard, 'and I trust in sign of renewed amity.'

'Surely — surely,' said the divine, shaking his hand kindly; 'thou hast, it is true, spoken bitterly, but thou hast spoken truth in good time, and I think, though your words were severe, with a good and kindly purpose. Verily, and of a

truth, it were sinful in me again to be hasty in provoking violence, remembering that which you have upbraided me with——

‘Forgive me, good Master Holdenough,’ said Colonel Everard, ‘it was a hasty word: I meant not in serious earnest to upbraid.’

‘Peace, I pray you — peace,’ said the divine; ‘I say, the allusion to that which you have *most justly* upbraided me with — though the charge aroused the gall of the old man within me, the inward tempter being ever on the watch to bring us to his lure — ought, instead of being resented, to have been acknowledged by me as a favour, for so are the wounds of a friend termed faithful. And surely I, who have by one unhappy exhortation to battle and strife sent the living to the dead, and, I fear, brought back even the dead among the living, should now study peace and goodwill, and reconciliation of difference, leaving punishment to the Great Being whose laws are broken, and vengeance to Him who hath said, “I will repay it.”’

The old man’s mortified features lighted up with a humble confidence as he made this acknowledgment; and Colonel Everard, who knew the constitutional infirmities and the early prejudices of professional consequence and exclusive party opinion which he must have subdued ere arriving at such a tone of candour, hastened to express his admiration of his Christian charity, mingled with reproaches on himself for having so deeply injured his feelings.

‘Think not of it — think not of it, excellent young man,’ said Holdenough; ‘we have both erred — I in suffering my zeal to outrun my charity; you, perhaps, in pressing hard on an old and peevish man, who had so lately poured out his sufferings into your friendly bosom. Be it all forgotten. Let your friends, if they are not deterred by what has happened at this manor of Woodstock, resume their habitation as soon as they will. If they can protect themselves against the powers of the air, believe me that, if I can prevent it by aught in my power, they shall have no annoyance from earthly neighbours; and assure yourself, good sir, that my voice is still worth something with the worthy mayor, and the good aldermen, and the better sort of housekeepers up yonder in the town, although the lower classes are blown about with every wind of doctrine. And yet farther, be assured, colonel, that, should your mother’s brother, or any of his family, learn that they have taken up a rash

bargain in returning to this unhappy and unhallowed house, or should they find any qualms in their own hearts and consciences which require a ghostly comforter, Nehemiah Hold-enough will be as much at their command by night or day as if they had been bred up within the holy pale of the church in which he is an unworthy minister; and neither the awe of what is fearful to be seen within these walls, nor his knowledge of their blinded and carnal state, as bred up under a prelate dispensation, shall prevent him doing what lies in his poor abilities for their protection and edification.'

'I feel all the force of your kindness, reverend sir,' said Colonel Everard, 'but I do not think it likely that my uncle will give you trouble on either score. He is a man much accustomed to be his own protector in temporal danger, and in spiritual doubts to trust to his own prayers and those of his church.'

'I trust I have not been superfluous in offering mine assistance,' said the old man, something jealous that his proffered spiritual aid had been held rather intrusive. 'I ask pardon if that is the case—I humbly ask pardon; I would not willingly be superfluous.'

The colonel hastened to appease this new alarm of the watchful jealousy of his consequence, which, joined with a natural heat of temper which he could not always subdue, were the good man's only faults.

They had regained their former friendly footing, when Roger Wildrake returned from the hut of Joceline, and whispered his master that his embassy had been successful. The colonel then addressed the divine, and informed him that, as the Commissioners had already given up Woodstock, and as his uncle, Sir Henry Lee, proposed to return to the lodge about noon, he would, if his reverence pleased, attend him up to the borough.

'Will you not tarry,' said the reverend man, with something like inquisitive apprehension in his voice, 'to welcome your relatives upon their return to this their house?'

'No, my good friend,' said Colonel Everard; 'the part which I have taken in these unhappy broils, perhaps also the mode of worship in which I have been educated, have so prejudiced me in mine uncle's opinion, that I must be for some time a stranger to his house and family.'

'Indeed! I rejoice to hear it, with all my heart and soul,' said the divine. 'Excuse my frankness—I do indeed rejoice; I had thought—no matter what I had thought, I would not

again give offence. But truly, though the maiden hath a pleasant feature, and he, as all men say, is in human things unexceptionable, yet — but I give you pain — in sooth, I will say no more unless you ask my sincere and unprejudiced advice, which you shall command, but which I will not press on you superfluously. Wend we to the borough together ; the pleasant solitude of the forest may dispose us to open our hearts to each other.'

They did walk up to the little town in company, and, somewhat to Master Holdenough's surprise, the colonel, though they talked on various subjects, did not request of him any ghostly advice on the subject of his love to his fair cousin, while, greatly beyond the expectation of the soldier, the clergyman kept his word, and, in his own phrase, was not so superfluous as to offer upon so delicate a point his unasked counsel.

CHAPTER XVIII

Then are the harpies gone. Yet ere we perch
Where such foul birds have roosted, let us cleanse
The foul obscenity they 've left behind them.

Agamemnon.

THE embassy of Wildrake had been successful, chiefly through the mediation of the Episcopal divine, whom we formerly found acting in the character of a chaplain to the family, and whose voice had great influence on many accounts with its master.

A little before high noon, Sir Henry Lee, with his small household, were again in unchallenged possession of their old apartments at the lodge of Woodstock; and the combined exertions of Joceline Joliffe, of Phoebe, and of old Joan were employed in putting to rights what the late intruders had left in great disorder.

Sir Henry Lee had, like all persons of quality of that period, a love of order amounting to precision, and felt, like a fine lady whose dress has been disordered in a crowd, insulted and humiliated by the rude confusion into which his household goods had been thrown, and impatient till his mansion was purified from all marks of intrusion. In his anger he uttered more orders than the limited number of his domestics were likely to find time or hands to execute. 'The villains have left such sulphureous steams behind them, too,' said the old knight, 'as if old Davie Leslie and the whole Scottish army had quartered among them.'

'It may be near as bad,' said Joceline, 'for men say, for certain, it was the Devil came down bodily among them and made them troop off.'

'Then,' said the knight, 'is the Prince of Darkness a gentleman, as old Will Shakspeare says. He never interferes with those of his own coat, for the Lees have been here, father and son, these five hundred years, without disquiet; and no sooner

came these misbegotten churls than he plays his own part among them.'

'Well, one thing he and they have left us,' said Joliffe, 'which we may thank them for; and that is, such a well-filled larder and buttery as has been seldom seen in Woodstock Lodge this many a day — carcasses of mutton, large rounds of beef, barrels of confectioners' ware, pipes and runlets of sack, muscadine, ale, and what not. We shall have a royal time on't through half the winter; and Joan must get to salting and pickling presently.'

'Out, villain!' said the knight; 'are we to feed on the fragments of such scum of the earth as these? Cast them forth instantly. Nay,' checking himself, 'that were a sin; but give them to the poor, or see them sent to the owners. And, harkye, I will none of their strong liquors. I would rather drink like a hermit all my life than seem to pledge such scoundrels as these in their leavings, like a miserable drawer, who drains off the ends of the bottles after the guests have paid their reckoning and gone off. And, harkye, I will taste no water from the cistern out of which these slaves have been serving themselves; fetch me down a pitcher from Rosamond's spring.'

Alice heard this injunction, and well guessing there was enough for the other members of the family to do, she quietly took a small pitcher, and, flinging a cloak around her, walked out in person to procure Sir Henry the water which he desired. Meantime, Joceline said, with some hesitation, 'that a man still remained, belonging to the party of these strangers, who was directing about the removal of some trunks and mails which belonged to the Commissioners, and who could receive his honour's commands about the provisions.'

'Let him come hither.' The dialogue was held in the hall. 'Why do you hesitate and drumble in that manner?'

'Only, sir,' said Joceline — 'only perhaps your honour might not wish to see him, being the same who, not long since——' He paused.

'Sent my rapier a-hawking through the firmament, thou wouldst say? Why, when did I take spleen at a man for standing his ground against me? Roundhead as he is, man, I like him the better of that, not the worse. I hunger and thirst to have another turn with him. I have thought on his passado ever since, and I believe, were it to try again, I know a feat would control it. Fetch him directly.'

Trusty Tomkins was presently ushered in, bearing himself

with an iron gravity which neither the terrors of the preceding night nor the dignified demeanour of the high-born personage before whom he stood were able for an instant to overcome.

'How now, good fellow?' said Sir Henry; 'I would fain see something more of thy fence, which baffled me the other evening; but truly, I think the light was somewhat too faint for my old eyes. Take a foil, man — I walk here in the hall, as Hamlet says, and 't is the breathing-time of day with me — take a foil, then, in thy hand.'

'Since it is your worship's desire,' said the steward, letting fall his long cloak, and taking the foil in his hand.

'Now,' said the knight, 'if your fitness speaks, mine is ready. Methinks the very stepping on this same old pavement hath charmed away the gout which threatened me. Sa — sa — I tread as firm as a game-cock!'

They began the play with great spirit; and whether the old knight really fought more coolly with the blunt than with the sharp weapon, or whether the steward gave him some grains of advantage in this merely sportive encounter, it is certain Sir Henry had the better in the assault. His success put him into excellent humour.

'There,' said he, 'I found your trick — nay, you cheat me not twice the same way. There was a very palpable hit. Why, had I had but light enough the other night — But it skills not speaking of it. Here we leave off. I must not fight, as we unwise Cavaliers did with you Roundhead rascals, beating you so often that we taught you to beat us at last. And good now, tell me why you are leaving your larder so full here? Do you think I or my family can use broken victuals? What, have you no better employment for your rounds of sequestered beef than to leave them behind you when you shift your quarters?'

'So please your honour,' said Tomkins, 'it may be that you desire not the flesh of beeves, of rams, or of goats. Nevertheless, when you know that the provisions were provided and paid for out of your own rents and stock at Ditchley, sequestered to the use of the state more than a year since, it may be you will have less scruple to use them for your own behoof.'

'Rest assured that I shall,' said Sir Henry; 'and glad you have helped me to a share of mine own. Certainly I was an ass to suspect your masters of subsisting, save at honest men's expense.'

'And as for the rumps of beeves,' continued Tomkins, with

the same solemnity, 'there is a rump at Westminster which will stand us of the army much hacking and hewing yet ere it is discussed to our mind.'

Sir Henry paused, as if to consider what was the meaning of this innuendo; for he was not a person of very quick apprehension. But having at length caught the meaning of it, he burst into an explosion of louder laughter than Joceline had seen him indulge in for a good while.

'Right, knave,' he said, 'I taste thy jest. It is the very moral of the puppet-show. Faustus raised the Devil, as the Parliament raised the army; and then, as the Devil flies away with Faustus, so will the army fly away with the Parliament — or the rump, as thou call'st it, or sitting part of the so-called Parliament. And then, look you, friend, the very Devil of all hath my willing consent to fly away with the army in its turn, from the highest general down to the lowest drum-boy. Nay, never look fierce for the matter; remember there is daylight enough now for a game at sharps.'

Trusty Tomkins appeared to think it best to suppress his displeasure; and observing that the wains were ready to transport the Commissioners' property to the borough, took a grave leave of Sir Henry Lee.

Meantime the old man continued to pace his recovered hall, rubbing his hands, and evincing greater signs of glee than he had shown since the fatal Thirtieth of January.

'Here we are again in the old frank, Joliffe — well victualled too. How the knave solved my point of conscience! The dullest of them is a special casuist where the question concerns profit. Look out if there are not some of our own ragged regiment lurking about, to whom a bellyful would be a godsend, Joceline. Then his fence, Joceline! though the fellow foins well — very sufficient well. But thou saw'st how I dealt with him when I had fitting light, Joceline?'

'Ay, and so your honour did,' said Joceline. 'You taught him to know the Duke of Norfolk from Saunders Gardner. I'll warrant him he will not wish to come under your honour's thumb again.'

'Why, I am waxing old,' said Sir Henry; 'but skill will not rust through age, though sinews must stiffen. But my age is like a lusty winter, as old Will says — frosty but kindly. And what if, old as we are, we live to see better days yet! I promise thee, Joceline, I love this jarring betwixt the rogues of the board and the rogues of the sword. When thieves quarrel, true men have a chance of coming by their own.'

Thus triumphed the old Cavalier, in the treble glory of having recovered his dwelling, regained, as he thought, his character as a man of fence, and finally discovered some prospect of a change of times, in which he was not without hopes that something might turn up for the Royal interest.

Meanwhile, Alice, with a prouder and a lighter heart than had danced in her bosom for several days, went forth with a gaiety to which she of late had been a stranger, to contribute her assistance to the regulation and supply of the household, by bringing the fresh water wanted from Fair Rosamond's Well.

Perhaps she remembered that, when she was but a girl, her cousin Markham used, among others, to make her perform that duty, as presenting the character of some captive Trojan princess, condemned by her situation to draw the waters from some Grecian spring, for the use of the proud victor. At any rate, she certainly joyed to see her father reinstated in his ancient habitation; and the joy was not the less sincere, that she knew their return to Woodstock had been procured by means of her cousin, and that, even in her father's prejudiced eyes, Everard had been in some degree exculpated of the accusations the old knight had brought against him; and that, if a reconciliation had not yet taken place, the preliminaries had been established on which such a desirable conclusion might easily be founded. It was like the commencement of a bridge: when the foundation is securely laid, and the piers raised above the influence of the torrent, the throwing of the arches may be accomplished in a subsequent season.

The doubtful fate of her only brother might have clouded even this momentary gleam of sunshine; but Alice had been bred up during the close and frequent contests of civil war, and had acquired the habit of hoping in behalf of those dear to her until hope was lost. In the present case, all reports seemed to assure her of her brother's safety.

Besides these causes for gaiety, Alice Lee had the pleasing feeling that she was restored to the habitation and the haunts of her childhood, from which she had not departed without much pain, the more felt, perhaps, because suppressed, in order to avoid irritating her father's sense of his misfortune. Finally, she enjoyed for the instant the gleam of self-satisfaction by which we see the young and well-disposed so often animated, when they can be, in common phrase, helpful to those whom they love, and perform at the moment of need some of those

little domestic tasks which age receives with so much pleasure from the dutiful hands of youth. So that, altogether, as she hasted through the remains and vestiges of a wilderness already mentioned, and from thence about a bow-shot into the park, to bring a pitcher of water from Rosamond's spring, Alice Lee, her features enlivened and her complexion a little raised by the exercise, had, for the moment, regained the gay and brilliant vivacity of expression which had been the characteristic of her beauty in her earlier and happier days.

This fountain of old memory had been once adorned with architectural ornaments in the style of the 16th century, chiefly relating to ancient mythology. All these were now wasted and overthrown, and existed only as moss-covered ruins, while the living spring continued to furnish its daily treasures, unrivalled in purity, though the quantity was small, gushing out amid disjointed stones, and bubbling through fragments of ancient sculpture.

With a light step and laughing brow the young Lady of Lee was approaching the fountain usually so solitary, when she paused on beholding some one seated beside it. She proceeded, however, with confidence, though with a step something less gay, when she observed that the person was a female: some menial, perhaps, from the town, whom a fanciful mistress occasionally despatched for the water of a spring supposed to be peculiarly pure, or some aged woman, who made a little trade by carrying it to the better sort of families, and selling it for a trifle. There was no cause, therefore, for apprehension.

Yet the terrors of the times were so great, that Alice did not see a stranger even of her own sex without some apprehension. Denaturalised women had as usual followed the camps of both armies during the Civil War, who, on the one side with open profligacy and profanity, on the other with the fraudulent tone of fanaticism or hypocrisy, exercised nearly in like degree their talents for murder or plunder. But it was broad daylight, the distance from the lodge was but trifling, and though a little alarmed at seeing a stranger where she expected deep solitude, the daughter of the haughty old knight had too much of the lion about her to fear without some determined and decided cause.

Alice walked, therefore, gravely on towards the fount, and composed her looks as she took a hasty glance of the female who was seated there, and addressed herself to her task of filling her pitcher.

The woman whose presence had surprised and somewhat

startled Alice Lee was a person of the lower rank, whose red cloak, russet kirtle, handkerchief trimmed with Coventry blue, and a coarse steeple hat, could not indicate at best anything higher than the wife of a small farmer, or, perhaps, the help-mate of a bailiff or hind. It was well if she proved nothing worse. Her clothes, indeed, were of good materials; but, what the female eye discerns with half a glance, they were indifferently adjusted and put on. This looked as if they did not belong to the person by whom they were worn, but were articles of which she had become the mistress by some accident, if not by some successful robbery. Her size, too, as did not escape Alice, even in the short perusal she afforded the stranger, was unusual, her features swarthy and singularly harsh, and her manner altogether unpropitious. The young lady almost wished, as she stooped to fill her pitcher, that she had rather turned back and sent Joceline on the errand; but repentance was too late now, and she had only to disguise as well as she could her unpleasant feelings.

'The blessings of this bright day to one as bright as it is!' said the stranger, with no unfriendly, though a harsh, voice.

'I thank you,' said Alice in reply; and continued to fill her pitcher busily, by assistance of an iron bowl which remained still chained to one of the stones beside the fountain.

'Perhaps, my pretty maiden, if you would accept my help, your work would be sooner done,' said the stranger.

'I thank you,' said Alice; 'but had I needed assistance, I could have brought those with me who had rendered it.'

'I do not doubt of that, my pretty maiden,' answered the female; 'there are too many lads in Woodstock with eyes in their heads. No doubt you could have brought with you any one of them who looked on you, if you had listed?'

Alice replied not a syllable, for she did not like the freedom used by the speaker, and was desirous to break off the conversation.

'Are you offended, my pretty mistress?' said the stranger. 'That was far from my purpose. I will put my question otherwise. Are the good dames of Woodstock so careless of their pretty daughters as to let the flower of them all wander about the wild chase without a mother, or a somebody to prevent the fox from running away with the lamb? That carelessness, methinks, shows small kindness.'

'Content yourself, good woman, I am not far from protection

and assistance,' said Alice, who liked less and less the effrontery of her new acquaintance.

'Alas! my pretty maiden,' said the stranger, patting with her large and hard hand the head which Alice had kept bended down towards the water which she was laving, 'it would be difficult to hear such a pipe as yours at the town of Woodstock, scream as loud as you would.'

Alice shook the woman's hand angrily off, took up her pitcher, though not above half full, and, as she saw the stranger rise at the same time, said, not without fear doubtless, but with a natural feeling of resentment and dignity, 'I have no reason to make my cries heard as far as Woodstock; were there occasion for my crying for help at all, it is nearer at hand.'

She spoke not without a warrant; for, at the moment, broke through the bushes and stood by her side the noble hound Bevis, fixing on the stranger his eyes that glanced fire, raising every hair on his gallant mane as upright as the bristles of a wild boar when hard pressed, grinning till a case of teeth, which would have matched those of any wolf in Russia, were displayed in full array, and, without either barking or springing, seeming, by his low determined growl, to await but the signal for dashing at the female, whom he plainly considered as a suspicious person.

But the stranger was undaunted. 'My pretty maiden,' she said, 'you have indeed a formidable guardian there, where cockneys or bumpkins are concerned; but we who have been at the wars know spells for taming such furious dragons; and therefore let not your four-footed protector go loose on me, for he is a noble animal, and nothing but self-defence would induce me to do him injury.' So saying, she drew a pistol from her bosom and cocked it, pointing it towards the dog, as if apprehensive that he would spring upon her.

'Hold, woman — hold!' said Alice Lee; 'the dog will not do you harm. Down, Bevis — couch down. And ere you attempt to hurt him, know he is the favourite hound of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, the keeper of Woodstock Park, who would severely revenge any injury offered to him.'

'And you, pretty one, are [the old knight's housekeeper, doubtless? I have often heard the Lees have good taste.'

'I am his daughter, good woman.'

'His daughter! I was blind; but yet it is true, nothing less perfect could answer the description which all the world has given of Mistress Alice Lee. I trust that my folly has

given my young mistress no offence, and that she will allow me, in token of reconciliation, to fill her pitcher and carry it as far as she will permit.'

'As you will, good mother; but I am about to return instantly to the lodge, to which, in these times, I cannot admit strangers. You can follow me no farther than the verge of the wilderness, and I am already too long from home: I will send some one to meet and relieve you of the pitcher.' So saying, she turned her back, with a feeling of terror which she could hardly account for, and began to walk quickly towards the lodge, thinking thus to get rid of her troublesome acquaintance.

But she reckoned without her host; for in a moment her new companion was by her side, not running, indeed, but walking with prodigious, long, unwomanly strides, which soon brought her up with the hurried and timid steps of the frightened maiden. But her manner was more respectful than formerly, though her voice sounded remarkably harsh and disagreeable, and her whole appearance suggested an undefined yet irresistible feeling of apprehension.

'Pardon a stranger, lovely Mistress Alice,' said her persecutor, 'that was not capable of distinguishing between a lady of your high quality and a peasant wench, and who spoke to you with a degree of freedom ill befitting your rank, certainly, and condition, and which, I fear, has given you offence.'

'No offence whatever,' replied Alice; 'but, good woman, I am near home, and can excuse your farther company. You are unknown to me.'

'But it follows not,' said the stranger, 'that *your* fortunes may not be known to *me*, fair Mistress Alice. Look on my swarthy brow; England breeds none such, and in the lands from which I come the sun, which blackens our complexion, pours, to make amends, rays of knowledge into our brains which are denied to those of your lukewarm climate. Let me look upon your pretty hand (attempting to possess herself of it), and I promise you you shall hear what will please you.'

'I hear what does *not* please me,' said Alice, with dignity; 'you must carry your tricks of fortune-telling and palmistry to the women of the village. We of the gentry hold them to be either imposture or unlawful knowledge.'

'Yet you would fain hear of a certain colonel, I warrant you, whom certain unhappy circumstances have separated from his family; you would give better than silver if I could assure

you that you would see him in a day or two — ay, perhaps sooner.'

'I know nothing of what you speak, good woman; if you want alms, there is a piece of silver, it is all I have in my purse.'

'It were pity that I should take it,' said the female; 'and yet give it me, for the princess in the fairy tale must ever deserve, by her generosity, the bounty of the benevolent fairy, before she is rewarded by her protection.'

'Take it — take it; give me my pitcher,' said Alice, 'and begone; yonder comes one of my father's servants. What, ho! Joceline — Joceline!'

The old fortune-teller hastily dropped something into the pitcher as she restored it to Alice Lee, and, plying her long limbs, disappeared speedily under cover of the wood.

Bevis turned, and backed, and showed some inclination to harass the retreat of this suspicious person, yet, as if uncertain, ran towards Joliffe, and fawned on him, as to demand his advice and encouragement. Joceline pacified the animal, and coming up to his young lady, asked her, with surprise, what was the matter, and whether she had been frightened? Alice made light of her alarm, for which, indeed, she could not have assigned any very competent reason, for the manners of the woman, though bold and intrusive, were not menacing. She only said she had met a fortune-teller by Rosamond's Well, and had had some difficulty in shaking her off.

'Ah, the gipsy thief,' said Joceline, 'how well she scented there was food in the pantry! They have noses like ravens, these strollers. Look you, Mistress Alice, you shall not see a raven or a carrion-crow in all the blue sky for a mile round you; but let a sheep drop suddenly down on the greensward, and before the poor creature's dead you shall see a dozen of such guests croaking, as if inviting each other to the banquet. Just so it is with these sturdy beggars. You will see few enough of them when there's nothing to give, but when hough's in the pot, they will have share on 't.'

'You are so proud of your fresh supply of provender,' said Alice, 'that you suspect all of a design on 't. I do not think this woman will venture near your kitchen, Joceline.'

'It will be best for her health,' said Joceline, 'lest I give her a ducking for digestion. But give me the pitcher, Mistress Alice, meeter I bear it than you. How now! what jingles at the bottom? Have you lifted the pebbles as well as the water?'

'I think the woman dropped something into the pitcher,' said Alice.

'Nay, we must look to that, for it is like to be a charm, and we have enough of the Devil's ware about Woodstock already; we will not spare for the water—I can run back and fill the pitcher.' He poured out the water upon the grass, and at the bottom of the pitcher was found a gold ring, in which was set a ruby, apparently of some value.

'Nay, if this be not enchantment, I know not what is,' said Joceline. 'Truly, Mistress Alice, I think you had better throw away this gimcrack. Such gifts from such hands are a kind of press-money which the Devil uses for enlisting his regiment of witches; and if they take but so much as a bean from him, they become his bond slaves for life. Ay, you look at the gew-gaw, but to-morrow you will find a lead ring and a common pebble in its stead.'

'Nay, Joceline, I think it will be better to find out that dark-complexioned woman, and return to her what seems of some value. So, cause inquiry to be made, and be sure you return her ring. It seems too valuable to be destroyed.'

'Umph! that is always the way with women,' murmured Joceline. 'You will never get the best of them, but she is willing to save a bit of finery. Well, Mistress Alice, I trust that you are too young and too pretty to be enlisted in a regiment of witches.'

'I shall not be afraid of it till you turn conjurer,' said Alice; 'so hasten to the well, where you are like still to find the woman, and let her know that Alice Lee desires none of her gifts, any more than she did of her society.'

So saying, the young lady pursued her way to the lodge, while Joceline went down to Rosamond's Well to execute her commission. But the fortune-teller, or whoever she might be, was nowhere to be found; neither, finding that to be the case, did Joceline give himself much trouble in tracking her farther.

'If this ring, which I daresay the jade stole somewhere,' said the under-keeper to himself, 'be worth a few nobles, it is better in honest hands than in those of vagabonds. My master has a right to all waifs and strays, and certainly such a ring, in possession of a gipsy, must be a waif. So I shall confiscate it without scruple, and apply the produce to the support of Sir Henry's household, which is like to be poor enough. Thank Heaven, my military experience has taught me how to carry

hooks at my finger-ends — that is trooper's law. Yet, hang it, after all, I had best take it to Mark Everard and ask his advice. I hold him now to be your learned counsellor in law where Mistress Alice's affairs are concerned, and my learned doctor, who shall be nameless, for such as concern church and state and Sir Henry Lee. And I'll give them leave to give mine umbles to the kites and ravens if they find me conferring my confidence where it is not safe.'

CHAPTER XIX

Being skillless in these parts, which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable.

Twelfth Night.

THERE was a little attempt at preparation, now that the dinner-hour was arrived, which showed that, in the opinion of his few but faithful domestics, the good knight had returned in triumph to his home.

The great tankard, exhibiting in bas-relief the figure of Michael subduing the arch enemy, was placed on the table, and Joceline and Phœbe dutifully attended — the one behind the chair of Sir Henry, the other to wait upon her young mistress, and both to make out, by formal and regular observance, the want of a more numerous train.

‘A health to King Charles!’ said the old knight, handing the massive tankard to his daughter; ‘drink it, my love, though it be rebel ale which they have left us. I will pledge thee; for the toast will excuse the liquor, had Noll himself brewed it.’

The young lady touched the goblet with her lip, and returned it to her father, who took a copious draught.

‘I will not say blessing on their hearts,’ said he; ‘though I must own they drank good ale.’

‘No wonder, sir; they come lightly by the malt, and need not spare it,’ said Joceline.

‘Say’st thou?’ said the knight; ‘thou shalt finish the tankard thyself for that very jest’s sake.’ Nor was his follower slow in doing reason to the Royal pledge. He bowed, and replaced the tankard, saying, after a triumphant glance at the sculpture, ‘I had a gibe with that same redcoat about the St. Michael just now.’

‘Redcoat — ha! what redcoat?’ said the hasty old man. ‘Do any of these knaves still lurk about Woodstock? Quoit

him downstairs instantly, Joceline. Know we not Galloway nags?’

‘So please you, he is in some charge here, and will speedily be gone. It is he — he who had a rencontre with your honour in the wood.’

‘Ay, but I paid him off for it in the hall, as you yourself saw. I was never in better fence in my life, Joceline. That same steward fellow is not so utterly black-hearted a rogue as the most of them, Joceline. He fences well — excellent well. I will have thee try a bout in the hall with him to-morrow, though I think he will be too hard for thee. I know thy strength to an inch.’

He might say this with some truth; for it was Joceline’s fashion, when called on, as sometimes happened, to fence with his patron, just to put forth as much of his strength and skill as obliged the knight to contend hard for the victory, which, in the long-run, he always contrived to yield up to him, like a discreet serving-man.

‘And what said this Roundheaded steward of our great St. Michael’s standing-cup?’

‘Marry, he scoffed at our good saint, and said he was little better than one of the golden calves of Bethel. But I told him he should not talk so, until one of their own Roundheaded saints had given the Devil as complete a cross-buttock as St. Michael had given him, as ’tis carved upon the cup there. I trow that made him silent enough. And then he would know whether your honour and Mistress Alice, not to mention old Joan and myself, since it is your honour’s pleasure I should take my bed here, were not afraid to sleep in a house that had been so much disturbed. But I told him we feared no fiends or goblins, having the prayers of the church read every evening.’

‘Joceline,’ said Alice, interrupting him, ‘wert thou mad? You know at what risk to ourselves and the good doctor the performance of that duty takes place.’

‘Oh, Mistress Alice,’ said Joceline, a little abashed, ‘you may be sure I spoke not a word of the Doctor. No — no, I did not let him into the secret that we had such a reverend chaplain. I think I know the length of this man’s foot. We have had a jollification or so together. He is hand and glove with me, for as great a fanatic as he is.’

‘Trust him not too far,’ said the knight. ‘Nay, I fear thou hast been imprudent already, and that it will be unsafe for the good man to come here after nightfall, as is proposed. These

Independents have noses like bloodhounds, and can smell out a loyalist under any disguise.'

'If your honour thinks so,' said Joceline, 'I'll watch for the Doctor with good-will, and bring him into the lodge by the old condemned postern, and so up to this apartment; and sure this man Tomkins would never presume to come hither; and the Doctor may have a bed in Woodstock Lodge, and he never the wiser; or, if your honour does not think that safe, I can cut his throat for you, and I would not mind it a pin.'

'God forbid!' said the knight. 'He is under our roof, and a guest, though not an invited one. Go, Joceline; it shall be thy penance, for having given thy tongue too much license, to watch for the good doctor, and to take care of his safety while he continues with us. An October night or two in the forest would finish the good man.'

'He is more like to finish our October than our October is to finish him,' said the keeper; and withdrew under the encouraging smile of his patron.

He whistled Bevis along with him to share in his watch; and having received exact information where the clergyman was most likely to be found, assured his master that he would give the most pointed attention to his safety.

When the attendants had withdrawn, having previously removed the remains of the meal, the old knight, leaning back in his chair, encouraged pleasanter visions than had of late passed through his imagination, until by degrees he was surprised by actual slumber; while his daughter, not venturing to move but on tiptoe, took some needlework, and, bringing it close by the old man's side, employed her fingers on this task, bending her eyes from time to time on her parent with the affectionate zeal, if not the effective power, of a guardian angel. At length, as the light faded away and night came on, she was about to order candles to be brought. But, remembering how indifferent a couch Joceline's cottage had afforded, she could not think of interrupting the first sound and refreshing sleep which her father had enjoyed, in all probability, for the last two nights and days.

She herself had no other amusement, as she sat facing one of the great oriel windows, the same by which Wildrake had on a former occasion looked in upon Tomkins and Joceline while at their computations, than watching the clouds, which a lazy wind sometimes chased from the broad disk of the harvest-moon, sometimes permitted to accumulate and exclude her brightness.

There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is 'wading,' as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny.

As some such reflections, perhaps, were passing through Alice's imagination, she became sensible, to her surprise and alarm, that some one had clambered up upon the window, and was looking into the room. The idea of supernatural fear did not in the slightest degree agitate Alice. She was too much accustomed to the place and situation; for folk do not see spectres in the scenes with which they have been familiar from infancy. But danger from marauders in a disturbed country was a more formidable subject of apprehension, and the thought armed Alice, who was naturally high-spirited, with such desperate courage, that she snatched a pistol from the wall, on which some firearms hung, and while she screamed to her father to awake, had the presence of mind to present it at the intruder. She did so the more readily, because she imagined she recognised in the visage, which she partially saw, the features of the woman whom she had met with at Rosamond's Well, and which had appeared to her peculiarly harsh and suspicious. Her father at the same time seized his sword and came forward, while the person at the window, alarmed at these demonstrations, and endeavouring to descend, missed footing, as had Cavaliero Wildrake before, and went down to the earth with no small noise. Nor was the reception on the bosom of our common mother either soft or safe; for, by a most terrific bark and growl, they heard that Bevis had come up and seized on the party, ere he or she could gain their feet.

'Hold fast, but worry not,' said the old knight. 'Alice, thou art the queen of wenches! Stand fast here till I run down and secure the rascal.'

'For God's sake, no, my dearest father!' Alice exclaimed. 'Joceline will be up immediately. Hark! I hear him.'

There was indeed a bustle below, and more than one light danced to and fro in confusion, while those who bore them called to each other, yet suppressing their voices as they spoke, as men who would only be heard by those they addressed.

The individual who had fallen under the power of Bevis was most impatient in his situation, and called with least precaution — 'Here, Lee — Forester — take the dog off, else I must shoot him !'

'If thou dost,' said Sir Henry from the window, 'I blow thy brains out on the spot. Thieves, Joceline — thieves ! come up and secure this ruffian. Bevis, hold on !'

'Back, Bevis — down, sir,' cried Joceline. 'I am coming — I am coming, Sir Henry. St. Michael, I shall go distracted !'

A terrible thought suddenly occurred to Alice : could Joceline have become unfaithful, that he was calling Bevis off the villain, instead of encouraging the trusty dog to secure him ? Her father, meantime, moved perhaps by some suspicion of the same kind, hastily stepped aside out of the moonlight, and pulled Alice close to him, so as to be invisible from without, yet so placed as to hear what should pass. The scuffle between Bevis and his prisoner seemed to be ended by Joceline's interference, and there was close whispering for an instant, as of people in consultation.

'All is quiet now,' said one voice ; 'I will up and prepare the way for you.' And immediately a form presented itself on the outside of the window, pushed open the lattice, and sprung into the parlour. But almost ere his step was upon the floor, certainly before he had obtained any secure footing, the old knight, who stood ready with his rapier drawn, made a desperate pass, which bore the intruder to the ground. Joceline, who clambered up next with a dark lantern in his hand, uttered a dreadful exclamation when he saw what had happened, crying out, 'Lord in Heaven, he has slain his own son !'

'No — no — I tell you no,' said the fallen young man, who was indeed young Albert Lee, the only son of the old knight. 'I am not hurt. No noise, on your lives ; get lights instantly.' At the same time, he started from the floor as quickly as he could, under the embarrassment of a cloak and doublet skewered as it were together by the rapier of the old knight, whose pass, most fortunately, had been diverted from the body of Albert by the interruption of his cloak, the blade passing right across his back, piercing the clothes, while the hilt coming against his side with the whole force of the lounge had borne him to the ground.

Joceline all the while enjoined silence to every one, under the strictest conjurations. 'Silence, as you would long live on earth — silence, as you would have a place in Heaven — be but silent for a few minutes ; all our lives depend on it.'

Meantime he procured lights with inexpressible despatch, and they then beheld that Sir Henry, on hearing the fatal words, had sunk back on one of the large chairs, without either motion, colour, or sign of life.

'Oh, brother, how could you come in this manner?' said Alice.

'Ask no questions. Good God! for what am I reserved?' He gazed on his father as he spoke, who, with clay-cold features rigidly fixed, and his arms extended in the most absolute helplessness, looked rather the image of death upon a monument than a being in whom existence was only suspended. 'Was my life spared,' said Albert, raising his hands with a wild gesture to Heaven, 'only to witness such a sight as this?'

'We suffer what Heaven permits, young man — we endure our lives while Heaven continues them. Let me approach.' The same clergyman who had read the prayers at Joceline's hut now came forward. 'Get water,' he said, 'instantly.' And the helpful hand and light foot of Alice, with the ready-witted tenderness which never stagnates in vain lamentations while there is any room for hope, provided with incredible celerity all that the clergyman called for.

'It is but a swoon,' he said, on feeling Sir Henry's palm — 'a swoon produced from the instant and unexpected shock. Rouse thee up, Albert; I promise thee it will be nothing save a syncope. A cup, my dearest Alice, and a riband, or a bandage — I must take some blood — some aromatics, too, if they can be had, my good Alice.'

But while Alice procured the cup and bandage, stripped her father's sleeve, and seemed by intuition even to anticipate every direction of the reverend doctor, her brother, hearing no word and seeing no sign of comfort, stood with both hands clasped and elevated into the air, a monument of speechless despair. Every feature in his face seemed to express the thought, 'Here lies my father's corpse, and it is I whose rashness has slain him!'

But when a few drops of blood began to follow the lancet; at first falling singly, and then trickling in a freer stream; when, in consequence of the application of cold water to the temples, and aromatics to the nostrils, the old man sighed feebly, and made an effort to move his limbs, Albert Lee changed his posture, at once to throw himself at the feet of the clergyman and kiss, if he would have permitted him, his shoes and the hem of his raiment.

'Rise, foolish youth,' said the good man, with a reproving

tone; 'must it be always thus with you? Kneel to Heaven, not to the feeblest of its agents. You have been saved once again from great danger; would you deserve Heaven's bounty, remember you have been preserved for other purposes than you now think on. Begone you and Joceline, you have a duty to discharge; and be assured it will go better with your father's recovery that he see you not for a few minutes. Down — down to the wilderness, and bring in your attendant.'

'Thanks — thanks — a thousand thanks,' answered Albert Lee; and, springing through the lattice, he disappeared as unexpectedly as he had entered. At the same time Joceline followed him, and by the same road.

Alice, whose fears for her father were now something abated, upon this new movement among the persons of the scene, could not resist appealing to her venerable assistant. 'Good Doctor, answer me but one question; was my brother Albert here just now, or have I dreamed all that has happened for these ten minutes past? Methinks, but for your presence, I could suppose the whole had passed in my sleep — that horrible thrust, that death-like, corpse-like old man, that soldier in mute despair — I must indeed have dreamed.'

'If you have dreamed, my sweet Alice,' said the Doctor, 'I wish every sick-nurse had your property, since you have been attending to our patient better during your sleep than most of these old dormice can do when they are most awake. But your dream came through the gate of horn, my pretty darling, which you must remind me to explain to you at leisure. Albert has really been here, and will be here again.'

'Albert!' repeated Sir Henry, 'who names my son?'

'It is I, my kind patron,' said the Doctor; 'permit me to bind up your arm.'

'My wound! with all my heart, Doctor,' said Sir Henry, raising himself, and gathering his recollection by degrees. 'I knew of old thou wert body-curer as well as soul-curer, and served my regiment for surgeon as well as chaplain. But where is the rascal I killed? I never made a fairer *stramaçon* in my life. The shell of my rapier struck against his ribs. So dead he must be, or my right hand has forgot its cunning.'

'Nobody was slain,' said the Doctor; 'we must thank God for that, since there were none but friends to slay. Here is a good cloak and doublet, though, wounded in a fashion which will require some skill in tailor-craft to cure. But I was your last antagonist, and took a little blood from you, merely to pre-

pare you for the pleasure and surprise of seeing your son, who, though hunted pretty close, as you may believe, hath made his way from Worcester hither, where, with Joceline's assistance, we will care well enough for his safety. It was even for this reason that I pressed you to accept of your nephew's proposal to return to the old lodge, where a hundred men might be concealed, though a thousand were making search to discover them. Never such a place for hide-and-seek, as I shall make good when I can find means to publish my *Wonders of Woodstock*.'

'But, my son — my dear son,' said the knight, 'shall I not then instantly see him? and wherefore did you not forewarn me of this joyful event?'

'Because I was uncertain of his motions,' said the Doctor, 'and rather thought he was bound for the sea-side, and that it would be best to tell you of his fate when he was safe on board and in full sail for France. We had appointed to let you know all when I came hither to-night to join you. But there is a red-coat in the house whom we care not to trust farther than we could not help. We dared not, therefore, venture in by the hall; and so, prowling round the building, Albert informed us that an old prank of his, when a boy, consisted of entering by this window. A lad who was with us would needs make the experiment, as there seemed to be no light in the chamber, and the moonlight without made us liable to be detected. His foot slipped, and our friend Bevis came upon us.'

'In good truth, you acted simply,' said Sir Henry, 'to attack a garrison without a summons. But all this is nothing to my son Albert. Where is he? Let me see him.'

'But, Sir Henry, wait,' said the Doctor, 'till your restored strength —'

'A plague of my restored strength, man!' answered the knight, as his old spirit began to awaken within him. 'Dost not remember that I lay on Edgehill field all night, bleeding like a bullock from five several wounds, and wore my armour within six weeks, and you talk to me of the few drops of blood that follow such a scratch as a cat's claw might have made?'

'Nay, if you feel so courageous,' said the Doctor, 'I will fetch your son; he is not far distant.' So saying, he left the apartment, making a sign to Alice to remain, in case any symptoms of her father's weakness should return.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that Sir Henry never seemed to recollect the precise nature of the alarm which had at once, and effectually as the shock of the thunderbolt, for the moment

suspended his faculties. Something he said more than once of being certain he had done mischief with that *stramaçon*, as he called it; but his mind did not recur to that danger as having been incurred by his son. Alice, glad to see that her father appeared to have forgotten a circumstance so fearful, as men often forget the blow or other sudden cause which has thrown them into a swoon, readily excused herself from throwing much light on the matter, by pleading the general confusion. And in a few minutes, Albert cut off all farther inquiry by entering the room, followed by the Doctor, and throwing himself alternately into the arms of his father and of his sister.

CHAPTER XX

The boy is — hark ye, sirrah, what's your name?
Oh, Jacob — ay, I recollect — the same.

CRABBE.

THE affectionate relatives were united as those who, meeting under great adversity, feel still the happiness of sharing it in common. They embraced again and again, and gave way to those expansions of the heart which at once express and relieve the pressure of mental agitation. At length the tide of emotion began to subside; and Sir Henry, still holding his recovered son by the hand, resumed the command of his feelings which he usually practised.

'So you have seen the last of our battles, Albert,' he said, 'and the King's colours have fallen for ever before the rebels?'

'It is but even so,' said the young man: 'the last cast of the die was thrown, and, alas! lost, at Worcester; and Cromwell's fortune carried it there, as it has wherever he has shown himself.'

'Well, it can but be for a time — it can but be for a time,' answered his father: 'the Devil is potent, they say, in raising and gratifying favourites, but he can grant but short leases. And the King — the King, Albert — the King — in my ear — close — close!'

'Our last news were confident that he had escaped from Bristol.'

'Thank God for that — thank God for that!' said the knight. 'Where didst thou leave him?'

'Our men were almost all cut to pieces at the bridge,' Albert replied; 'but I followed his Majesty, with about five hundred other officers and gentlemen, who were resolved to die around him; until, as our numbers and appearance drew the whole pursuit after us, it pleased his Majesty to dismiss us, with many thanks and words of comfort to us in general, and some kind expressions to most of us in especial. He sent his royal greet-

ing to you, sir, in particular, and said more than becomes me to repeat.'

'Nay, I will hear it every word, boy,' said Sir Henry; 'is not the certainty that thou hast discharged thy duty, and that King Charles owns it, enough to console me for all we have lost and suffered, and wouldst thou stint me of it from a false shamefacedness? I will have it out of thee, were it drawn from thee with cords.'

'It shall need no such compulsion,' said the young man. 'It was his Majesty's pleasure to bid me tell Sir Henry Lee, in his name, that if his son could not go before his father in the race of loyalty, he was at least following him closely, and would soon move side by side.'

'Said he so?' answered the knight. 'Old Victor Lee will look down with pride on thee, Albert! But I forget—you must be weary and hungry.'

'Even so, sir,' said Albert; 'but these are things which of late I have been in the habit of enduring for safety's sake.'

'Joceline!—what ho, Joceline!'

The under-keeper entered, and received orders to get supper prepared directly.

'My son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving,' said the knight.

'And there is a lad, too, below,' said Joceline, 'a page, he says, of Colonel Albert's, whose belly rings cupboard too, and that to no common tune; for I think he could eat a horse, as the Yorkshireman says, behind the saddle. He had better eat at the sideboard; for he has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter, as fast as Phoebe could cut it, and it has not staid his stomach for a minute; and truly I think you had better keep him under your own eyes, for the steward beneath might ask him troublesome questions if he went below. And then he is impatient, as all your gentlemen pages are, and is saucy among the women.'

'Whom is it he talks of? What page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?' said Sir Henry.

'The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner, afterwards joined the King in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, something unwillingly; but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his death-bed, pleading for the safety of an only son.'

'Thou hadst deserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated,' said Sir Henry; 'the smallest tree can always give some shelter, and it pleases me to think the old stock of Lee is not so totally prostrate, but it may yet be a refuge for the distressed. Fetch the youth in; he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony, he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be; and if you have not schooled him handsomely in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me.'

'You will excuse his national drawling accent, sir?' said Albert, 'though I know you like it not.'

'I have small cause, Albert,' answered the knight — 'small cause. Who stirred up these disunions? The Scots. Who strengthened the hands of Parliament, when their cause was wellnigh ruined? The Scots again. Who delivered up the King, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection? The Scots again. But this lad's father, you say, has fought on the part of the noble Montrose; and such a man as the great Marquis may make amends for the degeneracy of a whole nation.'

'Nay, father,' said Albert, 'and I must add that, though this lad is uncouth and wayward, and, as you will see, something wilful, yet the King has not a more zealous friend in England; and, when occasion offered, he fought stoutly, too, in his defence. I marvel he comes not.'

'He hath taken the bath,' said Joceline, 'and nothing less would serve than that he should have it immediately; the supper, he said, might be got ready in the meantime; and he commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle, where he might have called long enough, I warrant, without any one to hear him.'

'Indeed?' said Sir Henry, 'this must be a forward chick of the game to crow so early. What is his name?'

'His name! It escapes me every hour, it is so hard a one,' said Albert. 'Kerneguy is his name — Louis Kerneguy; his father was Lord Killstewers, of Kincardineshire.'

'Kerneguy and Killstewers, and Kin — what d'ye call it? Truly,' said the knight, 'these Northern men's names and titles smack of their origin: they sound like a north-west wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks.'

'It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects,' said Dr. Rochecliffe, 'which, according to Verstegan, still linger in those northern parts of the island. But peace — here comes supper, and Master Louis Kerneguy.'

Supper entered accordingly, borne in by Joceline and Phœbe, and after it, leaning on a huge knotty stick, and having his nose in the air like a questing hound, for his attention was apparently more fixed on the good provisions that went before him than anything else, came Master Kerneguy, and seated himself, without much ceremony, at the lower end of the table.

He was a tall, rawboned lad, with a shock head of hair, fiery red, like many of his country, while the harshness of his national features was increased by the contrast of his complexion, turned almost black by the exposure to all sorts of weather, which, in that skulking and rambling mode of life, the fugitive Royalists had been obliged to encounter. His address was by no means prepossessing, being a mixture of awkwardness and forwardness, and showing, in a remarkable degree, how a want of easy address may be consistent with an admirable stock of assurance. His face intimated having received some recent scratches, and the care of Dr. Rochecliffe had decorated it with a number of patches, which even enhanced its natural plainness. Yet the eyes were brilliant and expressive, and, amid his ugliness — for it amounted to that degree of irregularity — the face was not deficient in some lines which expressed both sagacity and resolution.

The dress of Albert himself was far beneath his quality as the son of Sir Henry Lee, and commander of a regiment in the Royal service; but that of his page was still more dilapidated. A disastrous green jerkin, which had been changed to a hundred hues by sun and rain, so that the original could scarce be discovered, huge clouterly shoes, leathern breeches — such as were worn by hedgers — coarse grey worsted stockings, were the attire of the honourable youth, whose limping gait, while it added to the ungainliness of his manner, showed, at the same time, the extent of his sufferings. His appearance bordered so much upon what is vulgarly called the queer, that even with Alice it would have excited some sense of ridicule, had not compassion been predominant.

The grace was said; and the young squire of Ditchley, as well as Dr. Rochecliffe, made an excellent figure at a meal the like of which, in quality and abundance, did not seem to have lately fallen to their share. But their feats were child's play to those of the Scottish youth. Far from betraying any symptoms of the bread and butter with which he had attempted to close the orifice of his stomach, his appetite appeared to have been sharpened by a nine days' fast; and the knight was disposed

to think that the very genius of famine himself, come forth from his native regions of the North, was in the act of honouring him with a visit, while, as if afraid of losing a moment's exertion, Master Kerneguy never looked either to right or left, or spoke a single word to any at table.

'I am glad to see that you have brought a good appetite for our country fare, young gentlemen,' said Sir Henry.

'Bread of Gude! sir,' said the page, 'an ye'll find flesh, I've find appetite conforming, ony day o' the year. But the truth is, sir, that the appeteezement has been coming on for three days or four, and the meat in this southland of yours has been scarce, and hard to come by; so, sir, I'm making up for lost time, as the piper of Sligo said, when he eat a hail side o' mutton.'

'You have been country-bred, young man,' said the knight, who, like others of his time, held the reins of discipline rather tight over the rising generation; 'at least, to judge from the youths of Scotland whom I have seen at his late Majesty's court in former days: they had less appetite, and more — more —' As he sought the qualifying phrase which might supply the place of 'good manners,' his guest closed the sentence in his own way — 'And more meat, it may be — the better luck theirs.'

Sir Henry stared and was silent. His son seemed to think it time to interpose. 'My dear father,' he said, 'think how many years have run since the Thirty-eighth, when the Scottish troubles first began, and I am sure that you will not wonder that, while the barons of Scotland have been, for one cause or other, perpetually in the field, the education of their children at home must have been much neglected, and that young men of my friend's age know better how to use a broadsword or to toss a pike than the decent ceremonials of society.'

'The reason is a sufficient one,' said the knight, 'and, since thou sayest thy follower Kernigo can fight, we'll not let him lack victuals, a God's name. See, he looks angrily still at yonder cold loin of mutton; for God's sake put it all on his plate!'

'I can bide the bit and the buffet,' said the Honourable Master Kerneguy: 'a hungry tike ne'er minds a blaud with a rough bane.'

'Now, God ha'e mercy, Albert, but if this be the son of a Scots peer,' said Sir Henry to his son, in a low tone of voice, 'I would not be the English ploughman who would change manners with him, for his ancient blood, and his nobility, and his estate to boot, an he has one. He has eaten, as I am a

Christian, near four pounds of solid butcher's meat, and with the grace of a wolf tugging at the carcass of a dead horse. Oh, he is about to drink at last. Soh! he wipes his mouth, though, and dips his fingers in the ewer, and dries them, I profess, with the napkin! There is some grace in him, after all.'

'Here is wussing all your vera gude healths!' said the youth of quality, and took a draught in proportion to the solids which he had sent before; he then flung his knife and fork awkwardly on the trencher, which he pushed back towards the centre of the table, extended his feet beneath it till they rested on their heels, folded his arms on his well-replenished stomach; and, lolling back in his chair, looked much as if he was about to whistle himself asleep.

'Soh!' said the knight, 'the Honourable Master Kernigo hath laid down his arms. Withdraw these things, and give us our glasses. Fill them around, Joceline; and if the Devil or the whole Parliament were within hearing, let them hear Henry Lee of Ditchley drink a health to King Charles, and confusion to his enemies!'

'Amen!' said a voice from behind the door.

All the company looked at each other in astonishment, at a response so little expected. It was followed by a solemn and peculiar tap, such as a kind of freemasonry had introduced among Royalists, and by which they were accustomed to make themselves and their principles known to each other when they met by accident.

'There is no danger,' said Albert, knowing the sign — 'it is a friend; yet I wish he had been at a greater distance just now.'

'And why, my son, should you wish the absence of one true man, who may, perhaps, wish to share our abundance, on one of those rare occasions when we have superfluity at our disposal? Go, Joceline, see who knocks; and, if a safe man, admit him.'

'And if otherwise,' said Joceline, 'methinks I shall be able to prevent his troubling the good company.'

'No violence, Joceline, on your life,' said Albert Lee; and Alice echoed, 'For God's sake, no violence!'

'No unnecessary violence at least,' said the good knight; 'for, if the time demands it, I will have it seen that I am master of my own house.'

Joceline Joliffe nodded assent to all parties, and went on tip-toe to exchange one or two other mysterious symbols and knocks ere he opened the door.

It may be here remarked, that this species of secret associa-

tion, with its signals of union, existed among the more dissolute and desperate class of Cavaliers — men habituated to the dissipated life which they had been accustomed to in an ill-disciplined army, where everything like order and regularity was too apt to be accounted a badge of Puritanism. These were the 'roaring boys' who met in hedge alehouses, and, when they had by any chance obtained a little money or a little credit, determined to create a counter-revolution by declaring their sittings permanent, and proclaimed, in the words of one of their choicest ditties —

'We'll drink till we bring
In triumph back the king.'

The leaders and gentry, of a higher description and more regular morals, did not indeed partake such excesses, but they still kept their eye upon a class of persons who, from courage and desperation, were capable of serving on an advantageous occasion the fallen cause of Royalty; and recorded the lodges and blind taverns at which they met, as wholesale merchants know the houses of call of the mechanics whom they may have occasion to employ, and can tell where they may find them when need requires. It is scarce necessary to add, that among the lower class, and sometimes even among the higher, there were men found capable of betraying the projects and conspiracies of their associates, whether well or indifferently combined, to the governors of the state. Cromwell, in particular, had gained some correspondents of this kind of the highest rank and of the most undoubted character among the Royalists, who, if they made scruple of impeaching or betraying individuals who confided in them, had no hesitation in giving the government such general information as served to enable him to disappoint the purposes of any plot or conspiracy.

To return to our story. In much shorter time than we have spent in reminding the reader of these historical particulars, Joliffe had made his mystic communication; and being duly answered as by one of the initiated, he undid the door, and there entered our old friend Roger Wildrake, Roundhead in dress, as his safety and his dependence on Colonel Everard compelled him to be, but that dress worn in a most Cavalier-like manner, and forming a stronger contrast than usual with the demeanour and language of the wearer, to which it was never very congenial.

His Puritanic hat, the emblem of that of Ralpho in the

prints to *Hudibras*, or, as he called it, his felt umbrella, was set most knowingly on one side of the head, as if it had been a Spanish hat and feather; his straight, square-caped, sad-coloured cloak was flung gaily upon one shoulder, as if it had been of three-piled taffeta, lined with crimson silk; and he paraded his huge calf-skin boots, as if they had been silken hose and Spanish leather shoes, with roses on the instep. In short, the airs which he gave himself, of a most thoroughpaced wild gallant and Cavalier, joined to a glistening of self-satisfaction in his eye and an inimitable swagger in his gait, which completely announced his thoughtless, conceited, and reckless character, formed a most ridiculous contrast to his gravity of attire.

It could not, on the other hand, be denied that, in spite of the touch of ridicule which attached to his character, and the loose morality which he had learned in the dissipation of town pleasures, and afterwards in the disorderly life of a soldier, Wildrake had points about him both to make him feared and respected. He was handsome, even in spite of his air of debauched effrontery; a man of the most decided courage, though his vaunting rendered it sometimes doubtful; and entertained a sincere sense of his political principles, such as they were, though he was often so imprudent in asserting and boasting of them as, joined with his dependence on Colonel Everard, induced prudent men to doubt his sincerity.

Such as he was, however, he entered the parlour of Victor Lee, where his presence was anything but desirable to the parties present, with a jaunty step, and a consciousness of deserving the best possible reception. This assurance was greatly aided by circumstances which rendered it obvious that, if the jocund Cavalier had limited himself to one draught of liquor that evening, in terms of his vow of temperance, it must have been a very deep and long one.

'Save ye, gentlemen — save ye. Save you, good Sir Henry Lee, though I have scarce the honour to be known to you. Save you, worthy Doctor, and a speedy resurrection to the fallen Church of England.'

'You are welcome, sir,' said Sir Henry Lee, whose feelings of hospitality, and of the fraternal reception due to a Royalist sufferer, induced him to tolerate this intrusion more than he might have done otherwise. 'If you have fought or suffered for the King, sir, it is an excuse for joining us, and commanding our services in anything in our power, although at present we are a family-party. But I think I saw you in waiting upon

Master Markham Everard, who calls himself Colonel Everard. If your message is from him, you may wish to see me in private ?'

'Not at all, Sir Henry — not at all. It is true, as my ill hap will have it, that, being on the stormy side of the hedge, like all honest men — you understand me, Sir Henry — I am glad, as it were, to gain something from my old friend and comrade's countenance, not by truckling or disowning my principles, sir — I defy such practices — but, in short, by doing him any kindness in my power when he is pleased to call on me. So I came down here with a message from him to the old Roundheaded son of a —— I beg the young lady's pardon, from the crown of her head down to the very toes of her slipper. And so, sir, chancing as I was stumbling out in the dark, I heard you give a toast, sir, which warmed my heart, sir, and ever will, sir, till death chills it ; and so I made bold to let you know there was an honest man within hearing.'

Such was the self-introduction of Master Wildrake, to which the knight replied, by asking him to sit down and take a glass of sack to his Majesty's glorious restoration. Wildrake, at this hint, squeezed in without ceremony beside the young Scotsman, and not only pledged his landlord's toast, but seconded its import, by volunteering a verse or two of his favourite loyal ditty, 'The King shall enjoy his own again.' The heartiness which he threw into his song opened still farther the heart of the old knight, though Albert and Alice looked at each other with looks resentful of the intrusion, and desirous to put an end to it. The Honourable Master Kerneguy either possessed that happy indifference of temper which does not deign to notice such circumstances, or he was able to assume the appearance of it to perfection, as he sat sipping sack and cracking walnuts, without testifying the least sense that an addition had been made to the party. Wildrake, who liked the liquor and the company, showed no unwillingness to repay his landlord, by being at the expense of the conversation.

'You talk of fighting and suffering, Sir Henry Lee — Lord help us, we have all had our share. All the world knows what Sir Henry Lee has done from Edge[hill] Field downwards, wherever a loyal sword was drawn or a loyal flag fluttered. Ah, God help us ! I have done something too. My name is Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincoln ; not that you are ever like to have heard it before, but I was captain in Lunsford's light horse, and afterwards with Goring. I was a child-eater, sir — a babe-bolter.'

'I have heard of your regiment's exploits, sir ; and perhaps

you may find I have seen some of them, if we should spend ten minutes together. And I think I have heard of your name too. I beg to drink your health, Captain Wildrake of Squattle-sea Mere, Lincolnshire.'

'Sir Henry, I drink yours in this pint bumper, and upon my knee; and I would do as much for that young gentleman (looking at Albert), and the squire of the green cassock too, holding it for green, as the colours are not to my eyes altogether clear and distinguishable.'

It was a remarkable part of what is called by theatrical folk the bye-play of this scene, that Albert was conversing apart with Doctor Rochecliffe in whispers, even more than the divine seemed desirous of encouraging, yet, to whatever their private conversation referred, it did not deprive the young colonel of the power of listening to what was going forward in the party at large, and interfering from time to time, like a watch-dog who can distinguish the slightest alarm even when employed in the engrossing process of taking his food.

'Captain Wildrake,' said Albert, 'we have no objection—I mean my friend and I—to be communicative on proper occasions; but you, sir, who are so old a sufferer, must needs know, that at such casual meetings as this men do not mention their names unless they are specially wanted. It is a point of conscience, sir, to be able to say, if your principal, Captain Everard, or Colonel Everard, if he be a colonel, should examine you upon oath, "I did not know who the persons were whom I heard drink such and such toasts."'

'Faith, I have a better way of it, worthy sir,' answered Wildrake: 'I never can, for the life of me, remember that there were any such and such toasts drunk at all. It's a strange gift of forgetfulness I have.'

'Well, sir,' replied the younger Lee; 'but we, who have unhappily more tenacious memories, would willingly abide by the more general rule.'

'Oh, sir,' answered Wildrake, 'with all my heart. I intrude on no man's confidence, d—n me, and I only spoke for civility's sake, having the purpose of drinking your health in a good fashion.' Then he broke forth into melody:

'Then let the health go round, a-round, a-round, a-round,
Then let the health go round.
For though your stocking be of silk,
Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground, a-ground, a-ground,
Your knee shall kiss the ground.'

'Urge it no farther,' said Sir Henry, addressing his son. 'Master Wildrake is one of the old school — one of the tantivy boys; and we must bear a little, for if they drink hard, they fought well. I will never forget how a party came up and rescued us clerks of Oxford, as they called the regiment I belonged to, out of a cursed embroglio during the attack on Brentford. I tell you, we were inclosed with the cockneys' pikes both front and rear, and we should have come off but ill, had not Lunsford's light horse, the babe-eaters, as they called them, charged up to the pike's point and brought us off.'

'I am glad you thought on that, Sir Henry,' said Wildrake; 'and do you remember what the officer of Lunsford's said?'

'I think I do,' said Sir Henry, smiling.

'Well, then, did not he call out, when the women were coming down, howling like sirens as they were, "Have none of you a plump child that you could give us, to break our fast upon?"'

'Truth itself!' said the knight; 'and a great fat woman stepped forward with a baby, and offered it to the supposed cannibal.'

All at the table, Master Kerneguy excepted, who seemed to think that good food of any kind required no apology, held up their hands in token of amazement.

'Ay,' said Wildrake, 'the —— a-hem! — I crave the lady's pardon again, from tip of top-knot to hem of farthingale — but the cursed creature proved to be a parish nurse, who had been paid for the child half a year in advance. Gad, I took the baby out of the bitch-wolf's hand; and I have contrived, though God knows I have lived in a skeldering sort of way myself, to breed up bold Breakfast, as I call him, ever since. It was paying dear for a jest, though.'

'Sir, I honour you for your humanity,' said the old knight. 'Sir, I thank you for your courage. Sir, I am glad to see you here,' said the good knight, his eyes watering almost to overflowing: 'So you were the wild officer who cut us out of the toils? Oh, sir, had you but stopped when I called on you, and allowed us to clear the streets of Brentford with our musketeers, we would have been at London Stone that day! But your good-will was the same.'

'Ay, truly was it,' said Wildrake, who now sat triumphant and glorious in his easy-chair. 'And here is to all the brave hearts, sir, that fought and fell in that same storm of Brentford. We drove all before us like chaff, till the shops, where they sold

strong waters, and other temptations, brought us up. Gad, sir, we, the babe-eaters, had too many acquaintances in Brentford, and our stout Prince Rupert was ever better at making way than drawing off. Gad, sir, for my own poor share, I did but go into the house of a poor widow lady, who maintained a charge of daughters, and whom I had known of old, to get my horse fed, a morsel of meat, and so forth, when these cockney pikes of the artillery ground, as you very well call them, rallied, and came in with their armed heads, as boldly as so many Cotswold rams. I sprang downstairs — got to my horse; but, egad, I fancy all my troop had widows and orphan maidens to comfort as well as I, for only five of us got together. We cut our way through successfully; and gad, gentlemen, I carried my little Breakfast on the pommel before me; and there was such a hallooing and screeching, as if the whole town thought I was to kill, roast, and eat the poor child so soon as I got to quarters. But devil a cockney charged up to my bonny bay, poor lass, to rescue little cake-bread; they only cried "Haro," and "Out upon me."

'Alas! alas!' said the knight, 'we made ourselves seem worse than we were; and we were too bad to deserve God's blessing even in a good cause. But it is needless to look back; we did not deserve victories when God gave them, for we never improved them like good soldiers, or like Christian men; and so we gave these canting scoundrels the advantage of us, for they assumed, out of mere hypocrisy, the discipline and orderly behaviour which we, who drew our swords in a better cause, ought to have practised out of true principle. But here is my hand, captain. I have often wished to see the honest fellow who charged up so smartly in our behalf, and I reverence you for the care you took of the poor child. I am glad this dilapidated place has still some hospitality to offer you, although we cannot treat you to roasted babes or stewed sucklings — eh, captain?'

'Troth, Sir Henry, the scandal was sore against us on that score. I remember Lacy, who was an old play-actor, and a lieutenant in ours, made drollery on it in a play which was sometimes acted at Oxford when our hearts were something up, called, I think, *The Old Troop*.'¹

So saying, and feeling more familiar as his merits were known, he hitched his chair up against that of the Scottish lad, who was seated next him, and who, in shifting his place, was

¹ See Cannibalism imputed to the Cavaliers. Note 5.

awkward enough to disturb, in his turn, Alice Lee, who sat opposite, and, a little offended, or at least embarrassed, drew her chair away from the table.

'I crave pardon,' said the Honourable Master Kerneguy; 'but, sir,' to Master Wildrake, 'ye hae e'en garr'd me hurt the young lady's shank.'

'I crave your pardon, sir, and much more that of the fair lady, as is reasonable; though, rat me, sir, if it was I set your chair a-trundling in that way. Zooks, sir, I have brought with me no plague, nor pestilence, nor other infectious disorder, that ye should have started away as if I had been a leper, and decomposed the lady, which I would have prevented with my life, sir. Sir, if ye be Northern-born, as your tongue bespeaks, egad, it was I ran the risk in drawing near you; so there was small reason for you to bolt.'

'Master Wildrake,' said Albert, interfering, 'this young gentleman is a stranger as well as you, under protection of Sir Henry's hospitality, and it cannot be agreeable for my father to see disputes arise among his guests. You may mistake the young gentleman's quality from his present appearance: this is the Honourable Master Louis Kerneguy, sir, son of my Lord Killstewers of Kincardineshire, one who has fought for the King, young as he is.'

'No dispute shall rise through me, sir—none through me,' said Wildrake; 'your exposition sufficeth, sir. Master Louis Girnigo, son of my Lord Kilsteer, in Gringardenshire, I am your humble slave, sir, and drink your health, in token that I honour you, and all true Scots who draw their Andrew Ferraras on the right side, sir.'

'I'se beholden to you, and thank you, sir,' said the young man, with some haughtiness of manner, which hardly corresponded with his rusticity; 'and I wuss your health in a ceevil way.'

Most judicious persons would have here dropped the conversation; but it was one of Wildrake's marked peculiarities that he could never let matters stand when they were well. He continued to plague the shy, proud, and awkward lad with his observations. 'You speak your national dialect pretty strongly, Master Girnigo,' said he, 'but I think not quite the language of the gallants that I have known among the Scottish Cavaliers. I knew, for example, some of the Gordons, and others of good repute, who always put an *f* for the *wh*, as *faat* for *what*, *fan* for *when*, and the like.'

Albert Lee here interposed, and said that the provinces of

Scotland, like those of England, had their different modes of pronunciation.

'You are very right, sir,' said Wildrake. 'I reckon myself, now, a pretty good speaker of their cursed jargon — no offence, young gentleman; and yet, when I took a turn with some of Montrose's folk, in the South Highlands, as they call their beastly wildernesses — no offence again — I chanced to be by myself, and to lose my way, when I said to a shepherd fellow, making my mouth as wide and my voice as broad as I could, "Whore am I ganging till?" confound me if the fellow could answer me, unless, indeed, he was sulky, as the bumpkins will be now and then to the gentlemen of the sword.'

This was familiarly spoken, and though partly addressed to Albert, was still more directed to his immediate neighbour, the young Scotsman, who seemed, from bashfulness, or some other reason, rather shy of his intimacy. To one or two personal touches from Wildrake's elbow, administered during his last speech, by way of a practical appeal to him in particular, he only answered, 'Misunderstandings were to be expected when men converse in national dialects.'

Wildrake, now considerably drunker than he ought to have been in civil company, caught up the phrase and repeated it. 'Misunderstanding, sir — misunderstanding, sir! I do not know how I am to construe that, sir; but, to judge from the information of these scratches on your honourable visnomy, I should augur that you had been of late at misunderstanding with the cat, sir.'

'You are mistaken, then, friend, for it was with the dowg,' answered the Scotsman, drily, and cast a look towards Albert.

'We had some trouble with the watch-dogs in entering so late in the evening,' said Albert, in explanation, 'and this youth had a fall among some rubbish, by which he came by these scratches.'

'And now, dear Sir Henry,' said Dr. Rochecliffe, 'allow us to remind you of your gout, and our long journey. I do it the rather that my good friend your son has been, during the whole time of supper, putting questions to me aside, which had much better be reserved till to-morrow. May we therefore ask permission to retire to our night's rest?'

'These private committees in a merry meeting,' said Wildrake, 'are a solecism in breeding. They always put me in mind of the cursed committees at Westminster. But shall we to roost before we rouse the night-owl with a catch?'

'Alha, canst thou quote Shakspeare?' said Sir Henry, pleased at discovering a new good quality in his acquaintance, whose military services were otherwise but just able to counterbalance the intrusive freedom of his conversation. 'In the name of merry Will,' he continued — 'whom I never saw, though I have seen many of his comrades, as Alleyn, Hemminge, and so on, we will have a single catch, and one rouse about, and then to bed.'

After the usual discussion about the choice of the song, and the parts which each was to bear, they united their voices in trolling a loyal glee, which was popular among the party at the time, and in fact believed to be composed by no less a person than Doctor Rochecliffe himself.

GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

Bring the bowl which you boast,
 Fill it up to the brim;
 'Tis to him we love most,
 And to all who love him.
 Brave gallants, stand up,
 And 'avaunt, ye base carles!
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown,
 Dependent on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;
 Though 'tis under our breath,
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honour and faith,
 And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground
 And the hand on the sword;
 But the time shall come round,
 When, 'mid lords, dukes, and earls,
 The loud trumpets shall sound
 Here's a health to King Charles!

After this display of loyalty, and a final libation, the party took leave of each other for the night. Sir Henry offered his old acquaintance Wildrake a bed for the evening, who weighed the matter somewhat in this fashion: 'Why, to speak truth, my patron will expect me at the borough; but then he is used to my staying out of doors a-nights. Then there's the Devil,

that they say haunts Woodstock; but with the blessing of this reverend doctor, I defy him and all his works. I saw him not when I slept here twice before, and I am sure if he was absent then, he has not come back with Sir Henry Lee and his family. So I accept your courtesy, Sir Henry, and I thank you, as a Cavalier of Lunsford should thank one of the fighting clerks of Oxon. God bless the King! I care not who hears it, and confusion to Noll and his red nose!' Off he went accordingly with a bottle-swagger, guided by Joceline, to whom Albert, in the meantime, had whispered, to be sure to quarter him far enough from the rest of the family.

Young Lee then saluted his sister, and, with the formality of those times, asked and received his father's blessing with an affectionate embrace. His page seemed desirous to imitate one part of his example, but was repelled by Alice, who only replied to his offered salute with a courtesy. He next bowed his head in an awkward fashion to her father, who wished him a good-night. 'I am glad to see, young man,' he said, 'that you have at least learned the reverence due to age. It should always be paid, sir; because in doing so you render that honour to others which you will expect yourself to receive when you approach the close of your life. More will I speak with you at leisure, on your duties as a page, which office in former days used to be the very school of chivalry; whereas of late, by the disorderly times, it has become little better than a school of wild and disordered license, which made rare Ben Jonson exclaim —'

'Nay, father,' said Albert, interposing, 'you must consider this day's fatigue, and the poor lad is almost asleep on his legs; to-morrow, he will listen with more profit to your kind admonitions. And you, Louis, remember at least one part of your duty: take the candles and light us — here Joceline comes to show us the way. Once more, good-night, good Doctor Rochcliffe — good-night, all.'

CHAPTER XXI

Groom. Hail, noble prince !

King Richard.

Thanks, noble peer !

The cheapest of us is a groat too dear.

Richard II.

ALBERT and his page were ushered by Joceline to what was called the Spanish Chamber, a huge old scrambling bedroom, rather in a dilapidated condition, but furnished with a large standing-bed for the master and a truckle-bed for the domestic, as was common at a much later period in old English houses, where the gentleman often required the assistance of a groom of the chambers to help him to bed, if the hospitality had been exuberant. The walls were covered with hangings of cordovan leather, stamped with gold, and representing fights between the Spaniards and Moriscoes, bull-feasts, and other sports peculiar to the Peninsula, from which it took its name of the Spanish Chamber. These hangings were in some places entirely torn down, in others defaced and hanging in tatters. But Albert stopped not to make observations, anxious, it seemed, to get Joceline out of the room ; which he achieved by hastily answering his offers of fresh fuel, and more liquor, in the negative, and returning, with equal conciseness, the under-keeper's good wishes for the evening. He at length retired, somewhat unwillingly, and as if he thought that his young master might have bestowed a few more words upon a faithful old retainer after so long absence.

Joliffe was no sooner gone than, before a single word was spoken between Albert Lee and his page, the former hastened to the door, examined lock, latch, and bolt, and made them fast, with the most scrupulous attention. He superadded to these precautions that of a long screw-bolt, which he brought out of his pocket, and which he screwed onto the staple in such a manner as to render it impossible to withdraw it, or open the door, unless by breaking it down. The page held a light to

him during the operation, which his master went through with much exactness and dexterity. But when Albert arose from his knee, on which he had rested during the accomplishment of this task, the manner of the companions was on the sudden entirely changed towards each other. The Honourable Master Kerneguy, from a cubbish lout of a raw Scotsman, seemed to have acquired at once all the grace and ease of motion and manner which could be given by an acquaintance of the earliest and most familiar kind with the best company of the time.

He gave the light he held to Albert with the easy indifference of a superior, who rather graces than troubles his dependant by giving him some slight service to perform. Albert, with the greatest appearance of deference, assumed in his turn the character of torch-bearer, and lighted his page across the chamber, without turning his back upon him as he did so. He then set the light on a table by the bedside, and, approaching the young man with deep reverence, received from him the soiled green jacket with the same profound respect as if he had been a first lord of the bedchamber, or other officer of the household of the highest distinction, disrobing his sovereign of the Mantle of the Garter. The person to whom this ceremony was addressed endured it for a minute or two with profound gravity, and then bursting out a-laughing, exclaimed to Albert, 'What a devil means all this formality? thou complimentest with these miserable rags as if they were silks and sables, and with poor Louis Kerneguy as if he were the King of Great Britain?'

'And if your Majesty's commands, and the circumstances of the time, have made me for a moment seem to forget that you are my sovereign, surely I may be permitted to render my homage as such while you are in your own royal palace of Woodstock?'

'Truly,' replied the disguised monarch, 'the sovereign and the palace are not ill matched: these tattered hangings and my ragged jerkin suit each other admirably. *This Woodstock!* — *this* the bower where the royal Norman revelled with the fair Rosamond Clifford! Why, it is a place of assignation for owls!' Then, suddenly recollecting himself, with his natural courtesy, he added, as if fearing he might have hurt Albert's feelings — 'But the more obscure and retired, it is the fitter for our purpose, Lee; and if it does seem to be a roost for owls, as there is no denying, why, we know it has nevertheless brought up eagles.'

He threw himself as he spoke upon a chair, and indolently, but gracefully, received the kind offices of Albert, who undid the coarse buttonings of the leathern gamashes which defended his legs, and spoke to him the whilst. 'What a fine specimen of the olden time is your father, Sir Henry! It is strange I should not have seen him before; but I heard my father often speak of him as being among the flower of our real old English gentry. By the mode in which he began to school me, I can guess you had a tight taskmaster of him, Albert. I warrant you never wore hat in his presence, eh?'

'I never cocked it at least in his presence, please your Majesty, as I have seen some youngsters do,' answered Albert; 'indeed, if I had, it must have been a stout beaver to have saved me from a broken head.'

'Oh, I doubt it not,' replied the King; 'a fine old gentleman, but with that, methinks, in his countenance that assures you he would not hate the child in sparing the rod. Harkye, Albert. Suppose the same glorious Restoration come round, which, if drinking to its arrival can hasten it, should not be far distant, for in that particular our adherents never neglect their duty—suppose it come, therefore, and that thy father, as must be, of course, becomes an earl and one of the privy council, odds-fish, man, I shall be as much afraid of him as ever was my grandfather Henry Quatre of old Sully. Imagine there were such a trinket now about the court as the Fair Rosamond, or La Belle Gabrielle, what a work there would be of pages and grooms of the chamber to get the pretty rogue clandestinely shuffled out by the back-stairs, like a prohibited commodity, when the step of the Earl of Woodstock was heard in the ante-chamber.'

'I am glad to see your Majesty so merry after your fatiguing journey.'

'The fatigue was nothing, man,' said Charles; 'a kind welcome and a good meal made amends for all that. But they must have suspected thee of bringing a wolf from the braes of Badenoch along with you, instead of a two-legged being, with no more than the usual allowance of mortal stowage for provisions. I was really ashamed of my appetite; but thou knowest I had eat nothing for twenty-four hours, save the raw egg you stole for me from the old woman's hen-roost. I tell thee, I blushed to show myself so ravenous before that high-bred and respectable old gentleman your father, and the very pretty girl your sister—or cousin, is she?'

'She is my sister,' said Albert Lee, drily, and added, in the same breath, 'Your Majesty's appetite suited well enough with the character of a raw Northern lad.' Would your Majesty now please to retire to rest?'

'Not for a minute or two,' said the King, retaining his seat. 'Why, man, I have scarce had my tongue unchained to-day; and to talk with that Northern twang, and besides, the fatigue of being obliged to speak every word in character — gad, it's like walking as the galley-slaves do on the Continent, with a twenty-four pound shot chained to their legs: they may drag it along, but they cannot move with comfort. And, by the way, thou art slack in paying me my well-deserved tribute of compliments on my counterfeiting. Did I not play Louis Kerneguy as round as a ring?'

'If your Majesty asks my serious opinion, perhaps I may be forgiven if I say your dialect was somewhat too coarse for a Scottish youth of high birth, and your behaviour perhaps a little too churlish. I thought too, though I pretend not to be skilful, that some of your Scottish sounded as if it were not genuine.'

'Not genuine! There is no pleasing thee, Albert. Why, who should speak genuine Scottish but myself? Was I not their king for a matter of ten months? and if I did not get knowledge of their language, I wonder what else I got by it. Did not east country, and south country, and west country, and Highlands caw, croak, and shriek about me, as the deep guttural, the broad drawl, and the high sharp yelp predominated by turns? Odds-fish, man, have I not been speeched at by their orators, addressed by their senators, rebuked by their kirkmen? Have I not sat on the cutty-stool, mon (again assuming the Northern dialect), and thought it grace of worthy Mas John Gillespie, that I was permitted to do penance in mine own privy chamber, instead of the face of the congregation, and wilt thou tell me, after all, that I cannot speak Scottish enough to baffle an Oxon knight and his family?'

'May it please your Majesty, I began by saying I was no judge of the Scottish language.'

'Pshaw, it is mere envy; just so you said at Norton's, that I was too courteous and civil for a young page — now you think me too rude.'

'And there is a medium, if one could find it,' said Albert, defending his opinion in the same tone in which the King attacked him; 'so this morning, when you were in the woman's

dress, you raised your petticoats rather unbecomingly high, as you waded through the first little stream; and when I told you of it, to mend the matter, you draggled through the next without raising them at all.'

'O, the devil take the woman's dress!' said Charles; 'I hope I shall never be driven to that disguise again. Why, my ugly face was enough to put gowns, caps, and kirtles out of fashion for ever: the very dogs fled from me. Had I passed any hamlet that had but five huts in it, I could not have escaped the cucking-stool. I was a libel on womanhood. These leathern conveniences are none of the gayest, but they are *propria quæ maribus*; and right glad am I to be repossessed of them. I can tell you too, my friend, I shall resume all my masculine privileges with my proper habiliments; and as you say I have been too coarse to-night, I will behave myself like a courtier to Mistress Alice to-morrow. I made a sort of acquaintance with her already, when I seemed to be of the same sex with herself, and found out there are other colonels in the wind besides you, Colonel Albert Lee.'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Albert, and then stopped short, from the difficulty of finding words to express the unpleasant nature of his feelings.

They could not escape Charles; but he proceeded without scruple. 'I pique myself on seeing as far into the hearts of young ladies as most folk, though God knows they are sometimes too deep for the wisest of us. But I mentioned to your sister in my character of fortune-teller — thinking, poor simple man, that a country girl must have no one but her brother to dream about — that she was anxious about a certain colonel. I had hit the theme, but not the person; for I alluded to you, Albert, and I presume the blush was too deep ever to be given to a brother. So up she got, and away she flew from me like a lapwing. I can excuse her; for, looking at myself in the well, I think if I had met such a creature as I seemed I should have called fire and fagot against it. Now, what think you, Albert — who can this colonel be, that more than rivals you in your sister's affection?'

Albert, who well knew that the King's mode of thinking, where the fair sex was concerned, was far more gay than delicate, endeavoured to put a stop to the present topic by a grave answer.

'His sister,' he said, 'had been in some measure educated with the son of her maternal uncle, Markham Everard; but as his father and he himself had adopted the cause of the Round-

heads, the families had in consequence been at variance; and any projects which might have been formerly entertained were of course long since dismissed on all sides.'

'You are wrong, Albert — you are wrong,' said the King, pitilessly pursuing his jest. 'You colonels, whether you wear blue or orange sashes, are too pretty fellows to be dismissed so easily, when once you have acquired an interest. But Mistress Alice, so pretty, and who wishes the restoration of the King with such a look and accent, as if she were an angel whose prayers must needs bring it down, must not be allowed to retain any thoughts of a canting Roundhead. What say you — will you give me leave to take her to task about it? After all, I am the party most concerned in maintaining true allegiance among my subjects; and if I gain the pretty maiden's good-will, that of the sweetheart will soon follow. This was jolly King Edward's way — Edward the Fourth, you know. The king-making Earl of Warwick, the Cromwell of his day, dethroned him more than once; but he had the hearts of the merry dames of London, and the purses and veins of the cockneys bled freely, till they brought him home again. How say you? shall I shake off my Northern slough, and speak with Alice in my own character, showing what education and manners have done for me, to make the best amends they can for an ugly face?'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Albert, in an altered and embarrassed tone, 'I did not expect ——'

Here he stopped, not able to find words adequate at the same time to express his sentiments and respectful enough to the King, while in his father's house and under his own protection.

'And what is it that Master Lee does not expect?' said Charles, with marked gravity on his part.

Again Albert attempted a reply, but advanced no farther than, 'I would hope, if it please your Majesty ——' when he again stopped short, his deep and hereditary respect for his sovereign, and his sense of the hospitality due to his misfortunes, preventing his giving utterance to his irritated feelings.

'And what does Colonel Albert Lee hope?' said Charles, in the same dry and cold manner in which he had before spoken. 'No answer! Now, I *hope* that Colonel Lee does not see in a silly jest anything offensive to the honour of his family, since methinks that were an indifferent compliment to his sister, his father, and himself, not to mention Charles Stuart, whom he calls his king; and I *expect* that I shall not be so hardly con-

strued as to be supposed capable of forgetting that Mistress Alice Lee is the daughter of my faithful subject and host, and the sister of my guide and preserver. Come.—come, Albert,' he added, changing at once to his naturally frank and unceremonious manner, 'you forget how long I have been abroad, where men, women, and children talk gallantry morning, noon, and night, with no more serious thought than just to pass away the time; and I forget too, that you are of the old-fashioned English school, a son after Sir Henry's own heart, and don't understand raillery upon such subjects. But I ask your pardon, Albert, sincerely, if I have really hurt you.'

So saying, he extended his hand to Colonel Lee, who, feeling he had been rather too hasty in construing the King's jest in an unpleasant sense, kissed it with reverence, and attempted an apology.

'Not a word—not a word,' said the good-natured prince, raising his penitent adherent as he attempted to kneel; 'we understand each other. You are somewhat afraid of the gay reputation which I acquired in Scotland; but I assure you, I will be as stupid as you or your cousin colonel could desire in presence of Mrs. Alice Lee, and only bestow my gallantry, should I have any to throw away, upon the pretty little waiting-maid who attended at supper—unless you should have monopolised her ear for your own benefit, Colonel Albert.'

'It is monopolised, sure enough, though not by me, if it please your Majesty, but by Joceline Joliffe, the under-keeper, whom we must not disoblige, as we have trusted him so far already, and may have occasion to repose even entire confidence in him. I half think he suspects who Louis Kerneguy may in reality be.'

'You are an engrossing set, you wooers of Woodstock,' said the King, laughing. 'Now, if I had a fancy, as a Frenchman would not fail to have in such a case, to make pretty speeches to the deaf old woman I saw in the kitchen, as a *pis-aller*, I dare say I should be told that *her* ear was engrossed for Dr. Rochecliffe's sole use?'

'I marvel at your Majesty's good spirits,' said Albert, 'that, after a day of danger, fatigue, and accidents, you should feel the power of amusing yourself thus.'

'That is to say, the groom of the chambers wishes his Majesty would go to sleep? Well, one word or two on more serious business, and I have done. I have been completely directed by you and Rochecliffe: I have changed my disguise

from female to male upon the instant, and altered my destination from Hampshire to take shelter here. Do you still hold it the wiser course ?

‘I have great confidence in Dr. Rochecliffe,’ replied Albert, ‘whose acquaintance with the scattered Royalists enables him to gain the most accurate intelligence. His pride in the extent of his correspondence, and the complication of his plots and schemes for your Majesty’s service, is indeed the very food he lives upon ; but his sagacity is equal to his vanity. I repose, besides, the utmost faith in Joliffe. Of my father and sister I would say nothing ; yet I would not, without reason, extend the knowledge of your Majesty’s person farther than it is indispensably necessary.’

‘Is it handsome in me,’ said Charles, pausing, ‘to withhold my full confidence from Sir Henry Lee ?’

‘Your Majesty heard of his almost death-swoon of last night : what would agitate him most deeply must not be hastily communicated.’

‘True ; but are we safe from a visit of the redcoats : they have them in Woodstock as well as in Oxford ?’ said Charles.

‘Dr. Rochecliffe says, not unwisely,’ answered Lee, ‘that it is best sitting near the fire when the chimney smokes ; and that Woodstock, so lately in possession of the sequestrators, and still in the vicinity of the soldiers, ill be less suspected, and more carelessly searched, than more distant corners, which might seem to promise more safety. Besides,’ he added, ‘Rochecliffe is in possession of curious and important news concerning the state of matters at Woodstock, highly favourable to your Majesty’s being concealed in the palace for two or three days, till shipping is provided. The Parliament, or usurping Council of State, had sent down sequestrators, whom their own evil consciences, assisted, perhaps, by the tricks of some daring Cavaliers, had frightened out of the lodge, without much desire to come back again. Then the more formidable usurper, Cromwell, had granted a warrant of possession to Colonel Everard, who had only used it for the purpose of repossessing his uncle in the lodge, and who kept watch in person at the little borough, to see that Sir Henry was not disturbed.’

‘What! Mistress Alice’s colonel?’ said the King. ‘That sounds alarming ; for, grant that he keeps the other fellows at bay, think you not, Master Albert, he will have an hundred errands a-day to bring him here in person ?’

‘Dr. Rochecliffe says,’ answered Lee, ‘the treaty between

Sir Henry and his nephew binds the latter not to approach the lodge unless invited; indeed, it was not without great difficulty, and strongly arguing the good consequences it might produce to your Majesty's cause, that my father could be prevailed on to occupy Woodstock at all; but be assured he will be in no hurry to send an invitation to the colonel.'

'And be you assured that the colonel will come without waiting for one,' said Charles. 'Folk cannot judge rightly where sisters are concerned: they are too familiar with the magnet to judge of its powers of attraction. Everard will be here, as if drawn by cart-ropes; fetters, not to talk of promises, will not hold him; and then, methinks, we are in some danger.'

'I hope not,' said Albert. 'In the first place, I know Markham is a slave to his word; besides, were any chance to bring him here, I think I could pass your Majesty upon him without difficulty as Louis Kerneguy. Then, although my cousin and I have not been on good terms for these some years, I believe him incapable of betraying your Majesty; and lastly, if I saw the least danger of it, I would, were he ten times the son of my mother's sister [brother], run my sword through his body ere he had time to execute his purpose.'

'There is but another question,' said Charles, 'and I will release you, Albert. You seem to think yourself secure from search. It may be so; but, in any other country, this tale of goblins which is flying about would bring down priests and ministers of justice to examine the reality of the story, and mobs of idle people to satisfy their curiosity.'

'Respecting the first, sir, we hope and understand that Colonel Everard's influence will prevent any immediate inquiry, for the sake of preserving undisturbed the peace of his uncle's family; and as for any one coming without some sort of authority, the whole neighbours have so much love and fear of my father, and are, besides, so horribly alarmed about the goblins of Woodstock, that fear will silence curiosity.'

'On the whole, then,' said Charles, 'the chances of safety seem to be in favour of the plan we have adopted, which is all I can hope for in a condition where absolute safety is out of the question. The bishop recommended Dr. Rochecliffe as one of the most ingenious, boldest, and most loyal sons of the Church of England; you, Albert Lee, have marked your fidelity by a hundred proofs. To you and your local knowledge I submit myself. And now, prepare our arms; alive I will not be taken, yet I will not believe that a son of the King of

England, and heir of her throne, could be destined to danger in his own palace, and under the guard of the loyal Lees.'

Albert Lee laid pistols and swords in readiness by the King's bed and his own; and Charles, after some slight apology, took his place in the larger and better bed, with a sigh of pleasure, as from one who had not lately enjoyed such an indulgence. He bid good-night to his faithful attendant, who deposited himself on his truckle; and both monarch and subject were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXII

Give Sir Nicholas Threlkeld praise ;
Hear it, good man, old in days,
Thou tree of succour and of rest
To this young bird that was distress'd ;
Beneath thy branches he did stay ;
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

WORDSWORTH.

THE fugitive prince slept, in spite of danger, with the profound repose which youth and fatigue inspire. But the young Cavalier, his guide and guard, spent a more restless night, starting from time to time and listening ; anxious, notwithstanding Doctor Rochecliffe's assurances, to procure yet more particular knowledge concerning the state of things around them than he had been yet able to collect.

He rose early after daybreak ; but although he moved with as little noise as was possible, the slumbers of the hunted prince were easily disturbed. He started up in his bed, and asked if there was any alarm.

'None, please your Majesty,' replied Lee ; 'only, thinking on the questions your Majesty was asking last night, and the various chances there are of your Majesty's safety being endangered from unforeseen accidents, I thought of going thus early, both to communicate with Doctor Rochecliffe and to keep such a look-out as befits the place where are lodged for the time the fortunes of England. I fear I must request of your Majesty, for your own gracious security, that you have the goodness to condescend to secure the door with your own hand after I go out.'

'Oh, talk not to Majesty, for Heaven's sake, dear Albert !' answered the poor King, endeavouring in vain to put on a part of his clothes in order to traverse the room. 'When a king's doublet and hose are so ragged that he can no more find his way into them than he could have travelled through the

Forest of Dean without a guide, good faith, there should be an end of Majesty, until it chances to be better accommodated. Besides, there is the chance of these big words bolting out at unawares, when there are ears to hear them whom we might think dangerous.'

'Your commands shall be obeyed,' said Lee, who had now succeeded in opening the door, from which he took his departure, leaving the King, who had hustled along the floor for that purpose, with his dress woefully ill arranged, to make it fast again behind him, and begging him in no case to open to any one, unless he or Rochecliffe were of the party who summoned him.

Albert then set out in quest of Doctor Rochecliffe's apartment, which was only known to himself and the faithful Joliffe, and had at different times accommodated that steady churchman with a place of concealment, when, from his bold and busy temper, which led him into the most extensive and hazardous machinations on the King's behalf, he had been strictly sought after by the opposite party. Of late, the inquest after him had died entirely away, as he had prudently withdrawn himself from the scene of his intrigues. Since the loss of the battle of Worcester, he had been afloat again, and more active than ever; and had, by friends and correspondents, and especially the Bishop of —, been the means of directing the King's flight towards Woodstock, although it was not until the very day of his arrival that he could promise him a safe reception at that ancient mansion.

Albert Lee, though he revered both the undaunted spirit and ready resources of the bustling and intriguing churchman, felt he had not been enabled by him to answer some of Charles's questions yesternight in a way so distinct as one trusted with the King's safety ought to have done; and it was now his object to make himself personally acquainted, if possible, with the various bearings of so weighty a matter, as became a man on whom so much of the responsibility was likely to descend.

Even his local knowledge was scarce adequate to find the Doctor's secret apartment, had he not traced his way after a genial flavour of roasted game through divers blind passages, and up and down certain very useless stairs, through cupboards and hatchways, and so forth, to a species of *sanctum sanctorum*, where Joceline Joliffe was ministering to the good Doctor a solemn breakfast of wild-fowl, with a cup of small beer stirred with a sprig of rosemary, which Doctor Rochecliffe preferred to

all strong potatoes. Beside him sat Bevis on his tail, slobbering and looking amiable, moved by the rare smell of the breakfast, which had quite overcome his native dignity of disposition.

The chamber in which the Doctor had established himself was a little octangular room, with walls of great thickness, within which were fabricated various issues, leading in different directions, and communicating with different parts of the building. Around him were packages with arms, and near him one small barrel, as it seemed, of gunpowder; many papers in different parcels, and several keys for correspondence in cipher; two or three scrolls covered with hieroglyphics were also beside him, which Albert took for plans of nativity; and various models of machinery, in which Doctor Rochecliffe was an adept. There were also tools of various kinds, masks, cloaks, and a dark lantern, and a number of other indescribable trinkets belonging to the trade of a daring plotter in dangerous times. Last, there was a casket with gold and silver coin of different countries, which was left carelessly open, as if it were the least of Doctor Rochecliffe's concern, although his habits in general announced narrow circumstances, if not actual poverty. Close by the divine's plate lay a Bible and Prayer Book, with some proof-sheets, as they are technically called, seemingly fresh from the press. There were also within the reach of his hand a dirk, or Scottish poniard, a powder-horn, and a musketoon, or blunderbuss, with a pair of handsome pocket-pistols. In the midst of this miscellaneous collection, the Doctor sat eating his breakfast with great appetite, as little dismayed by the various implements of danger around him as a workman is when accustomed to the perils of a gunpowder manufactory.

'Soh, young gentleman,' he said, getting up and extending his hand, 'are you come to breakfast with me in good fellowship, or to spoil my meal this morning, as you did my supper last night, by asking untimely questions?'

'I will pick a bone with you with all my heart,' said Albert; 'and if you please, Doctor, I would ask some questions which seem not quite untimely.'

So saying he sat down and assisted the Doctor in giving a very satisfactory account of a brace of wild ducks and a leash of teal. Bevis, who maintained his place with great patience and insinuation, had his share of a collop, which was also placed on the well-furnished board; for, like most high-bred dogs, he declined eating waterfowl.

'Come hither, then, Albert Lee,' said the Doctor, laying down his knife and fork, and plucking the towel from his throat, so soon as Joceline was withdrawn; 'thou art still the same lad thou wert when I was thy tutor — never satisfied with having got a grammar rule, but always persecuting me with questions why the rule stood so, and not otherwise — over-curious after information which thou couldst not comprehend, as Bevis slobbered and whined for the duck-wing, which he could not eat.'

'I hope you will find me more reasonable, Doctor,' answered Albert; 'and at the same time, that you will recollect I am not now *sub ferula*, but am placed in circumstances where I am not at liberty to act upon the *ipse dixit* of any man, unless my own judgment be convinced. I shall deserve richly to be hanged, drawn, and quartered should any misfortune happen by my misgovernment in this business.'

'And it is therefore, Albert, that I would have thee trust the whole to me, without interfering. Thou sayst, forsooth, thou art not *sub ferula*; but recollect that, while you have been fighting in the field, I have been plotting in the study; that I know all the combinations of the King's friends, ay, and all the motions of his enemies, as well as a spider knows every mesh of his web. Think of my experience, man. Not a Cavalier in the land but has heard of Rochecliffe the Plotter. I have been a main limb in everything that has been attempted since forty-two — penned declarations, conducted correspondence, communicated with chiefs, recruited followers, commissioned arms, levied money, appointed rendezvouses. I was in the Western Rising; and before that, in the City Petition, and in Sir John Owen's stir in Wales; in short, almost in every plot for the King, since Tomkins and Challoner's matter.'

'But were not all these plots unsuccessful?' said Albert; 'and were not Tomkins and Challoner hanged, Doctor?'

'Yes, my young friend,' answered the Doctor, gravely, 'as many others have been with whom I have acted; but only because they did not follow my advice implicitly. You never heard that I was hanged myself.'

'The time may come, Doctor,' said Albert. 'The pitcher goes oft to the well — The proverb, as my father would say, is somewhat musty. But I, too, have some confidence in my own judgment; and, much as I honour the church, I cannot altogether subscribe to passive obedience. I will tell you in one word what points I must have explanation on; and it will

remain with you to give it, or to return a message to the King that you will not explain your plan ; in which case, if he acts by my advice, he will leave Woodstock, and resume his purpose of getting to the coast without delay.'

'Well, then,' said the Doctor, 'thou suspicious monster, make thy demands, and, if they be such as I can answer without betraying confidence, I will reply to them.'

'In the first place, then, what is all this story about ghosts, and witchcrafts, and apparitions ; and do you consider it as safe for his Majesty to stay in a house subject to such visitations, real or pretended ?'

'You must be satisfied with my answer *in verbo sacerdotis*: the circumstances you allude to will not give the least annoyance to Woodstock during the King's residence. I cannot explain farther ; but for this I will be bound, at the risk of my neck.'

'Then,' said Lee, 'we must take Doctor Rochecliffe's bail that the Devil will keep the peace towards our Sovereign Lord the King — good. Now there lurked about this house the greater part of yesterday, and perhaps slept here, a fellow called Tomkins — a bitter Independent, and a secretary, or clerk, or something or other, to the regicide dog Desborough. The man is well known — a wild ranter in religious opinions, but in private affairs far-sighted, cunning, and interested even as any rogue of them all.'

'Be assured we will avail ourselves of his crazy fanaticism to mislead his wicked cunning : a child may lead a hog if it has wit to fasten a cord to the ring in its nose,' replied the Doctor.

'You may be deceived,' said Albert ; 'the age has many such as this fellow, whose views of the spiritual and temporal world are so different, that they resemble the eyes of a squinting man — one of which, oblique and distorted, sees nothing but the end of his nose, while the other, instead of partaking the same defect, views strongly, sharply, and acutely whatever is subjected to its scrutiny.'

'But we will put a patch on the better eye,' said the Doctor, 'and he shall only be allowed to speculate with the imperfect optic. You must know, this fellow has always seen the greatest number and the most hideous apparitions : he has not the courage of a cat in such matters, though stout enough when he hath temporal antagonists before him. I have placed him under the charge of Joceline Joliffe, who, betwixt plying him

with sack and ghost-stories, would make him incapable of knowing what was done, if you were to proclaim the King in his presence.'

'But why keep such a fellow here at all?'

'Oh, sir, content you; he lies leaguer, as a sort of ambassador for his worthy masters, and we are secure from any intrusion so long as they get all the news of Woodstock from Trusty Tomkins.'

'I know Joceline's honesty well,' said Albert; 'and if he can assure me that he will keep a watch over this fellow, I will so far trust in him. He does not know the depth of the stake, 'tis true, but that my life is concerned will be quite enough to keep him vigilant. Well, then, I proceed. What if Markham Everard comes down on us?'

'We have his word to the contrary,' answered Rochecliffe — 'his word of honour transmitted by his friend. Do you think it likely he will break it?'

'I hold him incapable of doing so,' answered Albert; 'and, besides, I think Markham would make no bad use of anything which might come to his knowledge. Yet God forbid we should be under the necessity of trusting any who ever wore the Parliament's colours in a matter of such dear concernment!'

'Amen!' said the Doctor. 'Are your doubts silenced now?'

'I still have an objection,' said Albert, 'to yonder impudent rakehell fellow, styling himself a Cavalier, who pushed himself on our company last night, and gained my father's heart by a story of the storm of Brentford, which I daresay the rogue never saw.'

'You mistake him, dear Albert,' replied Rochecliffe: 'Roger Wildrake, although till of late I only knew him by name, is a gentleman, was bred at the Inns of Court, and spent his estate in the King's service.'

'Or rather in the devil's service,' said Albert. 'It is such fellows as he, who, sunk from the license of their military habits into idle debauched ruffians, infest the land with riots and robberies, brawl in hedge alehouses and cellars where strong waters are sold at midnight, and, with their deep oaths, their hot loyalty, and their drunken valour, make decent men abominate the very name of Cavalier.'

'Alas!' said the Doctor, 'it is but too true; but what can you expect? When the higher and more qualified classes are broken down and mingled undistinguishably with the lower orders, they are apt to lose the most valuable marks of their

quality in the general confusion of morals and manners, just as a handful of silver medals will become defaced and discoloured if jumbled about among the vulgar copper coin. Even the prime medal of all, which we Royalists would so willingly wear next our very hearts, has not, perhaps, entirely escaped some deterioration. But let other tongues than mine speak on that subject.'

Albert Lee paused deeply after having heard these communications on the part of Rochecliffe. 'Doctor,' he said, 'it is generally agreed, even by some who think you may occasionally have been a little over-busy in putting men upon dangerous actions ——'

'May God forgive them who entertain so false an opinion of me!' said the Doctor.

— 'That, nevertheless, you have done and suffered more in the King's behalf than any man of your function.'

'They do me but justice there,' said Doctor Rochecliffe — 'absolute justice.'

'I am therefore disposed to abide by your opinion, if, all things considered, you think it safe that we should remain at Woodstock.'

'That is not the question,' answered the divine.

'And what is the question, then?' replied the young soldier.

'Whether any safer course can be pointed out. I grieve to say that the question must be comparative as to the point of option. Absolute safety is — alas the while! — out of the question on all sides. Now, I say Woodstock is, fenced and guarded as at present, by far the most preferable place of concealment.'

'Enough,' replied Albert, 'I give up to you the question, as to a person whose knowledge of such important affairs, not to mention your age and experience, is more intimate and extensive than mine can be.'

'You do well,' answered Rochecliffe; 'and if others had acted with the like distrust of their own knowledge, and confidence in competent persons, it had been better for the age. This makes understanding bar himself up within his fortalice, and wit betake himself to his high tower. (Here he looked around his cell with an air of self-complacence.) The wise man foreseeth the tempest, and hideth himself.'

'Doctor,' said Albert, 'let our foresight serve others far more precious than either of us. Let me ask you, if you have well

considered whether our precious charge should remain in society with the family, or betake himself to some of the more hidden corners of the house?’

‘Hum!’ said the Doctor, with an air of deep reflection, ‘I think he will be safest as Louis Kerneguy, keeping himself close beside you ——’

‘I fear it will be necessary,’ added Albert, ‘that I scout abroad a little, and show myself in some distant part of the country, lest, coming here in quest of me, they should find higher game.’

‘Pray do not interrupt me. Keeping himself close beside you or your father, in or near to Victor Lee’s apartment, from which, you are aware, he can make a ready escape, should danger approach. This occurs to me as best for the present; I hope to hear of the vessel to-day — to-morrow at farthest.’

Albert Lee bid the active but opinionated man good-morrow; admiring how this species of intrigue had become a sort of element in which the Doctor seemed to enjoy himself, notwithstanding all that the poet has said concerning the horrors which intervene betwixt the conception and execution of a conspiracy.

In returning from Doctor Rochecliffe’s sanctuary, he met with Joceline, who was anxiously seeking him. ‘The young Scotch gentleman,’ he said, in a mysterious manner, ‘has arisen from bed, and, hearing me pass, he called me into his apartment.’

‘Well,’ replied Albert, ‘I will see him presently.’

‘And he asked me for fresh linen and clothes. Now, sir, he is like a man who is quite accustomed to be obeyed, so I gave him a suit which happened to be in a wardrobe in the west tower, and some of your linen to conform; and when he was dressed, he commanded me to show him to the presence of Sir Henry Lee and my young lady. I would have said something, sir, about waiting till you came back, but he pulled me good-naturedly by the hair — as, indeed, he has a rare humour of his own — and told me, he was guest to Master Albert Lee, and not his prisoner; so, sir, though I thought you might be displeased with me for giving him the means of stirring abroad, and perhaps being seen by those who should not see him, what could I say?’

‘You are a sensible fellow, Joceline, and comprehend always what is recommended to you. This youth will not be controlled, I fear, by either of us; but we must look the closer

after his safety. You keep your watch over that prying fellow the steward ?

'Trust him to my care : on that side have no fear. But, ah, sir ! I would we had the young Scot in his old clothes again, for the riding-suit of yours which he now wears hath set him off in other-guess fashion.'

From the manner in which the faithful dependant expressed himself, Albert saw that he suspected who the Scottish page in reality was ; yet he did not think it proper to acknowledge to him a fact of such importance, secure as he was equally of his fidelity whether explicitly trusted to the full extent or left to his own conjectures. Full of anxious thought, he went to the apartment of Victor Lee, in which Joliffe told him he would find the party assembled. The sound of laughter, as he laid his hand on the lock of the door, almost made him start, so singularly did it jar with the doubtful and melancholy reflections which engaged his own mind. He entered, and found his father in high good-humour, laughing and conversing freely with his young charge, whose appearance was, indeed, so much changed to the better in externals, that it seemed scarce possible a night's rest, a toilet, and a suit of decent clothes could have done so much in his favour in so short a time. It could not, however, be imputed to the mere alteration of dress, although that, no doubt, had its effect. There was nothing splendid in that which Louis Kerneguy (we continue to call him by his assumed name) now wore. It was merely a riding-suit of grey cloth, with some silver lace, in the fashion of a country gentleman of the time. But it happened to fit him very well, and to become his very dark complexion, especially as he now held up his head, and used the manners, not only of a well-behaved, but of a highly accomplished, gentleman. When he moved, his clumsy and awkward limp was exchanged for a sort of shuffle, which, as it might be the consequence of a wound in those perilous times, had rather an interesting than an ungainly effect. At least it was as genteel an expression that the party had been over-hard travelled as the most polite pedestrian could propose to himself.

The features of the wanderer were harsh as ever, but his red shock peruke, for such it proved, was laid aside, his sable elf-locks were trained, by a little of Joceline's assistance, into curls, and his fine black eyes shone from among the shade of these curls, and corresponded with the animated, though not handsome, character of the whole head. In his conversation,

he had laid aside all the coarseness of dialect which he had so strongly affected on the preceding evening; and although he continued to speak a little Scotch, for the support of his character as a young gentleman of that nation, yet it was not in a degree which rendered his speech either uncouth or unintelligible, but merely afforded a certain Doric tinge essential to the personage he represented. No person on earth could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties; his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic; he had that species of epicurean philosophy which, even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment; he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterwards in his regal condition, a good-humoured but hard-hearted voluptuary — wise, save where his passions intervened; beneficent, save when prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish, to confer benefits; his faults such as might often have drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs.

Albert Lee found the party, consisting of his father, sister, and the supposed page, seated by the breakfast-table, at which he also took his place. He was a pensive and anxious beholder of what passed, while the page, who had already completely gained the heart of the good old Cavalier by mimicking the manner in which the Scottish divines preached in favour of 'Maugude Lord Marquis of Argyll and the Solemn League and Covenant,' was now endeavouring to interest the fair Alice by such anecdotes, partly of warlike and perilous adventure, as possessed the same degree of interest for the female ear which they have had ever since Desdemona's days. But it was not only of dangers by land and sea that the disguised page spoke; but much more, and much oftener, on foreign revels, banquets, balls, where the pride of France, of Spain, or of the Low Countries was exhibited in the eyes of their most eminent beauties. Alice being a very young girl, who, in consequence of the Civil War, had been almost entirely educated in the country, and often in great seclusion, it was certainly no wonder that she should listen with willing ears and a ready smile to what the young gentleman, their guest, and her brother's *protégé*, told with so much gaiety, and mingled with such a shade of dangerous adventure, and occasionally of serious reflection, as prevented the discourse from being regarded as merely light and frivolous.

In a word, Sir Henry Lee laughed, Alice smiled from time to time, and all were satisfied but Albert, who would himself, however, have been scarce able to allege a sufficient reason for his depression of spirits.

The materials of breakfast were at last removed, under the active superintendence of the neat-handed Phoebe, who looked over her shoulder, and lingered more than once, to listen to the fluent discourse of their new guest, whom, on the preceding evening, she had, while in attendance at supper, accounted one of the most stupid inmates to whom the gates of Woodstock had been opened since the times of Fair Rosamond.

Louis Kerneguy, then, when they were left only four in the chamber, without the interruption of domestics, and the successive bustle occasioned by the discussion and removal of the morning meal, became apparently sensible that his friend and ostensible patron Albert ought not altogether to be suffered to drop to leeward in the conversation, while he was himself successfully engaging the attention of those members of his family to whom he had become so recently known. He went behind his chair, therefore, and, leaning on the back, said with a good-humoured tone, which made his purpose entirely intelligible :

‘Either my good friend, guide, and patron has heard worse news this morning than he cares to tell us, or he must have stumbled over my tattered jerkin and leathern hose, and acquired, by contact, the whole mass of stupidity which I threw off last night with those most dolorous garments. Cheer up, my dear Colonel Albert, if your affectionate page may presume to say so : you are in company with those whose society, dear to strangers, must be doubly so to you. Odds-fish, man, cheer up ! I have seen you gay on a biscuit and a mouthful of water-cresses ; don’t let your heart fail you on Rhenish wine and venison.’

‘Dear Louis,’ said Albert, rousing himself into exertion, and somewhat ashamed of his own silence, ‘I have slept worse, and been astir earlier than you.’

‘Be it so,’ said his father ; ‘yet I hold it no good excuse for your sullen silence. Albert, you have met your sister and me, so long separated from you, so anxious on your behalf, almost like mere strangers, and yet you are returned safe to us, and you find us well.’

‘Returned indeed — but for safety, my dear father, that word must be a stranger to us Worcester folk for some time. However, it is not my own safety about which I am anxious.’

'About whose, then, should you be anxious? All accounts agree that the King is safe out of the dogs' jaws.'

'Not without some danger, though,' muttered Louis, thinking of his encounter with Bevis on the preceding evening.

'No, not without danger, indeed,' echoed the knight; 'but, as old Will says —

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason dares not peep at what it would.

No — no, thank God, that's cared for: our hope and fortune is escaped, so all news affirm — escaped from Bristol; if I thought otherwise, Albert, I should be as sad as you are. For the rest of it, I have lurked a month in this house when discovery would have been death, and that is no longer since than after Lord Holland and the Duke of Buckingham's rising at Kingston; and hang me, if I thought once of twisting my brow into such a tragic fold as yours, but cocked my hat at misfortune as a Cavalier should.'

'If I might put in a word,' said Louis, 'it would be to assure Colonel Albert Lee that I verily believe the King would think his own hap, wherever he may be, much the worse that his best subjects were seized with dejection on his account.'

'You answer boldly on the King's part, young man,' said Sir Henry.

'Oh, my father was meikle about the King's hand,' answered Louis, recollecting his present character.

'No wonder, then,' said Sir Henry, 'that you have so soon recovered your good spirits and good breeding, when you heard of his Majesty's escape. Why, you are no more like the lad we saw last night than the best hunter I ever had was like a dray-horse.'

'Oh, there is much in rest, and food, and grooming,' answered Louis. 'You would hardly know the tired jade you dismounted from last night, when she is brought out prancing and neighing the next morning, rested, refreshed, and ready to start again, especially if the brute hath some good blood, for such pick up unco fast.'

'Well, then, but since thy father was a courtier, and thou hast learned, I think, something of the trade, tell us a little, Master Kerneguy, about him we love most to hear about — the King; we are all safe and secret, you need not be afraid. He was a hopeful youth; I trust his flourishing blossom now gives promise of fruit?'

As the knight spoke, Louis bent his eyes on the ground, and seemed at first uncertain what to answer. But, admirable at extricating himself from such dilemmas, he replied, 'That he really could not presume to speak on such a subject in the presence of his patron, Colonel Albert Lee, who must be a much better judge of the character of King Charles than he could pretend to be.'

Albert was accordingly next assailed by the knight, seconded by Alice, for some account of his Majesty's character.

'I will speak but according to facts,' said Albert; 'and then I must be acquitted of partiality. If the King had not possessed enterprise and military skill, he never would have attempted the expedition to Worcester; had he not had personal courage, he had not so long disputed the battle that Cromwell almost judged it lost. That he possesses prudence and patience must be argued from the circumstances attending his flight; and that he has the love of his subjects is evident, since, necessarily known to many, he has been betrayed by none.'

'For shame, Albert!' replied his sister; 'is that the way a good Cavalier doles out the character of his prince, applying an instance at every concession, like a pedlar measuring linen with his rod? Out upon you! no wonder you were beaten, if you fought as coldly for your King as you now talk for him.'

'I did my best to trace a likeness from what I have seen and known of the original, sister Alice,' replied her brother. 'If you would have a fancy portrait, you must get an artist of more imagination than I have to draw it for you.'

'I will be that artist myself,' said Alice, 'and, in *my* portrait, our monarch shall show all that he ought to be, having such high pretensions; all that he must be, being so loftily descended; all that I am sure he is, and that every loyal heart in the kingdom ought to believe him.'

'Well said, Alice,' quoth the old knight. 'Look thou upon this picture, and on this! Here is our young friend shall judge. I wager my best nag — that is, I would wager him had I one left — that Alice proves the better painter of the two. My son's brain is still misty, I think, since his defeat: he has not got the smoke of Worcester out of it. Plague on thee! a young man, and cast down for one beating! Had you been banged twenty times like me, it had been time to look grave. But come, Alice, forward; the colours are mixed on your pallet — forward with something that shall show like one of Vandyck's

living portraits, placed beside the dull dry presentation there of our ancestor Victor Lee.'

Alice, it must be observed, had been educated by her father in the notions of high, and even exaggerated, loyalty which characterised the Cavaliers, and she was really an enthusiast in the Royal cause. But besides, she was in good spirits at her brother's happy return, and wished to prolong the gay humour in which her father had of late scarcely ever indulged.

'Well, then,' she said, 'though I am no Apelles, I will try to paint an Alexander, such as I hope, and am determined to believe, exists in the person of our exiled sovereign, soon I trust to be restored. And I will not go farther than his own family. He shall have all the chivalrous courage, all the warlike skill, of Henry of France, his grandfather, in order to place him on the throne; all his benevolence, love of his people, patience even of unpleasing advice, sacrifice of his own wishes and pleasures to the commonweal, that, seated there, he may be blest while living, and so long remembered when dead, that for ages after it shall be thought sacrilege to breathe an aspersion against the throne which he has occupied. Long after he is dead, while there remains an old man who has seen him, were the condition of that survivor no higher than a groom or a menial, his age shall be provided for at the public charge, and his grey hairs regarded with more distinction than an earl's coronet, because he remembers the second Charles, the monarch of every heart in England.'

While Alice spoke, she was hardly conscious of the presence of any one save her father and brother; for the page withdrew himself somewhat from the circle, and there was nothing to remind her of him. She gave the reins, therefore, to her enthusiasm, and as the tears glittered in her eye, and her beautiful features became animated, she seemed like a descended cherub proclaiming the virtues of a patriot monarch. The person chiefly interested in her description held himself back, as we have said, and concealed his own features, yet so as to preserve a full view of the beautiful speaker.

Albert Lee, conscious in whose presence this eulogium was pronounced, was much embarrassed; but his father, all whose feelings were flattered by the panegyric, was in rapture.

'So much for the *king*, Alice,' he said; 'and now for the *man*.'

'For the *man*,' replied Alice in the same tone, 'need I wish him more than the paternal virtues of his unhappy father, of

whom his worst enemies have recorded, that, if moral virtues and religious faith were to be selected as the qualities which merited a crown, no man could plead the possession of them in a higher or more indisputable degree. Temperate, wise, and frugal, yet munificent in rewarding merit—a friend to letters and the muses, but a severe discourager of the misuse of such gifts—a worthy gentleman—a kind master—the best friend, the best father, the best Christian——’ Her voice began to falter, and her father’s handkerchief was already at his eyes.

‘He was, girl—he was!’ exclaimed Sir Henry; ‘but no more on ’t, I charge ye—no more on ’t—enough; let his son but possess his virtues, with better advisers, and better fortunes, and he will be all that England, in her warmest wishes, could desire.’

There was a pause after this; for Alice felt as if she had spoken too frankly and too zealously for her sex and youth; Sir Henry was occupied in melancholy recollections on the fate of his late sovereign; while Kerneguy and his supposed patron felt embarrassed, perhaps from a consciousness that the real Charles fell far short of his ideal character, as designed in such glowing colours. In some cases, exaggerated or inappropriate praise becomes the most severe satire.

But such reflections were not of a nature to be long willingly cherished by the person to whom they might have been of great advantage. He assumed a tone of raillery, which is, perhaps, the readiest mode of escaping from the feelings of self-reproof. ‘Every Cavalier,’ he said, ‘should bend his knee to thank Mistress Alice Lee for having made such a flattering portrait of the King their master, by laying under contribution for his benefit the virtues of all his ancestors; only there was one point he would not have expected a female painter to have passed over in silence. When she made him, in right of his grandfather and father, a muster of royal and individual excellences, why could she not have endowed him at the same time with his mother’s personal charms? Why should not the son of Henrietta Maria, the finest woman of her day, add the recommendations of a handsome face and figure to his internal qualities? He had the same hereditary title to good looks as to mental qualifications; and the picture, with such an addition, would be perfect in its way, and God send it might be a resemblance!’

‘I understand you, Master Kerneguy,’ said Alice, ‘but I am no fairy, to bestow, as those do in the nursery tales, gifts

which Providence has denied. I am woman enough to have made inquiries on the subject, and I know the general report is that the King, to have been the son of such handsome parents, is unusually hard-favoured.'

'Good God, sister!' said Albert, starting impatiently from his seat.

'Why, you yourself told me so,' said Alice, surprised at the emotion he testified; 'and you said ——'

'This is intolerable,' muttered Albert; 'I must out to speak with Joceline without delay. Louis (with an imploring look to Kerneguy), you will surely come with me?'

'I would with all my heart,' said Kerneguy, smiling maliciously; 'but you see how I suffer still from lameness. Nay — nay, Albert,' he whispered, resisting young Lee's attempts to prevail on him to leave the room, 'can you suppose I am fool enough to be hurt by this? On the contrary, I have a desire of profiting by it.'

'May God grant it!' said Lee to himself, as he left the room, 'it will be the first lecture you ever profited by; and the Devil confound the plots and plotters who made me bring you to this place!' So saying, he carried his discontent forth into the park.

CHAPTER XXIII

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent
With unrestrained loose companions ;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Richard II.

THE conversation which Albert had in vain endeavoured to interrupt flowed on in the same course after he had left the room. It entertained Louis Kerneguy ; for personal vanity, or an over-sensitiveness to deserved reproof, were not among the faults of his character, and were indeed incompatible with an understanding which, combined with more strength of principle, steadiness of exertion, and self-denial, might have placed Charles high on the list of English monarchs. On the other hand, Sir Henry listened with natural delight to the noble sentiments uttered by a being so beloved as his daughter. His own parts were rather steady than brilliant ; and he had that species of imagination which is not easily excited without the action of another, as the electrical globe only scintillates when rubbed against its cushion. He was well pleased, therefore, when Kerneguy pursued the conversation, by observing that Mistress Alice Lee had not explained how the same good fairy that conferred moral qualities could not also remove corporeal blemishes.

‘You mistake, sir,’ said Alice, ‘I confer nothing. I do but attempt to paint our King such as I *hope* he is, such as I am sure he *may* be, should he himself desire to be so. The same general report, which speaks of his countenance as unprepossessing, describes his talents as being of the first order. He has, therefore, the means of arriving at excellence, should he cultivate them sedulously and employ them usefully — should he rule his passions and be guided by his understanding. Every good man cannot be wise ; but it is in the power of every wise man, if he pleases, to be as eminent for virtue as for talent.’

Young Kerneguy rose briskly and took a turn through the room ; and ere the knight could make any observation on the singular vivacity in which he had indulged, he threw himself again into his chair, and said, in rather an altered tone of voice — ‘It seems, then, Mistress Alice Lee, that the good friends who have described this poor king to you have been as unfavourable in their account of his morals as of his person ?’

‘The truth must be better known to you, sir,’ said Alice, ‘than it can be to me. Some rumours there have been which accuse him of a license which, whatever allowance flatterers make for it, does not, to say the least, become the son of the Martyr ; I shall be happy to have these contradicted on good authority.’

‘I am surprised at your folly,’ said Sir Henry Lee, ‘in hinting at such things, Alice : a pack of scandal, invented by the rascals who have usurped the government — a thing devised by the enemy.’

‘Nay, sir,’ said Kerneguy, laughing, ‘we must not let our zeal charge the enemy with more scandal than they actually deserve. Mistress Alice has put the question to me. I can only answer, that no one can be more devotedly attached to the King than I myself ; that I am very partial to his merits and blind to his defects ; and that, in short, I would be the last man in the world to give up his cause where it was tenable. Nevertheless, I must confess that, if all his grandfather of Navarre’s morals have not descended to him, this poor king has somehow inherited a share of the specks that were thought to dim the lustre of that great prince — that Charles is a little soft-hearted or so, where beauty is concerned. Do not blame him too severely, pretty Mistress Alice ; when a man’s hard fate has driven him among thorns, it were surely hard to prevent him from trifling with the few roses he may find among them ?’

Alice, who probably thought the conversation had gone far enough, rose while Master Kerneguy was speaking, and was leaving the room before he had finished, without apparently hearing the interrogation with which he concluded. Her father approved of her departure, not thinking the turn which Kerneguy had given to the discourse altogether fit for her presence ; and, desirous civilly to break off the conversation — ‘I see,’ he said, ‘this is about the time when, as Will says, the household affairs will call my daughter hence ; I will therefore challenge you, young gentleman, to stretch your limbs in a little exercise

with me, either at single rapier, or rapier and poniard, back-sword, spadroon, or your national weapons of broadsword and target; for all or any of which I think we shall find implements in the hall.'

'It would be too high a distinction,' Master Kerneguy said, 'for a poor page to be permitted to try a passage of arms with a knight so renowned as Sir Henry Lee, and he hoped to enjoy so great an honour before he left Woodstock, but at the present moment his lameness continued to give him so much pain, that he should shame himself in the attempt.'

Sir Henry then offered to read him a play of Shakspeare, and for this purpose turned up *King Richard II.* But hardly had he commenced with

'Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,'

when the young gentleman was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of the cramp as could only be relieved by immediate exercise. He therefore begged permission to be allowed to saunter abroad for a little while, if Sir Henry Lee considered he might venture without danger.

'I can answer for the two or three of our people that are still left about the place,' said Sir Henry; 'and I know my son has disposed them so as to be constantly on the watch. If you hear the bell toll at the lodge, I advise you to come straight home by the way of the King's Oak, which you see in yonder glade towering above the rest of the trees. We will have some one stationed there to introduce you secretly into the house.'

The page listened to these cautions with the impatience of a schoolboy, who, desirous of enjoying his holiday, hears without marking the advice of tutor or parent about taking care not to catch cold and so forth.

The absence of Alice Lee had removed all which had rendered the interior of the lodge agreeable, and the mercurial young page fled with precipitation from the exercise and amusement which Sir Henry had proposed. He girded on his rapier, and threw his cloak, or rather that which belonged to his borrowed suit, about him, bringing up the lower part so as to muffle the face and show only the eyes over it, which was a common way of wearing them in those days, both in streets, in the country, and in public places, when men had a mind to be private, and to avoid interruption from salutations and greetings in the market-place. He hurried across the open space which divided

the front of the lodge from the wood, with the haste of a bird escaped from the cage, which, though joyful at its liberation, is at the same time sensible of its need of protection and shelter. The wood seemed to afford these to the human fugitive, as it might have done to the bird in question.

When under the shadow of the branches, and within the verge of the forest, covered from observation, yet with the power of surveying the front of the lodge and all the open ground before it, the supposed Louis Kerneguy meditated on his escape.

‘What an infliction — to fence with a gouty old man, who knows not, I daresay, a trick of the sword which was not familiar in the days of old Vincent Saviolo! Or, as a change of misery, to hear him read one of those wildernesses of scenes which the English call a play, from prologue to epilogue — from Enter the first to the final *Exeunt omnes* — an unparalleled horror — a penance which would have made a dungeon darker, and added dulness even to Woodstock!’

Here he stopped and looked around, then continued his meditations — ‘So, then, it was here that the gay old Norman secluded his pretty mistress. I warrant, without having seen her, that Rosamond Clifford was never half so handsome as that lovely Alice Lee. And what a soul there is in the girl’s eye! with what abandonment of all respects, save that expressing the interest of the moment, she poured forth her tide of enthusiasm! Were I to be long here, in spite of prudence and half a dozen very venerable obstacles besides, I should be tempted to try to reconcile her to the indifferent visage of this same hard-favoured prince. Hard-favoured! it is a kind of treason for one who pretends to so much loyalty to say so of the King’s features, and in my mind deserves punishment. Ah, pretty Mistress Alice! many a Mistress Alice before you has made dreadful exclamations on the irregularities of mankind and the wickedness of the age, and ended by being glad to look out for apologies for their own share in them. But then her father — the stout old Cavalier — my father’s old friend — should such a thing befall, it would break his heart. Break a pudding’s end — he has more sense. If I give his grandson a title to quarter the arms of England, what matter if a bar sinister is drawn across them? Pshaw! far from an abatement, it is a point of addition: the heralds in their next visitation will place him higher in the roll for it. Then, if he did wince a little at first, does not the old traitor deserve it — first, for his disloyal inten-

tion of punching mine anointed body black and blue with his vile foils; and secondly, his atrocious complot with Will Shakspeare, a fellow as much out of date as himself, to read me to death with five acts of a historical play, or chronicle, "being the piteous Life and Death of Richard the Second"? Odds-fish, my own life is piteous enough, as I think; and my death may match it, for aught I see coming yet. Ah, but then the brother — my friend, my guide, my guard! So far as this little proposed intrigue concerns him, such practising would be thought not quite fair. But your bouncing, swaggering, revengeful brothers exist only on the theatre. Your dire revenge, with which a brother persecuted a poor fellow who had seduced his sister, or been seduced by her, as the case might be, as relentlessly as if he had trodden on his toes without making an apology, is entirely out of fashion, since Dorset killed the Lord Bruce many a long year since.¹ Pshaw! when a king is the offender, the bravest man sacrifices nothing by pocketing a little wrong which he cannot personally resent. And in France there is not a noble house where each individual would not cock his hat an inch higher if they could boast of such a left-handed alliance with the Grand Monarque.'

Such were the thoughts which rushed through the mind of Charles at his first quitting the lodge of Woodstock and plunging into the forest that surrounded it. His profligate logic, however, was not the result of his natural disposition, nor received without scruple by his sound understanding. It was a train of reasoning which he had been led to adopt from his too close intimacy with the witty and profligate youth of quality by whom he had been surrounded. It arose from the evil communication with Villiers, Wilmot, Sedley, and others, whose genius was destined to corrupt that age, and the monarch on whom its character afterwards came so much to depend. Such men, bred amidst the license of civil war, and without experiencing that curb which in ordinary times the authority of parents and relations imposes upon the headlong passions of youth, were practised in every species of vice, and could recommend it as well by precept as by example, turning into pitiless ridicule all those nobler feelings which withhold men from gratifying lawless passion. The events of the King's life had also favoured his reception of this epicurean doctrine. He saw himself, with the highest claims to sympathy and assistance, coldly regarded

¹ This melancholy story may be found in *The Guardian* [Nos. 129 and 133]. An intrigue of Lord Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, was the cause of the fatal duel.

by the courts which he visited, rather as a permitted suppliant than an exiled monarch. He beheld his own rights and claims treated with scorn and indifference; and, in the same proportion, he was reconciled to the hardhearted and selfish course of dissipation which promised him immediate indulgence. If this was obtained at the expense of the happiness of others, should he of all men be scrupulous upon the subject, since he treated others only as the world treated him?

But although the foundations of this unhappy system had been laid, the prince was not at this early period so fully devoted to it as he was found to have become when a door was unexpectedly opened for his restoration. On the contrary, though the train of gay reasoning which we have above stated, as if it had found vent in uttered language, did certainly arise in his mind, as that which would have been suggested by his favourite counsellors on such occasions, he recollected that what might be passed over as a peccadillo in France or the Netherlands, or turned into a diverting novel or pasquinade by the wits of his own wandering court, was likely to have the aspect of horrid ingratitude and infamous treachery among the English gentry, and would inflict a deep, perhaps an incurable, wound upon his interest among the more aged and respectable part of his adherents. Then it occurred to him — for his own interest did not escape him, even in this mode of considering the subject — that he was in the power of the Lees, father and son, who were always understood to be at least sufficiently punctilious on the score of honour; and if they should suspect such an affront as his imagination had conceived, they could be at no loss to find means of the most ample revenge, either by their own hands or by those of the ruling faction.

‘The risk of reopening the fatal window at Whitehall and renewing the tragedy of the man in the mask were a worse penalty,’ was his final reflection, ‘than the old stool of the Scottish penance; and lovely though Alice Lee is, I cannot afford to intrigue at such a hazard. So, farewell, pretty maiden! unless, as sometimes has happened, thou hast a humour to throw thyself at thy King’s feet, and then I am too magnanimous to refuse thee my protection. Yet, when I think of the pale clay-cold figure of the old man, as he lay last night extended before me,¹ and imagine the fury of Albert Lee raging with impatience, his hand on a sword which only his loyalty prevents him from plunging into his sovereign’s heart — nay, the

¹ [Compare pp. 229 and 234-236.]

picture is too horrible ! Charles must for ever change his name to Joseph, even if he were strongly tempted, which may fortune in mercy prohibit !

To speak the truth of a prince more unfortunate in his early companions, and the callousness which he acquired by his juvenile adventures and irregular mode of life, than in his natural disposition, Charles came the more readily to this wise conclusion, because he was by no means subject to those violent and engrossing passions to gratify which the world has been thought well lost. His amours, like many of the present day, were rather matters of habit and fashion than of passion and affection ; and, in comparing himself in this respect to his grandfather Henry IV., he did neither his ancestor nor himself perfect justice. He was, to parody the words of a bard, himself actuated by the stormy passions which an intriguer often only simulates —

None of those who loved so kindly,
None of those who loved so blindly.

An amour was with him a matter of amusement, a regular consequence, as it seemed to him, of the ordinary course of things in society. He was not at the trouble to practise seductive arts, because he had seldom found occasion to make use of them, his high rank, and the profligacy of part of the female society with which he had mingled, rendering them unnecessary. Added to this, he had, for the same reason, seldom been crossed by the obstinate interference of relations, or even of husbands, who had generally seemed not unwilling to suffer such matters to take their course. So that, notwithstanding his total looseness of principle, and systematic disbelief in the virtue of women and the honour of men, as connected with the character of their female relatives, Charles was not a person to have studiously introduced disgrace into a family where a conquest might have been violently disputed, attained with difficulty, and accompanied with general distress, not to mention the excitation of all fiercer passions against the author of the scandal.

But the danger of the King's society consisted in his being much of an unbeliever in the existence of such cases as were likely to be embittered by remorse on the part of the principal victim, or rendered perilous by the violent resentment of her connexions or relatives. He had even already found such things treated on the continent as matters of ordinary occurrence, subject, in all cases where a man of high influence

was concerned, to an easy arrangement; and he was really, generally speaking, sceptical on the subject of severe virtue in either sex, and apt to consider it as a veil assumed by prudery in women and hypocrisy in men, to extort a higher reward for their compliance.

While we are discussing the character of his disposition to gallantry, the wanderer was conducted, by the walk he had chosen, through several whimsical turns, until at last it brought him under the windows of Victor Lee's apartment, where he descried Alice watering and arranging some flowers placed on the oriel window, which was easily accessible by daylight, although at night he had found it a dangerous attempt to scale it. But not Alice only, her father also showed himself near the window, and beckoned him up. The family party seemed now more promising than before, and the fugitive prince was weary of playing battledore and shuttlecock with his conscience, and much disposed to let matters go as chance should determine.

He climbed lightly up the broken ascent, and was readily welcomed by the old knight, who held activity in high honour. Alice also seemed glad to see the lively and interesting young man; and by her presence, and the unaffected mirth with which she enjoyed his sallies, he was animated to display those qualities of wit and humour which nobody possessed in a higher degree.

His satire delighted the old gentleman, who laughed till his eyes ran over as he heard the youth, whose claims to his respect he little dreamed of, amusing him with successive imitations of the Scottish Presbyterian clergyman, of the proud and poor hidalgo of the North, of the fierce and overweening pride and Celtic dialect of the mountain chief, of the slow and more pedantic Lowlander, with all of which his residence in Scotland had made him familiar. Alice also laughed and applauded, amused herself and delighted to see that her father was so; and the whole party were in the highest glee when Albert Lee entered, eager to find Louis Kerneguy and to lead him away to a private colloquy with Doctor Rochecliffe, whose zeal, assiduity and wonderful possession of information had constituted him their master-pilot in those difficult times.

It is unnecessary to introduce the reader to the minute particulars of their conference. The information obtained was so far favourable, that the enemy seemed to have had no intelligence of the King's route towards the south, and remained persuaded that he had made his escape from Bristol,

as had been reported, and as had indeed been proposed ; but the master of the vessel prepared for the King's passage had taken the alarm, and sailed without his royal freight. His departure, however, and the suspicion of the service in which he was engaged, served to make the belief general that the King had gone off along with him.

But though this was cheering, the Doctor had more unpleasant tidings from the sea-coast, alleging great difficulties in securing a vessel to which it might be fit to commit a charge so precious ; and, above all, requesting his Majesty might on no account venture to approach the shore until he should receive advice that all the previous arrangements had been completely settled.

No one was able to suggest a safer place of residence than that which he at present occupied. Colonel Everard was deemed certainly not personally unfriendly to the King ; and Cromwell, as was supposed, reposed in Everard an unbounded confidence. The interior presented numberless hiding-places and secret modes of exit, known to no one but the ancient residents of the lodge — nay, far better to Rochecliffe than to any of them, as, when rector at the neighbouring town, his prying disposition as an antiquary had induced him to make very many researches among the old ruins, the results of which he was believed, in some instances, to have kept to himself.

To balance these conveniences, it was no doubt true that the Parliamentary Commissioners were still at no great distance, and would be ready to resume their authority upon the first opportunity. But no one supposed such an opportunity was likely to occur ; and all believed, as the influence of Cromwell and the army grew more and more predominant, that the disappointed Commissioners would attempt nothing in contradiction to his pleasure, but wait with patience an indemnification in some other quarter for their vacated commissions. Report, through the voice of Master Joseph Tomkins, stated that they had determined, in the first place, to retire to Oxford, and were making preparations accordingly. This promised still farther to ensure the security of Woodstock. It was therefore settled that the King, under the character of Louis Kerneguy, should remain an inmate of the lodge until a vessel should be procured for his escape, at the port which might be esteemed the safest and most convenient.

CHAPTER XXIV

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined 'mongst flowers,
Blend their bright colouring with the varied blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dewdrop ;
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

Old Play.

CHARLES (we must now give him his own name) was easily reconciled to the circumstances which rendered his residence at Woodstock advisable. No doubt he would much rather have secured his safety by making an immediate escape out of England ; but he had been condemned already to many uncomfortable lurking-places, and more disagreeable disguises, as well as to long and difficult journeys, during which, between pragmatistical officers of justice belonging to the prevailing party, and parties of soldiers whose officers usually took on them to act on their own warrant, risk of discovery had more than once become very imminent. He was glad, therefore, of comparative repose and of comparative safety.

Then it must be considered that Charles had been entirely reconciled to the society at Woodstock since he had become better acquainted with it. He had seen that, to interest the beautiful Alice, and procure a great deal of her company, nothing more was necessary than to submit to the humours, and cultivate the intimacy, of the old Cavalier her father. A few bouts at fencing, in which Charles took care not to put out his more perfect skill and full youthful strength and activity ; the endurance of a few scenes from Shakspeare, which the knight read with more zeal than taste ; a little skill in music, in which the old man had been a proficient ; the deference paid to a few old-fashioned opinions, at which Charles laughed in his sleeve — were all-sufficient to gain for the disguised prince an interest in Sir Henry Lee, and to conciliate in an equal degree the good-will of his lovely daughter.

Never were there two young persons who could be said to commence this species of intimacy with such unequal advantages. Charles was a libertine, who, if he did not in cold blood resolve upon prosecuting his passion for Alice to a dishonourable conclusion, was at every moment liable to be provoked to attempt the strength of a virtue in which he was no believer. Then Alice, on her part, hardly knew even what was implied by the word libertine or seducer. Her mother had died early in the commencement of the Civil War, and she had been bred up chiefly with her brother and cousin; so that she had an unfearing and unsuspicious frankness of manner, upon which Charles was not unwilling or unlikely to put a construction favourable to his own views. Even Alice's love for her cousin—the first sensation which awakens the most innocent and simple mind to feelings of shyness and restraint towards the male sex in general—had failed to excite such an alarm in *her* bosom. They were nearly related; and Everard, though young, was several years her elder, and had, from her infancy, been an object of her respect as well as of her affection. When this early and childish intimacy ripened into youthful love, confessed and returned, still it differed in some shades from the passion existing between lovers originally strangers to each other, until their affections have been united in the ordinary course of courtship. Their love was fonder, more familiar, more perfectly confidential, purer too, perhaps, and more free from starts of passionate violence or apprehensive jealousy.

The possibility that any one could have attempted to rival Everard in her affection was a circumstance which never occurred to Alice; and that this singular Scottish lad, whom she laughed with on account of his humour, and laughed at for his peculiarities, should be an object of danger or of caution never once entered her imagination. The sort of intimacy to which she admitted Kerneguy was the same to which she would have received a companion of her own sex, whose manners she did not always approve, but whose society she found always amusing.

It was natural that the freedom of Alice Lee's conduct, which arose from the most perfect indifference, should pass for something approaching to encouragement in the royal gallant's apprehension, and that any resolutions he had formed against being tempted to violate the hospitality of Woodstock should begin to totter, as opportunities for doing so became more frequent.

These opportunities were favoured by Albert's departure from Woodstock the very day after his arrival. It had been agreed in full council with Charles and Rochecliffe that he should go to visit his uncle Everard in the county of Kent, and, by showing himself there, obviate any cause of suspicion which might arise from his residence at Woodstock, and remove any pretext for disturbing his father's family on account of their harbouring one who had been so lately in arms. He had also undertaken, at his own great personal risk, to visit different points on the sea-coast, and ascertain the security of different places for providing shipping for the King's leaving England.

These circumstances were alike calculated to procure the King's safety and facilitate his escape. But Alice was thereby deprived of the presence of her brother, who would have been her most watchful guardian, but who had set down the King's light talk upon a former occasion to the gaiety of his humour, and would have thought he had done his sovereign great injustice had he seriously suspected him of such a breach of hospitality as a dishonourable pursuit of Alice would have implied.

There were, however, two of the household at Woodstock who appeared not so entirely reconciled with Louis Kerneguy or his purposes. The one was Bevis, who seemed from their first unfriendly rencontre, to have kept up a pique against their new guest, which no advances on the part of Charles were able to soften. If the page was by chance left alone with his young mistress, Bevis chose always to be of the party, came close by Alice's chair and growled audibly when the gallant drew near her. 'It is a pity,' said the disguised prince, 'that your Bevis is not a bull-dog, that we might dub him a Roundhead at once. He is too handsome, too noble, too aristocratic to nourish those inhospitable prejudices against a poor houseless Cavalier. I am convinced the spirit of Pym or Hampden has transmigrated into the rogue, and continues to demonstrate his hatred against royalty and all its adherents.'

Alice would then reply, that Bevis was loyal in word and deed, and only partook her father's prejudices against the Scots, which, she could not but acknowledge, were tolerably strong.

'Nay, then,' said the supposed Louis, 'I must find some other reason, for I cannot allow Sir Bevis's resentment to rest upon national antipathy. So we will suppose that some gallant Cavalier, who wended to the wars and never returned, has adopted this shape to look back upon the haunts he left so

unwillingly, and is jealous at seeing even poor Louis Kerneguy drawing near to the lady of his lost affections.' He approached her chair as he spoke, and Bevis gave one of his deep growls.

'In that case, you had best keep your distance,' said Alice, laughing, 'for the bite of a dog possessed by the ghost of a jealous lover cannot be very safe.' And the King carried on the dialogue in the same strain, which, while it led Alice to apprehend nothing more serious than the apish gallantry of a fantastic boy, certainly induced the supposed Louis Kerneguy to think that he had made one of those conquests which often and easily fall to the share of sovereigns. Notwithstanding the acuteness of his apprehension, he was not sufficiently aware that the royal road to female favour is only open to monarchs when they travel in grand costume, and that when they woo incognito their path of courtship is liable to the same windings and obstacles which obstruct the course of private individuals.

There was, besides Bevis, another member of the family who kept a look-out upon Louis Kerneguy, and with no friendly eye. Phœbe Mayflower, though her experience extended not beyond the sphere of the village, yet knew the world much better than her mistress, and besides she was five years older. More knowing, she was more suspicious. She thought that odd-looking Scotch boy made more up to her young mistress than was proper for his condition of life; and, moreover, that Alice gave him a little more encouragement than Parthenia would have afforded to any such Jack-a-dandy in the absence of Argalus; for the volume treating of the loves of these celebrated Arcadians was then the favourite study of swains and damsels throughout merry England. Entertaining such suspicions, Phœbe was at a loss how to conduct herself on the occasion, and yet resolved she would not see the slightest chance of the course of Colonel Everard's true love being obstructed without attempting a remedy. She had a peculiar favour for Markham herself; and, moreover, he was, according to her phrase, as handsome and personable a young man as was in Oxfordshire; and this Scottish scarecrow was no more to be compared to him than chalk was to cheese. And yet she allowed that Master Girnigy had a wonderfully well-oiled tongue, and that such gallants were not to be despised. What was to be done? She had no facts to offer, only vague suspicion; and was afraid to speak to her mistress, whose kindness, great as it was, did not, nevertheless, encourage familiarity.

She sounded Joceline; but he was, she knew not why, so

deeply interested about this unlucky lad, and held his importance so high, that she could make no impression on him. To speak to the old knight would have been to raise a general tempest. The worthy chaplain, who was at Woodstock grand referee on all disputed matters, would have been the damsel's most natural resource, for he was peaceful as well as moral by profession, and politic by practice. But it happened he had given Phoebe unintentional offence by speaking of her under the classical epithet of *Rustica Fidele*, the which epithet, as she understood it not, she held herself bound to resent as contumelious, and declaring she was not fonder of a *fiddle* than other folk, had ever since shunned all intercourse with Doctor Rochecliffe which she could easily avoid.

Master Tomkins was always coming and going about the house under various pretexts; but he was a Roundhead, and she was too true to the Cavaliers to introduce any of the enemy as parties to their internal discords; besides, he had talked to Phoebe herself in a manner which induced her to decline everything in the shape of familiarity with him. Lastly, Cavaliero Wildrake might have been consulted; but Phoebe had her own reasons for saying, as she did with some emphasis, that Cavaliero Wildrake was an impudent London rake. At length she resolved to communicate her suspicions to the party having most interest in verifying or confuting them.

'I'll let Master Markham Everard know that there is a wasp buzzing about his honeycomb,' said Phoebe; 'and, moreover, that I know that this young Scotch scapegrace shifted himself out of a woman's into a man's dress at Goody Green's, and gave Goody Green's Dolly a gold piece to say nothing about it; and no more she did to any one but me, and she knows best herself whether she gave change for the gold or not; but Master Louis is a saucy jackanapes, and like enough to ask it.'

Three or four days elapsed while matters continued in this condition, the disguised prince sometimes thinking on the intrigue which Fortune seemed to have thrown in his way for his amusement, and taking advantage of such opportunities as occurred to increase his intimacy with Alice Lee; but much oftener harassing Doctor Rochecliffe with questions about the possibility of escape, which the good man finding himself unable to answer, secured his leisure against royal importunity by retreating into the various unexplored recesses of the lodge, known perhaps only to himself, who had been for nearly a score of years employed in writing the *Wonders of Woodstock*.

It chanced on the fourth day that some trifling circumstance had called the knight abroad ; and he had left the young Scotsman, now familiar in the family, along with Alice in the parlour of Victor Lee. Thus situated, he thought the time not unpropitious for entering upon a strain of gallantry of a kind which might be called experimental, such as is practised by the Croats in skirmishing, when they keep bridle in hand, ready to attack the enemy or canter off without coming to close quarters, as circumstances may recommend. After using for nearly ten minutes a sort of metaphysical jargon, which might, according to Alice's pleasure, have been interpreted either into gallantry or the language of serious pretension, and when he supposed her engaged in fathoming his meaning, he had the mortification to find, by a single and brief question, that he had been totally unattended to, and that Alice was thinking on anything at the moment rather than the sense of what he had been saying. She asked him if he could tell what it was o'clock, and this with an air of real curiosity concerning the lapse of time which put coquetry wholly out of the question.

'I will go look at the sun-dial, Mistress Alice,' said the gallant, rising and colouring, through a sense of the contempt with which he thought himself treated.

'You will do me a pleasure, Master Kerneguy,' said Alice, without the least consciousness of the indignation she had excited.

Master Louis Kerneguy left the room accordingly, not, however, to procure the information required, but to vent his anger and mortification, and to swear, with more serious purpose than he had dared to do before, that Alice should rue her insolence. Good-natured as he was, he was still a prince, unaccustomed to contradiction, far less to contempt, and his self-pride felt, for the moment, wounded to the quick. With a hasty step he plunged into the chase, only remembering his own safety so far as to choose the deeper and sequestered avenues, where, walking on with the speedy and active step which his recovery from fatigue now permitted him to exercise according to his wont, he solaced his angry purposes, by devising schemes of revenge on the insolent country coquette, from which no consideration of hospitality was in future to have weight enough to save her.

The irritated gallant passed

The dial-stone, aged and green,

without deigning to ask it a single question ; nor could it have

satisfied his curiosity if he had, for no sun happened to shine at the moment. He then hastened forward, muffling himself in his cloak, and assuming a stooping and slouching gait, which diminished his apparent height. He was soon involved in the deep and dim alleys of the wood, into which he had insensibly plunged himself, and was traversing it at a great rate, without having any distinct idea in what direction he was going, when suddenly his course was arrested, first by a loud halloo, and then by a summons to stand, accompanied by what seemed still more startling and extraordinary, the touch of a cane upon his shoulder, imposed in a good-humoured but somewhat imperious manner.

There were few symptoms of recognition which would have been welcome at this moment; but the appearance of the person who had thus arrested his course was least of all that he could have anticipated as timely or agreeable. When he turned, on receiving the signal, he beheld himself close to a young man nearly six feet in height, well made in joint and limb, but the gravity of whose apparel, although handsome and gentlemanlike, and a sort of precision in his habit, from the cleanness and stiffness of his band to the unsullied purity of his Spanish-leather shoes, bespoke a love of order which was foreign to the impoverished and vanquished Cavaliers, and proper to the habits of those of the victorious party, who could afford to dress themselves handsomely, and whose rule — that is, such as regarded the higher and more respectable classes — enjoined decency and sobriety of garb and deportment. There was yet another weight against the prince in the scale, and one still more characteristic of the inequality in the comparison under which he seemed to labour. There was strength in the muscular form of the stranger who had brought him to this involuntary parley, authority and determination in his brow, a long rapier on the left, and a poniard or dagger on the right, side of his belt, and a pair of pistols stuck into it, which would have been sufficient to give the unknown the advantage (Louis Kerneguy having no weapon but his sword), even had his personal strength approached nearer than it did to that of the person by whom he was thus suddenly stopped.

Bitterly regretting the thoughtless fit of passion that brought him into his present situation, but especially the want of the pistols he had left behind, and which do so much to place bodily strength and weakness upon an equal footing, Charles yet availed himself of the courage and presence of

mind in which few of his unfortunate family had for centuries been deficient. He stood firm and without motion, his cloak still wrapped round the lower part of his face, to give time for explanation, in case he was mistaken for some other person.

This coolness produced its effect; for the other party said, with doubt and surprise on his part, 'Joceline Joliffe, is it not? If I know not Joceline Joliffe, I should at least know my own cloak.'

'I am not Joceline Joliffe, as you may see, sir,' said Kerneguy, calmly, drawing himself erect to show the difference of size, and dropping the cloak from his face and person.

'Indeed!' replied the stranger, in surprise; 'then, sir unknown, I have to express my regret at having used my cane in intimating that I wished you to stop. From that dress, which I certainly recognise for my own, I concluded you must be Joceline, in whose custody I had left my habit at the lodge.'

'If it had been Joceline, sir,' replied the supposed Kerneguy, with perfect composure, 'methinks you should not have struck so hard.'

The other party was obviously confused by the steady calmness with which he was encountered. The sense of politeness dictated, in the first place, an apology for a mistake, when he thought he had been tolerably certain of the person. Master Kerneguy was not in a situation to be punctilious: he bowed gravely, as indicating his acceptance of the excuse offered, then turned, and walked, as he conceived, towards the lodge, though he had traversed the woods, which were cut with various alleys in different directions, too hastily to be certain of the real course which he wished to pursue.

He was much embarrassed to find that this did not get him rid of the companion whom he had thus involuntarily acquired. Walked he slow, walked he fast, his friend in the genteel but Puritanic habit, strong in person, and well armed, as we have described him, seemed determined to keep him company, and, without attempting to join or enter into conversation, never suffered him to outstrip his surveillance for more than two or three yards. The wanderer mended his pace; but although he was then, in his youth, as afterwards in his riper age, one of the best walkers in Britain, the stranger, without advancing his pace to a run, kept fully equal to him, and his persecution became so close, and constant, and inevitable, that the pride and fear of Charles were both alarmed, and he began to think

that, whatever the danger might be of a single-handed rencontre, he would nevertheless have a better bargain of this tall satellite if they settled the debate betwixt them in the forest than if they drew near any place of habitation, where the man in authority was likely to find friends and concurrence.

Betwixt anxiety, therefore, vexation, and anger, Charles faced suddenly round on his pursuer as they reached a small, narrow glade which led to the little meadow over which presided the King's Oak, the ragged and scathed branches and gigantic trunk of which formed a vista to the little wild avenue.

'Sir,' said he to his pursuer, 'you have already been guilty of one piece of impertinence towards me. You have apologised; and knowing no reason why you should distinguish me as an object of incivility, I have accepted your excuse without scruple. Is there anything remains to be settled betwixt us, which causes you to follow me in this manner? If so, I shall be glad to make it a subject of explanation or satisfaction, as the case may admit of. I think you can owe me no malice, for I never saw you before to my knowledge. If you can give any good reason for asking it, I am willing to render you personal satisfaction. If your purpose is merely impertinent curiosity, I let you know that I will not suffer myself to be dogged in my private walks by any one.'

'When I recognise my own cloak on another man's shoulders,' replied the stranger, drily, 'methinks I have a natural right to follow, and see what becomes of it; for know, sir, though I have been mistaken as to the wearer, yet I am confident I had as good a right to stretch my cane across the cloak you are muffled in as ever had any one to brush his own garments. If, therefore, we are to be friends, I must ask, for instance, how you came by that cloak, and where you are going with it? I shall otherwise make bold to stop you, as one who has sufficient commission to do so.'

'Oh, unhappy cloak,' thought the wanderer, 'ay, and thrice unhappy the idle fancy that sent me here with it wrapped around my nose, to pick quarrels and attract observation, when quiet and secrecy were peculiarly essential to my safety!'

'If you will allow me to guess, sir,' continued the stranger, who was no other than Markham Everard, 'I will convince you that you are better known than you think for.'

'Now, Heaven forbid!' prayed the party addressed, in silence, but with as much devotion as ever he applied to a prayer in

his life. Yet, even in this moment of extreme urgency, his courage and composure did not fail; and he recollected it was of the utmost importance not to seem startled, and to answer so as, if possible, to lead the dangerous companion with whom he had met to confess the extent of his actual knowledge or suspicions concerning him.

'If you know me, sir,' he said, 'and are a gentleman, as your appearance promises, you cannot be at a loss to discover to what accident you must attribute my wearing these clothes, which you say are yours.'

'Oh, sir,' replied Colonel Everard, his wrath in no sort turned away by the mildness of the stranger's answer, 'we have learned our Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and we know for what purposes young men of quality travel in disguise; we know that even female attire is resorted to on certain occasions: we have heard of Vertumnus and Pomona.'

The monarch, as he weighed these words, again uttered a devout prayer that this ill-looking affair might have no deeper root than the jealousy of some admirer of Alice Lee, promising to himself that, devotee as he was to the fair sex, he would make no scruple of renouncing the fairest of Eve's daughters in order to get out of the present dilemma.

'Sir,' he said, 'you seem to be a gentleman. I have no objection to tell you, as such, that I also am of that class.'

'Or somewhat higher, perhaps?' said Everard.

'A gentleman,' replied Charles, 'is a term which comprehends all ranks entitled to armorial bearings. A duke, a lord, a prince is no more than a gentleman; and if in misfortune, as I am, he may be glad if that general term of courtesy is allowed him.'

'Sir,' replied Everard, 'I have no purpose to entrap you to any acknowledgment fatal to your own safety. Nor do I hold it my business to be active in the arrest of private individuals, whose perverted sense of national duty may have led them into errors rather to be pitied than punished by candid men. But if those who have brought civil war and disturbance into their native country proceed to carry dishonour and disgrace into the bosom of families, if they attempt to carry on their private debaucheries to the injury of the hospitable roofs which afford them refuge from the consequences of their public crimes, do you think, my lord, that we shall bear it with patience?'

'If it is your purpose to quarrel with me,' said the prince, 'speak it out at once like a gentleman. You have the advantage,

no doubt, of arms, but it is not that odds which will induce me to fly from a single man. If, on the other hand, you are disposed to hear reason, I tell you in calm words, that I neither suspect the offence to which you allude nor comprehend why you give me the title of my lord.'

'You deny, then, being the Lord Wilmot?' said Everard.

'I may do so most safely,' said the prince.

'Perhaps you rather style yourself Earl of Rochester? We heard that the issuing of some such patent by the King of Scots was a step which your ambition proposed.'

'Neither lord nor earl am I, as sure as I have a Christian soul to be saved. My name is ——'

'Do not degrade yourself by unnecessary falsehood, my lord, and that to a single man, who, I promise you, will not invoke public justice to assist his own good sword should he see cause to use it. Can you look at that ring and deny that you are Lord Wilmot?'

He handed to the disguised prince a ring which he took from his purse, and his opponent instantly knew it for the same he had dropped into Alice's pitcher at the fountain, obeying only, though imprudently, the gallantry of the moment, in giving a pretty gem to a handsome girl, whom he had accidentally frightened.

'I know the ring,' he said; 'it has been in my possession. How it should prove me to be Lord Wilmot, I cannot conceive; and beg to say, it bears false witness against me.'

'You shall see the evidence,' answered Everard; and resuming the ring, he pressed a spring ingeniously contrived in the collet of the setting, on which the stone flew back and showed within it the cipher of Lord Wilmot beautifully engraved in miniature, with a coronet. 'What say you now, sir?'

'That probabilities are no proofs,' said the prince: 'there is nothing here save what can be easily accounted for. I am the son of a Scottish nobleman, who was mortally wounded and made prisoner at Worcester fight. When he took leave, and bid me fly, he gave me the few valuables he possessed, and that among others. I have heard him talk of having changed rings with Lord Wilmot, on some occasion in Scotland, but I never knew the trick of the gem which you have shown me.'

In this, it may be necessary to say, Charles spoke very truly; nor would he have parted with it in the way he did, had he suspected it would be easily recognised. He proceeded after a minute's pause: 'Once more, sir — I have told you much

that concerns my safety ; if you are generous, you will let me pass, and I may do you on some future day as good service. If you mean to arrest me, you must do so here, and at your own peril, for I will neither walk farther your way nor permit you to dog me on mine. If you let me pass, I will thank you ; if not, take to your weapon.'

'Young gentleman,' said Colonel Everard, 'whether you be actually the gay young nobleman for whom I took you, you have made me uncertain ; but, intimate as you say your family has been with him, I have little doubt that you are proficient in the school of debauchery of which Wilmot and Villiers are professors, and their hopeful master a graduated student. Your conduct at Woodstock, where you have rewarded the hospitality of the family by meditating the most deadly wound to their honour, has proved you too apt a scholar in such an academy. I intended only to warn you on this subject ; it will be your own fault if I add chastisement to admonition.'

'Warn me, sir !' said the prince, indignantly, 'and chastisement ! This is presuming more on my patience than is consistent with your own safety. Draw, sir.' So saying, he laid his hand on his sword.

'My religion,' said Everard, 'forbids me to be rash in shedding blood. Go home, sir — be wise — consult the dictates of honour as well as prudence. Respect the honour of the house of Lee, and know there is one nearly allied to it by whom your motions will be called to severe account.'

'Aha !' said the prince, with a bitter laugh, 'I see the whole matter now : we have our Roundheaded colonel, our Puritan cousin, before us — the man of texts and morals, whom Alice Lee laughs at so heartily. If your religion, sir, prevents you from giving satisfaction, it should prevent you from offering insult to a person of honour.'

The passions of both were now fully up ; they drew mutually, and began to fight, the colonel relinquishing the advantage he could have obtained by the use of his firearms. A thrust of the arm or a slip of the foot might, at the moment, have changed the destinies of Britain, when the arrival of a third party broke off the combat.

CHAPTER XXV

Stay, for the king has thrown his warder down.

Richard II.

THE combatants whom we left engaged at the end of the last chapter made mutual passes at each other with apparently equal skill and courage. Charles had been too often in action, and too long a party as well as a victim to civil war, to find anything new or surprising in being obliged to defend himself with his own hands ; and Everard had been distinguished as well for his personal bravery as for the other properties of a commander. But the arrival of a third party prevented the tragic conclusion of a combat in which the success of either party must have given him much cause for regretting his victory.

It was the old knight himself who arrived, mounted upon a forest pony, for the war and sequestration had left him no steed of a more dignified description. He thrust himself between the combatants, and commanded them on their lives to hold. So soon as a glance from one to the other had ascertained to him whom he had to deal with, he demanded, 'Whether the devils of Woodstock whom folk talked about had got possession of them both, that they were tilting at each other within the verge of the royal liberties ? Let me tell both of you,' he said, 'that, while old Henry Lee is at Woodstock, the immunities of the park shall be maintained as much as if the King were still on the throne. None shall fight duellos here, excepting the stags in their season. Put up, both of you, or I shall lug out as thirdsman, and prove perhaps the worst devil of the three. As Will says —

I'll so maul you and your toasting-irons,
That you shall think the Devil has come from Hell.'

The combatants desisted from their encounter, but stood looking at each other sullenly, as men do in such a situation,

each unwilling to seem to desire peace more than the other, and averse therefore to be the first to sheathe his sword.

'Return your weapons, gentlemen, upon the spot,' said the knight yet more peremptorily, 'one and both of you, or you will have something to do with me, I promise you. You may be thankful times are changed. I have known them such, that your insolence might have cost each of you your right hand, if not redeemed with a round sum of money. Nephew, if you do not mean to alienate me for ever, I command you to put up. Master Kerneguy, you are my guest. I request of you not to do me the insult of remaining with your sword drawn, where it is my duty to see peace observed.'

'I obey you, Sir Henry,' said the King, sheathing his rapier. 'I hardly indeed know wherefore I was assaulted by this gentleman. I assure you, none respects the King's person or privileges more than myself, though the devotion is somewhat out of fashion.'

'We may find a place to meet, sir,' replied Everard, 'where neither the royal person nor privileges can be offended.'

'Faith, very hardly, sir,' said Charles, unable to suppress the rising jest — 'I mean, the King has so few followers, that the loss of the least of them might be some small damage to him; but, risking all that, I will meet you wherever there is fair field for a poor Cavalier to get off in safety, if he has the luck in fight.'

Sir Henry Lee's first idea had been fixed upon the insult offered to the royal demesne; he now began to turn his thoughts towards the safety of his kinsman, and of the young Royalist, as he deemed him. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I must insist on this business being put to a final end. Nephew Markham, is this your return for my condescension in coming back to Woodstock on your warrant, that you should take an opportunity to cut the throat of my guest?'

'If you knew his purpose as well as I do ——' said Markham, and then paused, conscious that he might only incense his uncle without convincing him, as anything he might say of Kerneguy's addresses to Alice was likely to be imputed to his own jealous suspicions; he looked on the ground, therefore, and was silent.

'And you, Master Kerneguy,' said Sir Henry, 'can you give me any reason why you seek to take the life of this young man, in whom, though unhappily forgetful of his loyalty and duty, I must yet take some interest, as my nephew by affinity?'

'I was not aware the gentleman enjoyed that honour, which certainly would have protected him from my sword,' answered Kerneguy. 'But the quarrel is his; nor can I tell any reason why he fixed it upon me, unless it were the difference of our political opinions.'

'You know the contrary,' said Everard: 'you know that I told you you were safe from me as a fugitive Royalist; and your last words showed you were at no loss to guess my connexion with Sir Henry. That, indeed, is of little consequence. I should debase myself did I use the relationship as a means of protection from you or any one.'

As they thus disputed, neither choosing to approach the real cause of quarrel, Sir Henry looked from the one to the other with a peacemaking countenance, exclaiming —

'Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you both have drunk of Circe's cup.'

Come, my young masters, allow an old man to mediate between you. I am not short-sighted in such matters. The mother of mischief is no bigger than a gnat's wing; and I have known fifty instances in my own day, when, as Will says —

Gallants have been confronted hardily,
In single opposition, hand to hand,

in which, after the field was fought, no one could remember the cause of quarrel. Tush! a small thing will do it — the taking of the wall, or the gentle rub of the shoulder in passing each other, or a hasty word, or a misconceived gesture. Come, forget your cause of quarrel, be what it will; you have had your breathing, and though you put up your rapiers unbloodied, that was no default of yours, but by command of your elder, and one who had right to use authority. In Malta, where the duello is punctiliously well understood, the persons engaged in a single combat are bound to halt on the command of a knight, or priest, or lady, and the quarrel so interrupted is held as honourably terminated, and may not be revived. Nephew, it is, I think, impossible that you can nourish spleen against this young gentleman for having fought for his king. Hear my honest proposal, Markham. You know I bear no malice, though I have some reason to be offended with you. Give the young man your hand in friendship, and we will back to the lodge, all three together, and drink a cup of sack in token of reconciliation.'

Markham Everard found himself unable to resist this approach towards kindness on his uncle's part. He suspected, indeed, what was partly the truth, that it was not entirely from reviving good-will, but also, that his uncle thought, by such attention, to secure his neutrality at least, if not his assistance, for the safety of the fugitive Royalist. He was sensible that he was placed in an awkward predicament; and that he might incur the suspicions of his own party, for holding intercourse even with a near relation who harboured such guests. But, on the other hand, he thought his services to the Commonwealth had been of sufficient importance to outweigh whatever envy might urge on that topic. Indeed, although the Civil War had divided families much, and in many various ways, yet, when it seemed ended by the triumph of the republicans, the rage of political hatred began to relent, and the ancient ties of kindred and friendship regained at least a part of their former influence. Many reunions were formed; and those who, like Everard, adhered to the conquering party, often exerted themselves for the protection of their deserted relatives.

As these things rushed through his mind, accompanied with the prospect of a renewed intercourse with Alice Lee, by means of which he might be at hand to protect her against every chance either of injury or insult, he held out his hand to the supposed Scottish page, saying at the same time, 'That, for his part, he was very ready to forget the cause of quarrel, or rather, to consider it as arising out of a misapprehension, and to offer Master Kerneguy such friendship as might exist between honourable men who had embraced different sides in politics.'

Unable to overcome the feeling of personal dignity, which prudence recommended to him to forget, Louis Kerneguy in return bowed low, but without accepting Everard's proffered hand.

'He had no occasion,' he said, 'to make any exertions to forget the cause of quarrel, for he had never been able to comprehend it; but, as he had not shunned the gentleman's resentment, so he was now willing to embrace and return any degree of his favour with which he might be pleased to honour him.'

Everard withdrew his hand with a smile, and bowed in return to the salutation of the page, whose stiff reception of his advances he imputed to the proud, pettish disposition of a

Scotch boy, trained up in extravagant ideas of family consequence and personal importance, which his acquaintance with the world had not yet been sufficient to dispel.

Sir Henry Lee, delighted with the termination of the quarrel, which he supposed to be in deep deference to his own authority, and not displeased with the opportunity of renewing some acquaintance with his nephew, who had, notwithstanding his political demerits, a warmer interest in his affections than he was, perhaps, himself aware of, said, in a tone of consolation, 'Never be mortified, young gentlemen. I protest it went to my heart to part you, when I saw you stretching yourselves so handsomely, and in fair love of honour, without any malicious or bloodthirsty thoughts. I promise you, had it not been for my duty as ranger here, and sworn to the office, I would rather have been your umpire than your hinderance. But a finished quarrel is a forgotten quarrel; and your tilting should have no further consequence excepting the appetite it may have given you.'

So saying, he urged forward his pony, and moved in triumph towards the lodge by the nearest alley. His feet almost touching the ground, the ball of his toe just resting in the stirrup, the forepart of the thigh brought round to the saddle, the heels turned outwards, and sunk as much as possible, his body precisely erect, the reins properly and systematically divided in his left hand, his right holding a riding-rod diagonally pointed towards the horse's left ear, he seemed a champion of the menage, fit to have reined Bucephalus himself. His youthful companions, who attended on either hand like equerries, could scarce suppress a smile at the completely adjusted and systematic posture of the rider, contrasted with the wild and diminutive appearance of the pony, with its shaggy coat, and long tail and mane, and its keen eyes sparkling like red coals from amongst the mass of hair which fell over its small countenance. If the reader has the Duke of Newcastle's book on horsemanship (*splendida moles*!) he may have some idea of the figure of the good knight, if he can conceive such a figure as one of the cavaliers there represented, seated, in all the graces of his art, on a Welsh or Exmoor pony, in its native savage state, without grooming or discipline of any kind, the ridicule being greatly enhanced by the disproportion of size betwixt the animal and its rider.

Perhaps the knight saw their wonder, for the first words he said after they left the ground were, 'Pixie, though small, is

mettlesome, gentlemen (here he contrived that Pixie should himself corroborate the assertion, by executing a gambade) — he is diminutive, but full of spirit; indeed, save that I am somewhat too large for an elfin horseman (the knight was upwards of six feet high), I should remind myself, when I mount him, of the Fairy King, as described by Mike Drayton:

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce upon his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself did settle.
He made him stop, and turn, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.'

'My old friend, Pixie!' said Everard, stroking the pony's neck, 'I am glad that he has survived all these bustling days. Pixie must be above twenty years old, Sir Henry?'

'Above twenty years, certainly. Yes, nephew Markham, war is a whirlwind in a plantation, which only spares what is least worth leaving. Old Pixie and his old master have survived many a tall fellow and many a great horse, neither of them good for much themselves. Yet, as Will says, an old man can do somewhat. So Pixie and I still survive.'

So saying, he again contrived that Pixie should show some remnants of activity.

'Still survive!' said the young Scot, completing the sentence which the good knight had left unfinished — 'ay, still survive,

To witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

Everard coloured, for he felt the irony; but not so his uncle, whose simple vanity never permitted him to doubt the sincerity of the compliment.

'Are you avised of that?' he said. 'In King James's time, indeed, I have appeared in the tilt-yard, and there you might have said —

You saw young Harry with his beaver up.

As to seeing old Harry, why —' Here the knight paused, and looked as a bashful man in labour of a pun. 'As to old Harry — why, you might as well see the *Devil*. You take me, Master Kerneguy: the Devil, you know, is my namesake — ha — ha — ha! Cousin Everard, I hope your precision is not startled by an innocent jest?'

He was so delighted with the applause of both his companions, that he recited the whole of the celebrated passage referred to, and concluded with defying the present age, bundle all its wits, Donne, Cowley, Waller, and the rest of them together, to produce a poet of a tenth part of the genius of old Will.

'Why, we are said to have one of his descendants among us — Sir William D'Avenant,' said Louis Kerneguy; 'and many think him as clever a fellow.'

'What!' exclaimed Sir Henry. 'Will D'Avenant, whom I knew in the North, an officer under Newcastle, when the Marquis lay before Hull? Why, he was an honest Cavalier, and wrote good doggerel enough; but how came he akin to Will Shakspeare, I trow?'

'Why,' replied the young Scot, 'by the surer side of the house, and after the old fashion, if D'Avenant speaks truth. It seems that his mother was a good-looking, laughing, buxom mistress of an inn between Stratford and London, at which Will Shakspeare often quartered as he went down to his native town, and that, out of friendship and gossipred, as we say in Scotland, Will Shakspeare became godfather to Will D'Avenant; and not contented with this spiritual affinity, the younger Will is for establishing some claim to a natural one, alleging that his mother was a great admirer of wit, and there were no bounds to her complaisance for men of genius.'¹

'Out upon the hound!' said Colonel Everard; 'would he purchase the reputation of descending from poet, or from prince, at the expense of his mother's good fame? His nose ought to be slit.'

'That would be difficult,' answered the disguised prince, recollecting the peculiarity of the bard's countenance.²

'Will D'Avenant the son of Will Shakspeare!' said the knight, who had not yet recovered his surprise at the enormity of the pretension; 'why, it reminds me of a verse in the puppet-show of *Phaeton*, where the hero complains to his mother —

Besides, by all the village boys I'm sham'd;
You the Sun's son, you rascal, you be d—d!³

I never heard such unblushing assurance in my life! Will D'Avenant the son of the brightest and best poet that ever was, is, or will be! But I crave your pardon, nephew. You, I believe, love no stage-plays.'

¹ See Will D'Avenant and Shakspeare. Note 6.

² D'Avenant actually wanted the nose, the foundation of many a jest of the day.

³ See Note 7.

‘Nay, I am not altogether so precise as you would make me, uncle. I have loved them perhaps too well in my time, and now I condemn them not altogether, or in gross, though I approve not their excesses and extravagances. I cannot, even in Shakspeare, but see many things both scandalous to decency and prejudicial to good manners—many things which tend to ridicule virtue, or to recommend vice, at least to mitigate the hideousness of its features. I cannot think these fine poems are an useful study, and especially for the youth of either sex, in which bloodshed is pointed out as the chief occupation of the men, and intrigue as the sole employment of the women.’

In making these observations, Everard was simple enough to think that he was only giving his uncle an opportunity of defending a favourite opinion, without offending him by a contradiction which was so limited and mitigated. But here, as on other occasions, he forgot how obstinate his uncle was in his views, whether of religion, policy, or taste, and that it would be as easy to convert him to the Presbyterian form of government, or engage him to take the abjuration oath, as to shake his belief in Shakspeare. There was another peculiarity in the good knight’s mode of arguing, which Everard, being himself of a plain and downright character, and one whose religious tenets were in some degree unfavourable to the suppressions and simulations often used in society, could never perfectly understand. Sir Henry, sensible of his natural heat of temper, was wont scrupulously to guard against it, and would for some time, when in fact much offended, conduct a debate with all the external appearance of composure, till the violence of his feelings would rise so high as to overcome and bear away the artificial barriers opposed to it, and rush down upon the adversary with accumulating wrath. It thus frequently happened that, like a wily old general, he retreated in the face of his disputant in good order and by degrees, with so moderate a degree of resistance as to draw on his antagonist’s pursuit to the spot where, at length, making a sudden and unexpected attack, with horse, foot, and artillery at once, he seldom failed to confound the enemy, though he might not overthrow him.

It was on this principle, therefore, that, hearing Everard’s last observation, he disguised his angry feelings, and answered, with a tone where politeness was called in to keep guard upon passion, ‘That undoubtedly the Presbyterian gentry had given, through the whole of these unhappy times, such proofs of an humble, unaspiring, and unambitious desire of the public good

as entitled them to general credit for the sincerity of those very strong scruples which they entertained against works in which the noblest sentiments of religion and virtue — sentiments which might convert hardened sinners, and be placed with propriety in the mouths of dying saints and martyrs — happened, from the rudeness and coarse taste of the times, to be mixed with some broad jests and similar matter, which lay not much in the way, excepting of those who painfully sought such stuff out, that they might use it in vilifying what was in itself deserving of the highest applause. But what he wished especially to know from his nephew was, whether any of those gifted men who had expelled the learned scholars and deep divines of the Church of England from the pulpit, and now flourished in their stead, received any inspiration from the muses; if he might use so profane a term without offence to Colonel Everard, or whether they were not as sottishly and brutally averse from elegant letters as they were from humanity and common sense ?

Colonel Everard might have guessed, by the ironical tone in which this speech was delivered, what storm was mustering within his uncle's bosom — nay, he might have conjectured the state of the old knight's feelings from his emphasis on the word 'colonel,' by which epithet, as that which most connected his nephew with the party he hated, he never distinguished Everard unless when his wrath was rising; while, on the contrary, when disposed to be on good terms with him, he usually called him Kinsman, or Nephew Markham. Indeed, it was under a partial sense that this was the case, and in the hope to see his cousin Alice, that the colonel forbore making any answer to the harangue of his uncle, which had concluded just as the old knight had alighted at the door of the lodge, and was entering the hall, followed by his two attendants.

Phoebe at the same time made her appearance in the hall, and received orders to bring some 'beverage' for the gentlemen. The Hebe of Woodstock failed not to recognise and welcome Everard by an almost imperceptible courtesy; but she did not serve her interest, as she designed, when she asked the knight, as a question of course, whether he commanded the attendance of Mistress Alice. A stern 'No,' was the decided reply; and the ill-timed interference seemed to increase his previous irritation against Everard for his depreciation of Shakspeare. 'I would insist,' said Sir Henry, resuming the obnoxious subject, 'were it fit for a poor disbanded Cavalier to use such a phrase

towards a commander of the conquering army, upon knowing whether the convulsion which has sent us saints and prophets without end has not also afforded us a poet with enough both of gifts and grace to outshine poor old Will, the oracle and idol of us blinded and carnal Cavaliers?'

'Surely, sir,' replied Colonel Everard, 'I know verses written by a friend of the Commonwealth, and those, too, of a dramatic character, which, weighed in an impartial scale, might equal even the poetry of Shakspeare, and which are free from the fustian and indelicacy with which that great bard was sometimes content to feed the coarse appetites of his barbarous audience.'

'Indeed!' said the knight, keeping down his wrath with difficulty. 'I should like to be acquainted with this masterpiece of poetry! May we ask the name of this distinguished person?'

'It must be Vicars or Withers at least,' said the feigned page.

'No, sir,' replied Everard, 'nor Drummond of Hawthornden, nor Lord Stirling neither. And yet the verses will vindicate what I say, if you will make allowance for indifferent recitation, for I am better accustomed to speak to a battalion than to those who love the muses. The speaker is a lady benighted, who, having lost her way in a pathless forest, at first expresses herself agitated by the supernatural fears to which her situation gave rise.'

'A play, too, and written by a Roundhead author!' said Sir Henry in surprise.

'A dramatic production at least,' replied his nephew; and began to recite simply, but with feeling, the lines now so well known, but which had then obtained no celebrity, the fame of the author resting upon the basis rather of his polemical and political publications than on the poetry doomed in after days to support the eternal structure of his immortality.

'These thoughts may startle, but will not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.'

'My own opinion, nephew Markham — my own opinion,' said Sir Henry, with a burst of admiration — 'better expressed, but just what I said when the scoundrelly Roundheads pretended to see ghosts at Woodstock. Go on, I prithee.'

Everard proceeded :

‘O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish’d form of Chastity !
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail’d.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

The rest has escaped me,’ said the reciter ; ‘and I marvel I have been able to remember so much.’

Sir Henry Lee, who had expected some effusion very different from those classical and beautiful lines, soon changed the scornful expression of his countenance, relaxed his contorted upper lip, and, stroking down his beard with his left hand, rested the forefinger of the right upon his eyebrow, in sign of profound attention. After Everard had ceased speaking, the old man sighed as at the end of a strain of sweet music. He then spoke in a gentler manner than formerly.

‘Cousin Markham,’ he said, ‘these verses flow sweetly, and sound in my ears like the well-touched warbling of a lute. But thou knowest I am something slow of apprehending the full meaning of that which I hear for the first time. Repeat me these verses again, slowly and deliberately ; for I always love to hear poetry twice, the first time for sound, and the latter time for sense.’

Thus encouraged, Everard recited again the lines, with more hardihood and better effect ; the knight distinctly understanding, and, from his looks and motions, highly applauding, them.

‘Yes,’ he broke out, when Everard was again silent — ‘yes, I *do* call that poetry, though it were even written by a Presbyterian, or an Anabaptist either. Ay, there were good and righteous people to be found even amongst the offending towns which were destroyed by fire. And certainly I have heard, though with little credence — begging your pardon, cousin Everard — that there are men among you who have seen the error of their ways in rebelling against the best and kindest of masters, and bringing it to that pass that he was murdered by a gang yet fiercer than themselves. Ay, doubtless the gentleness of spirit and the purity of mind which dictated those beautiful lines has long ago taught a man so amiable to say, “I have sinned — I have sinned.” Yes, I doubt not so sweet a harp has been broken, even in remorse, for the crimes he was

witness to ; and now he sits drooping for the shame and sorrow of England, all his noble rhymes, as Will says,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Dost thou not think so, Master Kerneguy ?'

'Not I, Sir Henry,' answered the page, somewhat maliciously.

'What, dost not believe the author of these lines must needs be of the better file, and leaning to our persuasion ?'

'I think, Sir Henry, that the poetry qualifies the author to write a play on the subject of Dame Potiphar and her recusant lover ; and as for his calling — that last metaphor of the cloud in a black coat or cloak, with silver lining, would have dubbed him a tailor with me, only that I happen to know that he is a schoolmaster by profession, and by political opinions qualified to be Poet Laureate to Cromwell ; for what Colonel Everard has repeated with such unction is the production of no less celebrated a person than John Milton.'

'John Milton!' exclaimed Sir Henry, in astonishment. 'What! John Milton, the blasphemous and bloody-minded author of the *Defensio Populi Anglicani*! — the advocate of the infernal High Court of Fiends! — the creature and parasite of that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable monster, that prodigy of the universe, that disgrace of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, Oliver Cromwell ?'

'Even the same John Milton,' answered Charles — 'schoolmaster to little boys, and tailor to the clouds, which he furnishes with suits of black, lined with silver, at no other expense than that of common sense.'

'Markham Everard,' said the old knight, 'I will never forgive thee — never — never. Thou hast made me speak words of praise respecting one whose offal should fatten the region-kites. Speak not to me, sir, but begone. Am I, your kinsman and benefactor, a fit person to be juggled out of my commendation and eulogy, and brought to bedaub such a whitened sepulchre as the sophist Milton ?'

'I profess,' said Everard, 'this is hard measure, Sir Henry. You pressed me — you defied me, to produce poetry as good as Shakspeare's. I only thought of the verses, not of the politics of Milton.'

'Oh yes, sir,' replied Sir Henry, 'we well know your power of making distinctions : you could make war against the King's prerogative, without having the least design against his person.'

Oh Heaven forbid! But Heaven will hear and judge you. Set down the beverage, Phœbe (this was added by way of parenthesis to Phœbe, who entered with refreshment), Colonel Everard is not thirsty. You have wiped your mouths, and said you have done no evil. But though you have deceived man, yet God you cannot deceive. And you shall wipe no lips in Woodstock, either after meat or drink, I promise you.'

Charged thus at once with the faults imputed to his whole religious sect and political party, Everard felt too late of what imprudence he had been guilty in giving the opening, by disputing his uncle's taste in dramatic poetry. He endeavoured to explain, to apologise.

'I mistook your purpose, honoured sir, and thought you really desired to know something of our literature; and in repeating what you deemed not unworthy your hearing, I profess I thought I was doing you pleasure, instead of stirring your indignation.'

'O ay!' returned the knight, with unmitigated rigour of resentment — 'profess — profess. Ay, that is the new phrase of asseveration, instead of the profane adjuration of courtiers and Cavaliers. Oh, sir, *profess* less and *practise* more, and so good-day to you. Master Kerneguy, you will find beverage in my apartment.'

While Phœbe stood gaping in admiration at the sudden quarrel which had arisen, Colonel Everard's vexation and resentment was not a little increased by the nonchalance of the young Scotsman, who, with his hands thrust into his pockets with a courtly affectation of the time, had thrown himself into one of the antique chairs, and, though habitually too polite to laugh aloud, and possessing that art of internal laughter by which men of the world learn to indulge their mirth without incurring quarrels or giving direct offence, was at no particular trouble to conceal that he was exceedingly amused by the result of the colonel's visit to Woodstock. Colonel Everard's patience, however, had reached bounds which it was very likely to surpass; for, though differing widely in politics, there was a resemblance betwixt the temper of the uncle and nephew.

'Damnation!' exclaimed the colonel, in a tone which became a Puritan as little as did the exclamation itself.

'Amen!' said Louis Kerneguy, but in a tone so soft and gentle, that the ejaculation seemed rather to escape him than to be designedly uttered.

'Sir!' said Everard, striding towards him in that sort of humour when a man, full of resentment, would not unwillingly find an object on which to discharge it.

'*Plait-il?*' said the page, in the most equable tone, looking up in his face with the most unconscious innocence.

'I wish to know, sir,' retorted Everard, 'the meaning of that which you said just now?'

'Only a pouring out of the spirit, worthy sir,' returned Kerneguy — 'a small skiff despatched to Heaven on my own account, to keep company with your holy petition just now expressed.'

'Sir, I have known a merry gentleman's bones broke for such a smile as you wear just now,' replied Everard.

'There, look you now!' answered the malicious page, who could not weigh even the thoughts of his safety against the enjoyment of his jest. 'If you had stuck to your *professions*, worthy sir, you must have choked by this time; but your round execration bolted like a cork from a bottle of cider, and now allows your wrath to come foaming out after it, in the honest unbaptized language of common ruffians.'

'For Heaven's sake, Master Girnigy,' said Phœbe, 'forbear giving the colonel these bitter words! And do you, good Colonel Markham, scorn to take offence at his hands — he is but a boy.'

'If the colonel or you choose, Mistress Phœbe, you shall find me a man; I think the gentleman can say something to the purpose already. Probably he may recommend to you the part of the Lady in *Comus*; and I only hope his own admiration of John Milton will not induce him to undertake the part of Samson Agonistes, and blow up this old house with execrations, or pull it down in wrath about our ears.'

'Young man,' said the colonel, still in towering passion, 'if you respect my principles for nothing else, be grateful for the protection which, but for them, you would not easily attain.'

'Nay, then,' said the attendant, 'I must fetch those who have more influence with you than I have,' and away tripped Phœbe; while Kerneguy answered Everard in the same provoking tone of calm indifference —

'Before you menace me with a thing so formidable as your resentment, you ought to be certain whether I may not be compelled by circumstances to deny you the opportunity you seem to point at.'

At this moment Alice, summoned no doubt by her attendant, entered the hall hastily.

‘Master Kerneguy,’ she said, ‘my father requests to see you in Victor Lee’s apartment.’

Kerneguy arose and bowed, but seemed determined to remain till Everard’s departure, so as to prevent any explanation betwixt the cousins.

‘Markham,’ said Alice, hurriedly — ‘cousin Everard — I have but a moment to remain here — for God’s sake, do you instantly begone! Be cautious and patient — but do not tarry here — my father is fearfully incensed.’

‘I have had my uncle’s word for that, madam,’ replied Everard, ‘as well as his injunction to depart, which I will obey without delay. I was not aware that you would have seconded so harsh an order quite so willingly; but I go, madam, sensible I leave those behind whose company is more agreeable.’

‘Unjust — ungenerous — ungrateful!’ said Alice; but fearful her words might reach ears for which they were not designed, she spoke them in a voice so feeble, that her cousin, for whom they were intended, lost the consolation they were calculated to convey.

He bowed coldly to Alice, as taking leave, and said with an air of that constrained courtesy, which sometimes covers among men of condition the most deadly hatred, ‘I believe, Master Kerneguy, that I must make it convenient at present to suppress my own peculiar opinions on the matter which we have hinted at in our conversation, in which case I will send a gentleman, who, I hope, may be able to conquer yours.’

The supposed Scotsman made him a stately, and at the same time a condescending, bow, said he should expect the honour of his commands, offered his hand to Mistress Alice, to conduct her back to her father’s apartment, and took a triumphant leave of his rival.

Everard, on the other hand, stung beyond his patience, and, from the grace and composed assurance of the youth’s carriage, still conceiving him to be either Wilmot or some of his peers in rank and profligacy, returned to the town of Woodstock, determined not to be outbearded, even though he should seek redress by means which his principles forbade him to consider as justifiable.

CHAPTER XXVI

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of many a throne,
And fall of many kings.

Macbeth.

WHILE Colonel Everard retreated in high indignation from the little refection which Sir Henry Lee had in his good-humour offered, and withdrawn under the circumstances of provocation which we have detailed, the good old knight, scarce recovered from his fit of passion, partook of it with his daughter and guest, and shortly after, recollecting some silvan task (for, though to little efficient purpose, he still regularly attended to his duties as ranger), he called Bevis, and went out, leaving the two young people together.

'Now,' said the amorous prince to himself, 'that Alice is left without her lion, it remains to see whether she is herself of a tigress breed. So, Sir Bevis has left his charge,' he said aloud ; 'I thought the knights of old, those stern guardians of which he is so fit a representative, were more rigorous in maintaining a vigilant guard.'

'Bevis,' said Alice, 'knows that his attendance on me is totally needless ; and, moreover, he has other duties to perform, which every true knight prefers to dangling the whole morning by a lady's sleeve.'

'You speak treason against all true affection,' said the gallant : 'a lady's lightest wish should to a true knight be more binding than aught excepting the summons of his sovereign. I wish, Mistress Alice, you would but intimate your slightest desire to me, and you should see how I have practised obedience.'

'You never brought me word what o'clock it was this morning,' replied the young lady, 'and there I sat questioning of the wings of Time, when I should have remembered that

gentlemen's gallantry can be quite as fugitive as Time himself. How do you know what your disobedience may have cost me and others? Pudding and pasty may have been burned to a cinder, for, sir, I practise the old domestic rule of visiting the kitchen; or I may have missed prayers, or I may have been too late for an appointment, simply by the negligence of Master Louis Kerneguy failing to let me know the hour of the day.'

'O,' replied Kerneguy, 'I am one of those lovers who cannot endure absence. I must be eternally at the feet of my fair enemy — such, I think, is the title with which romances teach us to grace the fair and cruel to whom we devote our hearts and lives. Speak for me, good lute,' he added, taking up the instrument, 'and show whether I know not my duty.'

He sung, but with more taste than execution, the air of a French *rondelai*, to which some of the wits or sonnetteers in his gay and roving train had adapted English verses.

'An hour with thee! When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain
His labour on the sultry plain,
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee! When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day,
The hopes, the wishes, flung away,
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?

One hour with thee.

Truly, there is another verse,' said the songster; 'but I sing it not to you, Mistress Alice, because some of the prudes of the court liked it not.'

'I thank you, Master Louis,' answered the young lady, 'both for your discretion in singing what has given me pleasure and in forbearing what might offend me. Though a country

girl, I pretend to be so far of the court mode as to receive nothing which does not pass current among the better class there.'

'I would,' answered Louis, 'that you were so well confirmed in their creed as to let all pass with you to which court ladies would give currency.'

'And what would be the consequence?' said Alice, with perfect composure.

'In that case,' said Louis, embarrassed like a general who finds that his preparations for attack do not seem to strike either fear or confusion into the enemy — 'in that case you would forgive me, fair Alice, if I spoke to you in a warmer language than that of mere gallantry — if I told you how much my heart was interested in what you consider as idle jesting — if I seriously owned it was in your power to make me the happiest or the most miserable of human beings.'

'Master Kerneguy,' said Alice, with the same unshaken nonchalance, 'let us understand each other. I am little acquainted with high-bred manners, and I am unwilling, I tell you plainly, to be accounted a silly country girl, who, either from ignorance or conceit, is startled at every word of gallantry addressed to her by a young man, who, for the present, has nothing better to do than coin and circulate such false compliments. But I must not let this fear of seeming rustic and awkwardly timorous carry me too far; and being ignorant of the exact limits, I will take care to stop within them.'

'I trust, madam,' said Kerneguy, 'that, however severely you may be disposed to judge of me, your justice will not punish me too severely for an offence of which your charms are alone the occasion?'

'Hear me out, sir, if you please,' resumed Alice. 'I have listened to you when you spoke *en berger* — nay, my complaisance has been so great as to answer you *en bergère* — for I do not think anything except ridicule can come of dialogues between Lindor and Jeanneton; and the principal fault of the style is its extreme and tiresome silliness and affectation. But when you begin to kneel, offer to take my hand, and speak with a more serious tone, I must remind you of our real characters. I am the daughter of Sir Henry Lee, sir; and you are, or profess to be, Master Louis Kerneguy, my brother's page, and a fugitive for shelter under my father's roof, who incurs danger by the harbour he affords you, and whose house-

hold, therefore, ought not to be disturbed by your unpleasing importunities.'

'I would to Heaven, fair Alice,' said the King, 'that your objections to the suit which I am urging, not in jest but most seriously, as that on which my happiness depends, rested only on the low and precarious station of Louis Kerneguy! Alice, thou hast the soul of thy family, and must needs love honour. I am no more the needy Scottish page whom I have, for my own purposes, personated than I am the awkward lout whose manners I adopted on the first night of our acquaintance. This hand, poor as I seem, can confer a coronet.'

'Keep it,' said Alice, 'for some more ambitious damsel, my lord — for such I conclude is your title, if this romance be true — I would not accept your hand could you confer a duchy.'

'In one sense, lovely Alice, you have neither overrated my power nor my affection. It is your king — it is Charles Stuart who speaks to you! He can confer duchies, and if beauty can merit them, it is that of Alice Lee. Nay — nay, rise — do not kneel; it is for your sovereign to kneel to thee, Alice, to whom he is a thousand times more devoted than the wanderer Louis dared venture to profess himself. My Alice has, I know, been trained up in those principles of love and obedience to her sovereign, that she cannot, in conscience or in mercy, inflict on him such a wound as would be implied in the rejection of his suit.'

In spite of all Charles's attempts to prevent her, Alice had persevered in kneeling on one knee, until she had touched with her lip the hand with which he attempted to raise her. But this salutation ended, she stood upright, with her arms folded on her bosom, her looks humble, but composed, keen and watchful, and so possessed of herself, so little flattered by the communication which the King had supposed would have been overpowering, that he scarce knew in what terms next to urge his solicitation.

'Thou art silent — thou art silent,' he said, 'my pretty Alice. Has the king no more influence with thee than the poor Scottish page?'

'In one sense, every influence,' said Alice; 'for he commands my best thoughts, my best wishes, my earnest prayers, my devoted loyalty, which, as the men of the house of Lee have been ever ready to testify with the sword, so are the women bound to seal, if necessary, with their blood. But beyond the duties of a true and devoted subject, the king is even less to

Alice Lee than poor Louis Kerneguy. The page could have tendered an honourable union; the monarch can but offer a contaminated coronet.'

'You mistake, Alice — you mistake,' said the King, eagerly. 'Sit down and let me speak to you — sit down. What is 't you fear?'

'I fear nothing, my liege,' answered Alice. 'What *can* I fear from the king of Britain — I, the daughter of his loyal subject, and under my father's roof? But I remember the distance betwixt us, and though I might trifle and jest with mine equal, to my king I must only appear in the dutiful posture of a subject, unless where his safety may seem to require that I do not acknowledge his dignity.'

Charles, though young, being no novice in such scenes, was surprised to encounter resistance of a kind which had not been opposed to him in similar pursuits, even in cases where he had been unsuccessful. There was neither anger, nor injured pride, nor disorder, nor disdain, real or affected, in the manners and conduct of Alice. She stood, as it seemed, calmly prepared to argue on the subject which is generally decided by passion — showed no inclination to escape from the apartment, but appeared determined to hear with patience the suit of the lover, while her countenance and manner intimated that she had this complaisance only in deference to the commands of the king.

'She is ambitious,' thought Charles: 'it is by dazzling her love of glory, not by mere passionate entreaties, that I must hope to be successful. I pray you be seated, my fair Alice,' he said, 'the lover entreats — the king commands you.'

'The king,' said Alice, 'may permit the relaxation of the ceremonies due to royalty, but he cannot abrogate the subject's duty, even by express command. I stand here while it is your Majesty's pleasure to address me, a patient listener, as in duty bound.'

'Know then, simple girl,' said the King, 'that, in accepting my proffered affection and protection, you break through no law, either of virtue or morality. Those who are born to royalty are deprived of many of the comforts of private life — chiefly that which is, perhaps, the dearest and most precious, the power of choosing their own mates for life. Their formal weddings are guided upon principles of political expedience only, and those to whom they are wedded are frequently, in temper, person, and disposition, the most unlikely to make them happy. Society has commiseration, therefore, towards

us, and binds our unwilling and often unhappy wedlocks with chains of a lighter and more easy character than those which fetter other men, whose marriage ties, as more voluntarily assumed, ought, in proportion, to be more strictly binding. And therefore, ever since the time that old Henry built these walls, priests and prelates, as well as nobles and statesmen, have been accustomed to see a Fair Rosamond rule the heart of an affectionate monarch, and console him for the few hours of constraint and state which he must bestow upon some angry and jealous Eleanor. To such a connexion the world attaches no blame : they rush to the festival to admire the beauty of the lovely Esther, while the imperious Vashti is left to queen it in solitude ; they throng the palace to ask her protection, whose influence is more in the state an hundred times than that of the proud consort ; her offspring rank with the nobles of the land, and vindicate by their courage, like the celebrated Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, their descent from royalty and from love. From such connexions our richest ranks of nobles are recruited ; and the mother lives, in the greatness of her posterity, honoured and blessed, as she died lamented and wept in the arms of love and friendship.'

'Did Rosamond so die, my lord ?' said Alice. 'Our records say she was poisoned by the injured queen — poisoned, without time allowed to call to God for the pardon of her many faults. Did her memory so live ? I have heard that, when the bishop purified the church at Godstowe, her monument was broken open by his orders, and her bones thrown out into unconsecrated ground.'

'Those were rude old days, sweet Alice,' answered Charles : 'queens are not now so jealous, nor bishops so rigorous. And know, besides, that, in the lands to which I would lead the loveliest of her sex, other laws obtain, which remove from such ties even the slightest show of scandal. There is a mode of matrimony which, fulfilling all the rites of the church, leaves no stain on the conscience ; yet, investing the bride with none of the privileges peculiar to her husband's condition, infringes not upon the duties which the king owes to his subjects. So that Alice Lee may, in all respects, become the real and lawful wife of Charles Stuart, except that their private union gives her no title to be Queen of England.'

'My ambition,' said Alice, 'will be sufficiently gratified to see Charles king, without aiming to share either his dignity in public or his wealth and regal luxury in private.'

'I understand thee, Alice,' said the King, hurt, but not displeased. 'You ridicule me, being a fugitive, for speaking like a king. It is a habit, I admit, which I have learned, and of which even misfortune cannot cure me. But my case is not so desperate as you may suppose. My friends are still many in these kingdoms; my allies abroad are bound, by regard to their own interest, to espouse my cause. I have hopes given me from Spain, from France, and from other nations; and I have confidence that my father's blood has not been poured forth in vain, nor is doomed to dry up without due vengeance. My trust is in Him from whom princes derive their title, and, think what thou wilt of my present condition, I have perfect confidence that I shall one day sit on the throne of England.'

'May God grant it!' said Alice; 'and that He *may* grant it, noble prince, deign to consider whether you now pursue a conduct likely to conciliate His favour. Think of the course you recommend to a motherless maiden, who has no better defence against your sophistry than what a sense of morality, together with the natural feeling of female dignity, inspires. Whether the death of her father, which would be the consequence of her imprudence, whether the despair of her brother, whose life has been so often in peril to save that of your Majesty, whether the dishonour of the roof which has sheltered you, will read well in your annals, or are events likely to propitiate God, whose controversy with your house has been but too visible, or recover the affections of the people of England, in whose eyes such actions are an abomination, I leave to your own royal mind to consider.'

Charles paused, struck with a turn to the conversation which placed his own interests more in collision with the gratification of his present passion than he had supposed.

'If your Majesty,' said Alice, courtesying deeply, 'has no farther commands for my attendance, may I be permitted to withdraw?'

'Stay yet a little, strange and impracticable girl,' said the King, 'and answer me but one question. Is it the lowness of my present fortunes that makes my suit contemptible?'

'I have nothing to conceal, my liege,' she said, 'and my answer shall be as plain and direct as the question you have asked. If I could have been moved to an act of ignominious, insane, and ungrateful folly, it could only arise from my being blinded by that passion which I believe is pleaded as an excuse for folly and for crime much more often than it has a real

existence. I must, in short, have been in love, as it is called ; and that might have been with my equal, but surely never with my sovereign, whether such only in title or in possession of his kingdom.

'Yet loyalty was ever the pride, almost the ruling passion, of your family, Alice,' said the King.

'And could I reconcile that loyalty,' said Alice, 'with indulging my sovereign, by permitting him to prosecute a suit dishonourable to himself as to me? Ought I, as a faithful subject, to join him in a folly which might throw yet another stumbling-block in the path to his restoration, and could only serve to diminish his security, even if he were seated upon his throne?'

'At this rate,' said Charles, discontentedly, 'I had better have retained my character of the page than assumed that of a sovereign, which it seems is still more irreconcilable with my wishes.'

'My candour shall go still farther,' said Alice. 'I could have felt as little for Louis Kerneguy as for the heir of Britain ; for such love as I have to bestow — and it is not such as I read of in romance, or hear poured forth in song — has been already conferred on another object. This gives your Majesty pain ; I am sorry for it, but the wholesomest medicines are often bitter.'

'Yes,' answered the King, with some asperity, 'and physicians are reasonable enough to expect their patients to swallow them as if they were honeycomb. It is true, then, that whispered tale of the cousin colonel ; and the daughter of the loyal Lee has set her heart upon a rebellious fanatic?'

'My love was given ere I knew what these words "fanatic" and "rebel" meant. I recalled it not, for I am satisfied that, amidst the great distractions which divide the kingdom, the person to whom you allude has chosen his part, erroneously perhaps, but conscientiously ; he, therefore, has still the highest place in my affection and esteem. More he cannot have, and will not ask, until some happy turn shall reconcile these public differences, and my father be once more reconciled to him. Devoutly do I pray that such an event may occur by your Majesty's speedy and unanimous restoration!'

'You have found out a reason,' said the King, pettishly, 'to make me detest the thought of such a change ; nor have you, Alice, any sincere interest to pray for it. On the contrary, do you not see that your lover, walking side by side with Cromwell, may, or rather must, share his power? nay, if Lambert

does not anticipate him, he may trip up Oliver's heels and reign in his stead. And think you not he will find means to overcome the pride of the loyal Lees, and achieve an union for which things are better prepared than that which Cromwell is said to meditate betwixt one of his brats and the no less loyal heir of Fauconberg ?'

'Your Majesty,' said Alice, 'has found a way at length to avenge yourself—if what I have said deserves vengeance.'

'I could point out a yet shorter road to your union,' said Charles, without minding her distress, or perhaps enjoying the pleasure of retaliation. 'Suppose that you sent your colonel word that there was one Charles Stuart here, who had come to disturb the saints in their peaceful government, which they had acquired by prayer and preaching, pike and gun ; and suppose he had the art to bring down a half-score of troopers—quite enough, as times go, to decide the fate of this heir of royalty—think you not the possession of such a prize as this might obtain from the Rumpers, or from Cromwell, such a reward as might overcome your father's objections to a Roundhead's alliance, and place the fair Alice and her cousin colonel in full possession of their wishes ?'

'My liege,' said Alice, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling, for she too had her share of the hereditary temperament of her family, 'this passes my patience. I have heard, without expressing anger, the most ignominious persuasions addressed to myself, and I have vindicated myself for refusing to be the paramour of a fugitive prince, as if I had been excusing myself from accepting a share of an actual crown. But do you think I can hear all who are dear to me slandered without emotion or reply ? I will not, sir ; and were you seated with all the terrors of your father's Star Chamber around you, you should hear me defend the absent and the innocent. Of my father I will say nothing, but that, if he is now without wealth, without state, almost without a sheltering home and needful food, it is because he spent all in the service of the King. He needed not to commit any act of treachery or villainy to obtain wealth : he had an ample competence in his own possessions. For Markham Everard—he knows no such thing as selfishness : he would not for broad England, had she the treasures of Peru in her bosom, and a paradise on her surface, do a deed that would disgrace his own name or injure the feelings of another. Kings, my liege, may take a lesson from him. My liege, for the present I take my leave.'

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CHAPTER XXVII

Benedick. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claudio. God bless me from a challenge!

Much Ado about Nothing.

AS Charles was about to leave the apartment, he was prevented by the appearance of Wildrake, who entered with an unusual degree of swagger in his gait, and of fantastic importance on his brow. 'I crave your pardon, fair sir,' he said; 'but, as they say in my country, when doors are open dogs enter. I have knocked and called in the hall to no purpose; so, knowing the way to this parlour, sir—for I am a light partizan, and the road I once travel I never forget—I ventured to present myself unannounced.'

'Sir Henry Lee is abroad, sir, I believe, in the chase,' said Charles, coldly, for the appearance of this somewhat vulgar debauchee was not agreeable to him at the moment, 'and Master Albert Lee has left the lodge for two or three days.'

'I am aware of it, sir,' said Wildrake; 'but I have no business at present with either.'

'And with whom is your business?' said Charles; 'that is, if I may be permitted to ask, since I think it cannot in possibility be with me.'

'Pardon me in turn, sir,' answered the Cavalier; 'in no possibility can it be imparted to any other but yourself, if you be, as I think you are, though in something better habit, Master Louis Girnigo, the Scottish gentleman who waits upon Master Albert Lee.'

'I am all you are like to find for him,' answered Charles.

'In truth,' said the Cavalier, 'I do perceive a difference, but rest and better clothing will do much; and I am glad of it, since I would be sorry to have brought a message such as I am charged with to a tatterdemalion.'

'Let us get to the business, sir, if you please,' said the King; 'you have a message for me, you say?'

'True, sir,' replied Wildrake; 'I am the friend of Colonel Markham Everard, sir, a tall man, and a worthy person in the field, although I could wish him a better cause. A message I have to you, it is certain, in a slight note, which I take the liberty of presenting with the usual formalities.' So saying, he drew his sword, put the billet he mentioned upon the point, and, making a profound bow, presented it to Charles.

The disguised monarch accepted of it with a grave return of the salute, and said, as he was about to open the letter, 'I am not, I presume, to expect friendly contents in an epistle presented in so hostile a manner?'

'A-hem, sir,' replied the ambassador, clearing his voice, while he arranged a suitable answer, in which the mild strain of diplomacy might be properly maintained; 'not utterly hostile, I suppose, sir, is the invitation, though it be such as must be construed in the commencement rather bellicose and pugnacious. I trust, sir, we shall find that a few thrusts will make a handsome conclusion of the business; and so, as my old master used to say, *Pax nascitur ex bello*. For my own poor share, I am truly glad to have been graced by my friend Markham Everard in this matter, the rather as I feared the Puritan principles with which he is imbued—I will confess the truth to you, worthy sir—might have rendered him unwilling, from certain scruples, to have taken the gentlemanlike and honourable mode of righting himself in such a case as the present. And as I render a friend's duty to my friend, so I humbly hope, Master Louis Girnigo, that I do no injustice to you, in preparing the way for the proposed meeting, where, give me leave to say, I trust that, if no fatal accident occur, we shall be all better friends when the skirmish is over than we were before it began.'

'I should suppose so, sir, in any case,' said Charles, looking at the letter; 'worse than mortal enemies we can scarce be, and it is that footing upon which this billet places us.'

'You say true, sir,' said Wildrake; 'it is, sir, a cartel introducing to a single combat, for the pacific object of restoring a perfect good understanding betwixt the survivors—in case that fortunately that word can be used in the plural after the event of the meeting.'

'In short, we only fight, I suppose,' replied the King, 'that we may come to a perfectly good and amicable understanding?'

'You are right again, sir; and I thank you for the clearness of your apprehension,' said Wildrake. 'Ah, sir, it is easy to do

with a person of honour and of intellect in such a case as this. And I beseech you, sir, as a personal kindness to myself, that, as the morning is like to be frosty, and myself am in some sort rheumatic, as war will leave its scars behind, sir — I say, I will entreat of you to bring with you some gentleman of honour, who will not disdain to take part of what is going forward — a sort of pot-luck, sir — with a poor old soldier like myself, that we may take no harm by standing unoccupied during such cold weather.'

'I understand, sir,' replied Charles; 'if this matter goes forward, be assured I will endeavour to provide you with a suitable opponent.'

'I shall remain greatly indebted to you, sir,' said Wildrake; 'and I am by no means curious about the quality of my antagonist. It is true I write myself esquire and gentleman, and should account myself especially honoured by crossing my sword with that of Sir Henry or Master Albert Lee; but should that not be convenient, I will not refuse to present my poor person in opposition to any gentleman who has served the King, which I always hold as a sort of letters of nobility in itself, and, therefore, would on no account decline the duello with such a person.'

'The King is much obliged to you, sir,' said the disguised prince, 'for the honour you do his faithful subjects.'

'O, sir, I am scrupulous on that point — very scrupulous. When there is a Roundhead in question, I consult the herald's books, to see that he is entitled to bear arms, as is Master Markham Everard, without which, I promise you, I had borne none of his cartel. But a Cavalier is with me a gentleman of course. Be his birth ever so low, his loyalty has ennobled his condition.'

'It is well, sir,' said the King. 'This paper requests me to meet Master Everard at six to-morrow morning, at the tree called the King's Oak. I object neither to place nor time. He proffers the sword, at which, he says, we possess some equality. I do not decline the weapon. For company, two gentlemen. I shall endeavour to procure myself an associate, and a suitable partner for you, sir, if you incline to join in the dance.'

'I kiss your hand, sir, and rest yours, under a sense of obligation,' answered the envoy.

'I thank you, sir,' continued the King; 'I will therefore be ready at place and time, and suitably furnished; and I will

either give your friend such satisfaction with my sword as he requires, or will render him such cause for not doing so as he will be contented with.'

'You will excuse me, sir,' said Wildrake, 'if my mind is too dull, under the circumstances, to conceive any alternative that can remain betwixt two men of honour in such a case, excepting — sa — sa —— !' He threw himself into a fencing position, and made a pass with his sheathed rapier, but not directed towards the person of the King, whom he addressed.

'Excuse me, sir,' said Charles, 'if I do not trouble your intellects with the consideration of a case which may not occur. But, for example, I may plead urgent employment on the part of the public.' This he spoke in a low and mysterious tone of voice, which Wildrake appeared perfectly to comprehend; for he laid his forefinger on his nose with what he meant for a very intelligent and apprehensive nod.

'Sir,' said he, 'if you be engaged in any affair for the King, my friend shall have every reasonable degree of patience. Nay, I will fight him myself in your stead, merely to stay his stomach, rather than you should be interrupted. And, sir, if you can find room in your enterprise for a poor gentleman that has followed Lunsford and Goring, you have but to name day, time, and place of rendezvous; for truly, sir, I am tired of the scald hat, cropped hair, and undertaker's cloak with which my friend has bedizened me, and would willingly ruffle it out once more in the King's cause, when whether I be banged or hanged, I care not.'

'I shall remember what you say, sir, should an opportunity occur,' said the King; 'and I wish his Majesty had many such subjects. I presume our business is now settled?'

'When you shall have been pleased, sir, to give me a trifling scrap of writing, to serve for my credentials; for such, you know, is the custom: your written cartel hath its written answer.'

'That, sir, will I presently do,' said Charles, 'and in good time; here are the materials.'

'And, sir,' continued the envoy — 'ahi! — ahem! — if you have interest in the household for a cup of sack. I am a man of few words, and am somewhat hoarse with much speaking; moreover, a serious business of this kind always makes one thirsty. Besides, sir, to part with dry lips argues malice, which God forbid should exist in such an honourable conjuncture.'

'I do not boast much influence in the house, sir,' said the

King; 'but if you would have the condescension to accept of this broad piece towards quenching your thirst at the George——'

'Sir,' said the Cavalier, for the times admitted of this strange species of courtesy, nor was Wildrake a man of such peculiar delicacy as keenly to dispute the matter, 'I am once again beholden to you. But I see not how it consists with my honour to accept of such accommodation, unless you were to accompany and partake?'

'Pardon me, sir,' replied Charles, 'my safety-recommends that I remain rather private at present.'

'Enough said,' Wildrake observed; 'poor Cavaliers must not stand on ceremony. I see, sir, you understand cutter's law: when one tall fellow has coin, another must not be thirsty. I wish you, sir, a continuance of health and happiness until to-morrow, at the King's Oak, at six o'clock.'

'Farewell, sir,' said the King; and added, as Wildrake went down the stair whistling 'Hey for cavaliers,' to which air his long rapier, jarring against the steps and banisters, bore no unsuitable burden—'Farewell, thou too just emblem of the state to which war, and defeat, and despair have reduced many a gallant gentleman.'

During the rest of the day there occurred nothing peculiarly deserving of notice. Alice sedulously avoided showing towards the disguised prince any degree of estrangement or shyness, which could be discovered by her father or by any one else. To all appearance, the two young persons continued on the same footing in every respect. Yet she made the gallant himself sensible that this apparent intimacy was assumed merely to save appearances, and in no way designed as retracting from the severity with which she had rejected his suit. The sense that this was the case, joined to his injured self-love and his enmity against a successful rival, induced Charles early to withdraw himself to a solitary walk in the wilderness, where, like Hercules in the Emblem of Cebes, divided betwixt the personifications of virtue and of pleasure, he listened alternately to the voice of wisdom and of passionate folly.

Prudence urged to him the importance of his own life to the future prosecution of the great object in which he had for the present miscarried—the restoration of monarchy in England, the rebuilding of the throne, the regaining the crown of his father, the avenging his death, and restoring to their fortunes and their country the numerous exiles who were suffering

poverty and banishment on account of their attachment to his cause. Pride too, or rather a just and natural sense of dignity, displayed the unworthiness of a prince descending to actual personal conflict with a subject of any degree, and the ridicule which would be thrown on his memory, should he lose his life for an obscure intrigue by the hand of a private gentleman. What would his sage counsellors, Nicholas and Hyde, what would his kind and wise governor, the Marquis of Hertford, say to such an act of rashness and folly? Would it not be likely to shake the allegiance of the staid and prudent persons of the Royalist party, since wherefore should they expose their lives and estates to raise to the government of a kingdom a young man who could not command his own temper? To this was to be added the consideration that even his success would add double difficulties to his escape, which already seemed sufficiently precarious. If, stopping short of death, he merely had the better of his antagonist, how did he know that he might not seek revenge by delivering up to government the Malignant Louis Kerneguy, whose real character could not in that case fail to be discovered?

These considerations strongly recommended to Charles that he should clear himself of the challenge without fighting; and the reservation under which he had accepted it afforded him some opportunity of doing so.

But Passion also had her arguments, which she addressed to a temper rendered irritable by recent distress and mortification. In the first place, if he was a prince, he was also a gentleman, entitled to resent as such, and obliged to give or claim the satisfaction expected on occasion of differences among gentlemen. With Englishmen, she urged, he could never lose interest by showing himself ready, instead of sheltering himself under his royal birth and pretensions, to come frankly forward, and maintain what he had done or said on his own responsibility. In a free nation, it seemed as if he would rather gain than lose in the public estimation by a conduct which could not but seem gallant and generous. Then a character for courage was far more necessary to support his pretensions than any other kind of reputation; and the lying under a challenge, without replying to it, might bring his spirit into question. What would Villiers and Wilmot say of an intrigue in which he had allowed himself to be shamefully baffled by a country girl, and had failed to revenge himself on his rival? The pasquinades which they would compose, the witty sarcasms which they would circulate,

on the occasion, would be harder to endure than the grave rebukes of Hertford, Hyde, and Nicholas. This reflection, added to the stings of youthful and awakened courage, at length fixed his resolution, and he returned to Woodstock determined to keep his appointment, come of it what might.

Perhaps there mingled with his resolution a secret belief that such a rencontre would not prove fatal. He was in the flower of his youth, active in all his exercises, and no way inferior to Colonel Everard, as far as the morning's experiment had gone, in that of self-defence. At least such recollection might pass through his royal mind, as he hummed to himself a well-known ditty, which he had picked up during his residence in Scotland —

‘A man may drink and not be drunk ;
A man may fight and not be slain ;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And yet be welcome back again.’

Meanwhile the busy and all-directing Doctor Rochecliffe had contrived to intimate to Alice that she must give him a private audience, and she found him by appointment in what was called the study, once filled with ancient books, which, long since converted into cartridges, had made more noise in the world at their final exit than during the space which had intervened betwixt that and their first publication. The Doctor seated himself in a high-backed leathern easy-chair, and signed to Alice to fetch a stool and sit down beside him.

‘Alice,’ said the old man, taking her hand affectionately, ‘thou art a good girl, a wise girl, a virtuous girl, one of those whose price is above rubies — not that “rubies” is the proper translation — but remind me to tell you of that another time. Alice, thou knowest who this Louis Kerneguy is ; nay, hesitate not to me, I know everything — I am well aware of the whole matter. Thou knowest this honoured house holds the Fortunes of England.’ Alice was about to answer. ‘Nay, speak not, but listen to me, Alice. How does he bear himself towards you ?’

Alice coloured with the deepest crimson. ‘I am a country-bred girl,’ she said, ‘and his manners are too courtlike for me.’

‘Enough said — I know it all. Alice, he is exposed to a great danger to-morrow, and you must be the happy means to prevent him.’

‘I prevent him ! — how, and in what manner ?’ said Alice, in

surprise. 'It is my duty, as a subject, to do anything — anything that may become my father's daughter ——'

Here she stopped, considerably embarrassed.

'Yes,' continued the Doctor, 'to-morrow he hath made an appointment — an appointment with Markham Everard; the hour and place are set — six in the morning, by the King's Oak. If they meet, one will probably fall.'

'Now, may God forefend they should meet,' said Alice, turning as suddenly pale as she had previously reddened. 'But harm cannot come of it: Everard will never lift his sword against the King.'

'For that,' said Doctor Rochecliffe, 'I would not warrant. But if that unhappy young gentleman shall have still some reserve of the loyalty which his general conduct entirely disavows, it would not serve us here; for he knows not the King, but considers him merely as a Cavalier, from whom he has received injury.'

'Let him know the truth, Doctor Rochecliffe, let him know it instantly,' said Alice. '*He* lift hand against the King, a fugitive and defenceless! He is incapable of it. My life on the issue, he becomes most active in his preservation.'

'That is the thought of a maiden, Alice,' answered the Doctor; 'and, as I fear, of a maiden whose wisdom is misled by her affections. It were worse than treason to admit a rebel officer, the friend of the arch-traitor Cromwell, into so great a secret. I dare not answer for such rashness. Hammond was trusted by his father, and you know what came of it.'

'Then let my father know. He will meet Markham, or send to him, representing the indignity done to him by attacking his guest.'

'We dare not let your father into the secret who Louis Kerneguy really is. I did but hint the possibility of Charles taking refuge at Woodstock, and the rapture into which Sir Henry broke out, the preparations for accommodation and defence which he began to talk of, plainly showed that the mere enthusiasm of his loyalty would have led to a risk of discovery. It is you, Alice, who must save the hopes of every true Royalist.'

'I!' answered Alice; 'it is impossible. Why cannot my father be induced to interfere, as in behalf of his friend and guest, though he know him as no other than Louis Kerneguy?'

'You have forgot your father's character, my young friend,' said the Doctor: 'an excellent man, and the best of Christians,

till there is a clashing of swords, and then he starts up the complete martialist, as deaf to every pacific reasoning as if he were a game-cock.'

'You forget, Doctor Rochecliffe,' said Alice, 'that this very morning, if I understand the thing aright, my father prevented them from fighting.'

'Ay,' answered the Doctor, 'because he deemed himself bound to keep the peace in the Royal Park; but it was done with such regret, Alice, that, should he find them at it again, I am clear to foretell he will only so far postpone the combat as to conduct them to some unprivileged ground, and there bid them tilt and welcome, while he regaled his eyes with a scene so pleasing. No, Alice, it is you, and you only, who can help us in this extremity.'

'I see no possibility,' said she, again colouring, 'how I can be of the least use.'

'You must send a note,' answered Doctor Rochecliffe, 'to the King — a note such as all women know how to write better than any man can teach them — to meet you at the precise hour of the rendezvous. He will not fail you, for I know his unhappy foible.'

'Doctor Rochecliffe,' said Alice, gravely, 'you have known me from infancy. What have you seen in me to induce you to believe that I should ever follow such unbecoming counsel?'

'And if you have known *me* from infancy,' retorted the Doctor, 'what have you seen of *me* that you should suspect me of giving counsel to my friend's daughter which it would be misbecoming in her to follow? You cannot be fool enough, I think, to suppose that I mean you should carry your complaisance farther than to keep him in discourse for an hour or two, till I have all in readiness for his leaving this place, from which I can frighten him by the terrors of an alleged search? So, C. S. mounts his horse and rides off, and Mistress Alice Lee has the honour of saving him.'

'Yes, at the expense of her own reputation,' said Alice, 'and the risk of an eternal stain on my family. You say you know all. What can the King think of my appointing an assignation with him after what has passed, and how will it be possible to disabuse him respecting the purpose of my doing so?'

'I will disabuse him, Alice — I will explain the whole.'

'Doctor Rochecliffe,' said Alice 'you propose what is impossible. You can do much by your ready wit and great wisdom; but if new-fallen snow were once sullied, not all your

art could wash it white again ; and it is altogether the same with a maiden's reputation.'

'Alice, my dearest child,' said the Doctor, 'bethink you that, if I recommend this means of saving the life of the King, at least rescuing him from instant peril, it is because I see no other of which to avail myself. If I bid you assume, even for a moment, the semblance of what is wrong, it is but in the last extremity, and under circumstances which cannot return. I will take the surest means to prevent all evil report which can arise from what I recommend.'

'Say not so, Doctor,' said Alice: 'better undertake to turn back the Isis than to stop the course of calumny. The King will make boast to his whole licentious court of the ease with which, but for a sudden alarm, he could have brought off Alice Lee as a paramour: the mouth which confers honour on others will then be the means to deprive me of mine. Take a fitter course, one more becoming your own character and profession. Do not lead him to fail in an engagement of honour, by holding out the prospect of another engagement equally dishonourable, whether false or true. Go to the King himself, speak to him, as the servants of God have a right to speak, even to earthly sovereigns. Point out to him the folly and the wickedness of the course he is about to pursue; urge upon him that he fear the sword, since wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword. Tell him, that the friends who died for him in the field at Worcester, on the scaffolds, and on the gibbets, since that bloody day, that the remnant who are in prison, scattered, fled, and ruined on his account, deserve better of him and his father's race than that he should throw away his life in an idle brawl. Tell him, that it is dishonest to venture that which is not his own, dishonourable to betray the trust which brave men have reposed in his virtue and in his courage.'

Doctor Rochecliffe looked on her with a melancholy smile, his eyes glistening as he said, 'Alas, Alice, even I could not plead that just cause to him so eloquently or so impressively as thou dost. But, alack! Charles would listen to neither. It is not from priests or women, he would say, that men should receive council in affairs of honour.'

'Then, hear me, Doctor Rochecliffe — I will appear at the place of rendezvous, and I will prevent the combat — do not fear that I can do what I say — at a sacrifice, indeed, but not that of my reputation. My heart may be broken (she endeavoured to stifle her sobs with difficulty) for the consequence; but not in the

imagination of a man, and far less that man her sovereign, shall a thought of Alice Lee be associated with dishonour.' She hid her face in her handkerchief, and burst out into unrestrained tears.

'What means this hysterical passion?' said Doctor Rochecliffe, surprised and somewhat alarmed by the vehemence of her grief. 'Maiden, I must have no concealments — I must know.'

'Exert your ingenuity, then, and discover it,' said Alice, for a moment put out of temper at the Doctor's pertinacious self-importance. 'Guess my purpose, as you can guess at everything else. It is enough to have to go through my task, I will not endure the distress of telling it over, and that to one who — forgive me, dear Doctor — might not think my agitation on this occasion fully warranted.'

'Nay, then, my young mistress, you must be ruled,' said Rochecliffe; 'and if I cannot make you explain yourself, I must see whether your father can gain so far on you.' So saying, he arose somewhat displeased, and walked towards the door.

'You forget what you yourself told me, Doctor Rochecliffe,' said Alice, 'of the risk of communicating this great secret to my father.'

'It is too true,' he said, stopping short and turning round; 'and I think, wench, thou art too smart for me, and I have not met many such. But thou art a good girl, and wilt tell me thy device of free-will; it concerns my character and influence with the King, that I should be fully acquainted with whatever is *actum atque tractatum*, done and treated of in this matter.'

'Trust your character to me, good Doctor,' said Alice, attempting to smile; 'it is of firmer stuff than those of women, and will be safer in my custody than mine could have been in yours. And thus much I condescend: you shall see the whole scene — you shall go with me yourself, and much will I feel emboldened and heartened by your company.'

'That is something,' said the Doctor, though not altogether satisfied with this limited confidence. 'Thou wert ever a clever wench, and I will trust thee — indeed, trust thee I find I must, whether voluntarily or no.'

'Meet me, then,' said Alice, 'in the wilderness to-morrow. But first tell me, are you well assured of time and place? a mistake were fatal.'

'Assure yourself my information is entirely accurate,' said the Doctor, resuming his air of consequence, which had been a little diminished during the latter part of their conference.

'May I ask,' said Alice, 'through what channel you acquired such important information?'

'You may ask, unquestionably,' he answered, now completely restored to his supremacy; 'but whether I will answer or not is a very different question. I conceive neither your reputation nor my own is interested in your remaining in ignorance on that subject. So I have my secrets as well as you, mistress; and some of them, I fancy, are a good deal more worth knowing.'

'Be it so,' said Alice, quietly; 'if you will meet me in the wilderness by the broken dial at half-past five exactly, we will go together to-morrow, and watch them as they come to the rendezvous. I will on the way get the better of my present timidity, and explain to you the means I design to employ to prevent mischief. You can perhaps think of making some effort which may render my interference, unbecoming and painful as it must be, altogether unnecessary.'

'Nay, my child,' said the Doctor, 'if you place yourself in my hands, you will be the first that ever had reason to complain of my want of conduct, and you may well judge you are the very last — one excepted — whom I would see suffer for want of counsel. At half-past five, then, at the dial in the wilderness, and God bless our undertaking!'

Here their interview was interrupted by the sonorous voice of Sir Henry Lee, which shouted their names, 'Daughter Alice — Doctor Rochecliffe,' through passage and gallery.

'What do you here,' said he, entering, 'sitting like two crows in a mist, when we have such rare sport below? Here is this wild, crackbrained boy Louis Kerneguy, now making me laugh till my sides are fit to split, and now playing on his guitar sweetly enough to win a lark from the heavens. Come away with you — come away. It is hard work to laugh alone.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

This is the place, the centre of the grove ;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.

JOHN HOME.

THE sun had risen on the broad boughs of the forest, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, which hung rich with heavy dewdrops, and were beginning on some of the trees to exhibit the varied tints of autumn ; it being the season when nature, like a prodigal whose race is wellnigh run, seems desirous to make up in profuse gaiety and variety of colours for the short space which her splendour has then to endure. The birds were silent ; and even Robin Redbreast, whose chirruping song was heard among the bushes near the lodge, emboldened by the largesses with which the good old knight always encouraged his familiarity, did not venture into the recesses of the wood, where he encountered the sparrowhawk and other enemies of a similar description, preferring the vicinity of the dwellings of man, from whom he, almost solely among the feathered tribes, seems to experience disinterested protection.

The scene was therefore at once lovely and silent, when the good Doctor Rochecliffe, wrapped in a scarlet roquelaure, which had seen service in its day, muffling his face more from habit than necessity, and supporting Alice on his arm, she also defended by a cloak against the cold and damp of the autumn morning, glided through the tangled and long grass of the darkest alleys, almost ankle-deep in dew, towards the place appointed for the intended duel. Both so eagerly maintained the consultation in which they were engaged, that they were alike insensible of the roughness and discomforts of the road, though often obliged to force their way through brushwood and coppice, which poured down on them all the liquid pearls with which they were loaded, till the mantles they were wrapped in hung lank by their sides, and clung to their shoulders heavily

charged with moisture. They stopped when they had attained a station under the coppice, and shrouded by it, from which they could see all that passed on the little esplanade before the King's Oak, whose broad and scathed form, contorted and shattered limbs, and frowning brows made it appear like some ancient war-worn champion, well selected to be the umpire of a field of single combat.

The first person who appeared at the rendezvous was the gay Cavalier Roger Wildrake. He also was wrapped in his cloak, but had discarded his Puritanic beaver, and wore in its stead a Spanish hat, with a feather and gilt hat-band, all of which had encountered bad weather and hard service; but to make amends for the appearance of poverty by the show of pretension, the castor was accurately adjusted after what was rather profanely called the d—me cut, used among the more desperate Cavaliers. He advanced hastily, and exclaimed aloud, 'First in the field after all, by Jove, though I bilked Everard in order to have my morning draught. It has done me much good,' he added, smacking his lips. 'Well, I suppose I should search the ground ere my principal comes up, whose Presbyterian watch trudges as slow as his Presbyterian step.'

He took his rapier from under his cloak, and seemed about to search the thickets around.

'I will prevent him,' whispered the Doctor to Alice. 'I will keep faith with you: you shall not come on the scene, *nisi dignus vindice nodus*; I'll explain that another time. *Vindex* is feminine as well as masculine, so the quotation is defensible. Keep you close.'

So saying, he stepped forward on the esplanade, and bowed to Wildrake.

'Master Louis Kerneguy,' said Wildrake, pulling off his hat; but instantly discovering his error, he added, 'But no—I beg your pardon, sir—fatter, shorter, older. Mr. Kerneguy's friend, I suppose, with whom I hope to have a turn by and by. And why not now, sir, before our principals come up? just a snack to stay the orifice of the stomach, till the dinner is served, sir. What say you?'

'To open the orifice of the stomach more likely, or to give it a new one,' said the Doctor.

'True, sir,' said Roger, who seemed now in his element: you say well—that is as thereafter may be. But come, sir, you wear your face muffled. I grant you, it is honest men's fashion at this unhappy time; the more is the pity. But we

do all above board : we have no traitors here. I'll get into my gears first, to encourage you, and show you that you have to deal with a gentleman, who honours the King, and is a match fit to fight with any who follow him, as doubtless you do, sir, since you are the friend of Master Louis Kerneguy.'

All this while, Wildrake was busied undoing the clasps of his square-caped cloak.

'Off — off, ye lendings,' he said, 'borrowings I should more properly call you —

Via the curtain which shadow'd Borgia !'

So saying, he threw the cloak from him and appeared *in cuerpo*, in a most Cavalier-like doublet, of greasy crimson satin, pinked and slashed with what had been once white tiffany ; breeches of the same ; and nether-stocks, or, as we now call them, stockings, darned in many places, and which, like those of Pains, had been once peach-coloured. A pair of pumps, ill calculated for a walk through the dew, and a broad shoulder-belt of tarnished embroidery, completed his equipment.

'Come, sir,' he exclaimed, 'make haste, off with your slough. Here I stand tight and true, as loyal a lad as ever stuck rapier through a Roundhead. Come, sir, to your tools !' he continued ; 'we may have half a dozen thrusts before they come yet, and shame them for their tardiness. Pshaw !' he exclaimed, in a most disappointed tone, when the Doctor, unfolding his cloak, showed his clerical dress. 'Tush ! it's but the parson after all.'

Wildrake's respect for the church, however, and his desire to remove one who might possibly interrupt a scene to which he looked forward with peculiar satisfaction, induced him presently to assume another tone.

'I beg pardon,' he said, 'my dear Doctor. I kiss the hem of your cassock — I do, by the thundering Jove — I beg your pardon again. But I am happy I have met with you : they are raving for your presence at the lodge — to marry, or christen, or bury, or confess, or something very urgent. For Heaven's sake, make haste !'

'At the lodge ?' said the Doctor. 'Why, I left the lodge this instant — I was there later, I am sure, than you could be, who came the Woodstock road.'

'Well,' replied Wildrake, 'it is at Woodstock they want you. Rat it, did I say the lodge ? No, no — Woodstock. Mine host cannot be hanged — his daughter married — his bastard chris-

tened — or his wife buried, without the assistance of a *real* clergyman. Your Holdenoughs won't do for them. He's a true man, mine host; so, as you value your function, make haste.'

'You will pardon me, Master Wildrake,' said the Doctor: 'I wait for Master Louis Kerneguy.'

'The devil you do!' exclaimed Wildrake. 'Why, I always knew the Scots could do nothing without their minister; but, d—n it, I never thought they put them to this use neither. But I have known jolly customers in orders, who understood to handle the sword as well as their Prayer Book. You know the purpose of our meeting, Doctor. Do you come only as a ghostly comforter — or as a surgeon, perhaps — or do you ever take bilboa in hand? Sa — sa!'

Here he made a fencing demonstration with his sheathed rapier.

'I have done so, sir, on necessary occasion,' said Doctor Rochecliffe.

'Good, sir, let this stand for a necessary one,' said Wildrake. 'You know my devotion for the church. If a divine of your skill would do me the honour to exchange but three passes with me, I should think myself happy for ever.'

'Sir,' said Rochecliffe, smiling, 'were there no other objection to what you propose, I have not the means: I have no weapon.'

'What! you want the *de quoi?* that is unlucky indeed. But you have a stout cane in your hand; what hinders our trying a pass, my rapier being sheathed, of course, until our principals come up? My pumps are full of this frost-dew; and I shall be a toe or two out of pocket if I am to stand still all the time they are stretching themselves; for, I fancy, Doctor, you are of my opinion, that the matter will not be a fight of cock-sparrows.'

'My business here is to make it, if possible, be no fight at all,' said the divine.

'Now, rat me, Doctor, but that is too spiteful,' said Wildrake; 'and were it not for my respect for the church, I could turn Presbyterian, to be revenged.'

'Stand back a little, if you please, sir,' said the Doctor: 'do not press forward in that direction.' For Wildrake, in the agitation of his movements, induced by his disappointment, approached the spot where Alice remained still concealed.

'And wherefore not, I pray you, Doctor?' said the Cavalier. But on advancing a step, he suddenly stopped short and

muttered to himself, with a round oath of astonishment, 'A petticoat in the coppice, by all that is reverend, and at this hour in the morning — whew-ew-ew!' He gave vent to his surprise in a long, low, interjectional whistle; then turning to the Doctor, with his finger on the side of his nose, 'You're sly, Doctor — d—d sly! But why not give me a hint of your — your commodity there — your contraband goods? Gad, sir, I am not a man to expose the eccentricities of the church.'

'Sir,' said Doctor Rochecliffe, 'you are impertinent; and if time served, and it were worth my while, I would chastise you.'

And the Doctor, who had served long enough in the wars to have added some of the qualities of a captain of horse to those of a divine, actually raised his cane, to the infinite delight of the rake, whose respect for the church was by no means able to subdue his love of mischief.

'Nay, Doctor,' said he, 'if you wield your weapon backsword fashion in that way, and raise it as high as your head, I shall be through you in a twinkling.' So saying, he made a pass with his sheathed rapier, not precisely at the Doctor's person, but in that direction; when Rochecliffe, changing the direction of his cane from the broadsword guard to that of the rapier, made the Cavalier's sword spring ten yards out of his hand, with all the dexterity of my friend Francalanza.¹

At this moment both the principal parties appeared on the field.

Everard exclaimed angrily to Wildrake, 'Is this your friendship? In Heaven's name, what make you in that fool's jacket, and playing the pranks of a jack-pudding?' while his worthy second, somewhat crestfallen, held down his head, like a boy caught in roguery, and went to pick up his weapon, stretching his head, as he passed, into the coppice, to obtain another glimpse, if possible, of the concealed object of his curiosity.

Charles, in the meantime, still more surprised at what he beheld, called out on his part — 'What! Doctor Rochecliffe become literally one of the church militant, and tilting with my friend Cavalier Wildrake? May I use the freedom to ask him to withdraw, as Colonel Everard and I have some private business to settle?'

It was Doctor Rochecliffe's cue, on this important occasion, to have armed himself with the authority of his sacred office, and used a tone of interference which might have overawed even a monarch, and made him feel that his monitor spoke by

¹ A fencing-master in Edinburgh — 1826 (*Laing*).

a warrant higher than his own. But the indiscreet latitude he had just given to his own passion, and the levity in which he had been detected, were very unfavourable to his assuming that superiority to which so uncontrollable a spirit as that of Charles, wilful as a prince and capricious as a wit, was at all likely to submit. The Doctor did, however, endeavour to rally his dignity, and replied, with the gravest, and at the same time the most respectful, tone he could assume, that he also had business of the most urgent nature, which prevented him from complying with Master Kerneguy's wishes and leaving that spot.

'Excuse this untimely interruption,' said Charles, taking off his hat and bowing to Colonel Everard, 'which I will immediately put an end to.'

Everard gravely returned his salute, and was silent.

'Are you mad, Doctor Rochecliffe?' said Charles; 'or are you deaf? or have you forgotten your mother-tongue? I desired you to leave this place.'

'I am not mad,' said the divine, rousing up his resolution, and regaining the natural firmness of his voice; 'I would prevent others from being so. I am not deaf; I would pray others to hear the voice of reason and religion. I have not forgotten my mother-tongue; but I have come hither to speak the language of the Master of kings and princes.'

'To fence with broomsticks, I should rather suppose,' said the King. 'Come, Doctor Rochecliffe, this sudden fit of assumed importance befits you as little as your late frolic. You are not, I apprehend, either a Catholic priest or a Scotch Mas John, to claim devoted obedience from your hearers, but a Church of England man, subject to the rules of that communion — and to its HEAD.' In speaking the last words, the King sunk his voice to a low and impressive whisper. Everard observing this drew back, the natural generosity of his temper directing him to avoid overhearing private discourse in which the safety of the speakers might be deeply concerned. They continued, however, to observe great caution in their forms of expression.

'Master Kerneguy,' said the clergyman, 'it is not I who assume authority or control over your wishes — God forbid: I do but tell you what reason, Scripture, religion, and morality alike prescribe for your rule of conduct.'

'And I, Doctor,' said the King, smiling, and pointing to the unlucky cane, 'will take your example rather than your precept. If a reverend clergyman will himself fight a bout

at single-stick, what right can he have to interfere in gentlemen's quarrels? Come, sir, remove yourself, and do not let your present obstinacy cancel former obligations.'

'Bethink yourself,' said the divine, 'I can say one word which will prevent all this.'

'Do it,' replied the King, 'and in doing so belie the whole tenor and actions of an honourable life: abandon the principles of your church, and become a perjured traitor and an apostate, to prevent another person from discharging his duty as a gentleman. This were indeed killing your friend to prevent the risk of his running himself into danger. Let the passive obedience which is so often in your mouth, and no doubt in your head, put your feet for once into motion, and step aside for ten minutes. Within that space your assistance may be needed, either as body-curer or soul-curer.'

'Nay, then,' said Doctor Rochecliffe, 'I have but one argument left.'

While this conversation was carried on apart, Everard had almost forcibly detained by his own side his follower Wildrake, whose greater curiosity and lesser delicacy would otherwise have thrust him forward, to get, if possible, into the secret. But when he saw the Doctor turn into the coppice, he whispered eagerly to Everard—'A gold Carolus to a Commonwealth farthing, the Doctor has not only come to preach a peace, but has brought the principal conditions along with him.'

Everard made no answer; he had already unsheathed his sword, and Charles hardly saw Rochecliffe's back fairly turned than he lost no time in following his example. But, ere they had done more than salute each other with the usual courteous flourish of their weapons, Doctor Rochecliffe again stood between them, leading in his hand Alice Lee, her garments dank with dew, and her long hair heavy with moisture and totally uncurled. Her face was extremely pale, but it was the paleness of desperate resolution, not of fear. There was a dead pause of astonishment: the combatants rested on their swords, and even the forwardness of Wildrake only vented itself in half-suppressed ejaculations, as, 'Well done, Doctor—this beats the "parson among the peace." No less than your patron's daughter. And Mistress Alice, whom I thought a very snow-drop, turned out a dog-violet after all—a Lindabrides, by Heavens, and altogether one of ourselves!'

Excepting these unheeded mutterings, Alice was the first to speak.

'Master Everard,' she said — 'Master Kerneguy, you are surprised to see me here. Yet, why should I not tell the reason at once? Convinced that I am, however guiltlessly, the unhappy cause of your misunderstanding, I am too much interested to prevent fatal consequences to pause upon any step which may end it. Master Kerneguy, have my wishes, my entreaties, my prayers — have your noble thoughts, the recollections of your own high duties, no weight with you in this matter? Let me entreat you to consult reason, religion, and common sense, and return your weapon.'

'I am obedient as an Eastern slave, madam,' answered Charles, sheathing his sword; 'but I assure you, the matter about which you distress yourself is a mere trifle, which will be much better settled betwixt Colonel Everard and myself in five minutes than with the assistance of the whole convocation of the church, with a female parliament to assist their reverend deliberations. Mr. Everard, will you oblige me by walking a little farther? We must change ground, it seems.'

'I am ready to attend you, sir,' said Everard, who had sheathed his sword so soon as his antagonist did so.

'I have then no interest with you, sir,' said Alice, continuing to address the King. 'Do you not fear I should use the secret in my power to prevent this affair going to extremity? Think you this gentleman, who raises his hand against you, if he knew ——'

'If he knew that I were Lord Wilmot, madam, you would say? Accident has given him proof to that effect, with which he is already satisfied, and I think you would find it difficult to induce him to embrace a different opinion.'

Alice paused, and looked on the King with great indignation, the following words dropping from her mouth by intervals, as if they burst forth one by one in spite of feelings that would have restrained them — 'Cold — selfish — ungrateful — unkind! Woe to the land which ——' here she paused with marked emphasis, then added — 'which shall number thee, or such as thee, among her nobles and rulers!'

'Nay, fair Alice,' said Charles, whose good-nature could not but feel the severity of this reproach, though too slightly to make all the desired impression, 'you are too unjust to me — too partial to a happier man. Do not call me unkind: I am but here to answer Mr. Everard's summons. I could neither decline attending nor withdraw now I am here without loss of honour; and my loss of honour would be a disgrace which must

extend to many. I cannot fly from Mr. Everard : it would be too shameful. If he abides by his message, it must be decided as such affairs usually are. If he retreats or yields it up, I will, for your sake, wave punctilio. I will not even ask an apology for the trouble it has afforded me, but let all pass as if it were the consequence of some unhappy mistake, the grounds of which shall remain on my part uninquied into. This I will do for your sake, and it is much for a man of honour to condescend so far. You *know* that the condescension from me in particular is great indeed. Then do not call me ungenerous, or ungrateful or unkind, since I am ready to do all which, as a man, I can do, and more perhaps than as a man of honour I ought to do.'

'Do you hear this, Markham Everard,' exclaimed Alice — 'do you hear this? The dreadful option is left entirely at your disposal. You were wont to be temperate in passion, religious, forgiving ; will you, for a mere punctilio, drive on this private and unchristian broil to a murderous extremity? Believe me, if you *now*, contrary to all the better principles of your life, give the reins to your passions, the consequences may be such as you will rue for your lifetime, and even, if Heaven have not mercy, rue after your life is finished.'

Markham Everard remained for a moment gloomily silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length he looked up and answered her. 'Alice, you are a soldier's daughter, a soldier's sister. All your relations, even including one whom you then entertained some regard for, have been made soldiers by these unhappy discords. Yet you have seen them take the field, in some instances on contrary sides, to do their duty where their principles called them, without manifesting this extreme degree of interest. Answer me — and your answer shall decide my conduct — Is this youth, so short while known, already of more value to you than those dear connexions, father, brother, and kinsman, whose departure to battle you saw with comparative indifference? Say *this*, and it shall be enough : I leave the ground, never to see you or this country again.'

'Stay, Markham — stay ; and believe me when I say that, if I answer your question in the affirmative, it is because Master Kerneguy's safety comprehends more — much more than that of any of those you have mentioned.'

'Indeed ! I did not know a coronet had been so superior in value to the crest of a private gentleman,' said Everard ; 'yet I have heard that many women think so.'

'You apprehend me amiss,' said Alice, perplexed between the difficulty of so expressing herself as to prevent immediate mischief, and at the same time anxious to combat the jealousy and disarm the resentment which she saw arising in the bosom of her lover. But she found no words fine enough to draw the distinction, without leading to a discovery of the King's actual character, and perhaps, in consequence, to his destruction. 'Markham,' she said, 'have compassion on me. Press me not at this moment; believe me, the honour and happiness of my father, of my brother, and of my whole family are interested in Master Kerneguy's safety—are inextricably concerned in this matter resting where it now does.'

'Oh, ay, I doubt not,' said Everard: 'the house of Lee ever looked up to nobility, and valued in their connexions the fantastic loyalty of a courtier beyond the sterling and honest patriotism of a plain country gentleman. For them, the thing is in course. But on your part—you, Alice—O! on your part, whom I have loved so dearly, who has suffered me to think that my affection was not unrepaid—can the attractions of an empty title, the idle court compliments of a mere man of quality, during only a few hours, lead you to prefer a libertine lord to such a heart as mine?'

'No—no—believe me, no,' said Alice, in the extremity of distress.

'Put your answer, which seems so painful, in one word, and say for *whose* safety it is you are thus deeply interested?'

'For both—for both,' said Alice.

'That answer will not serve, Alice,' answered Everard; 'here is no room for equality, I must and will know to what I have to trust. I understand not the paltering which makes a maiden unwilling to decide betwixt two suitors; nor would I willingly impute to *you* the vanity that cannot remain contented with one lover at once.'

The vehemence of Everard's displeasure, when he supposed his own long and sincere devotion lightly forgotten amid the addresses of a profligate courtier, awakened the spirit of Alice Lee, who, as we elsewhere said, had a portion in her temper of the lion humour that was characteristic of her family.

'If I am thus misinterpreted,' she said—'if I am not judged worthy of the least confidence or candid construction, hear my declaration, and my assurance that, strange as my words may seem, they are, when truly interpreted, such as do you no wrong.'

I tell you — I tell all present, and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak, that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any other man in the kingdom — nay, in the world, be that other who he will.'

These words she spoke in a tone so firm and decided as admitted no farther discussion. Charles bowed low and with gravity, but remained silent. Everard, his features agitated by the emotions which his pride barely enabled him to suppress, advanced to his antagonist, and said, in a tone which he vainly endeavoured to make a firm one, 'Sir, you heard the lady's declaration, with such feelings, doubtless, of gratitude as the case eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you; and, as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think I act unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour. Alice,' he said, turning his head towards her — 'farewell, Alice, at once and for ever!'

The poor young lady, whose adventitious spirit had almost deserted her, attempted to repeat the word 'farewell,' but, failing in the attempt, only accomplished a broken and imperfect sound, and would have sunk to the earth, but for Doctor Rochecliffe, who caught her as she fell. Roger Wildrake, also, who had twice or thrice put to his eyes what remained of a kerchief, interested by the lady's evident distress, though unable to comprehend the mysterious cause, hastened to assist the divine in supporting so fair a burden.

Meanwhile, the disguised prince had beheld the whole in silence, but with an agitation to which he was unwonted, and which his swarthy features, and still more his motions, began to betray. His posture was at first absolutely stationary, with his arms folded on his bosom, as one who waits to be guided by the current of events; presently after, he shifted his position, advanced and retired his foot, clenched and opened his hand, and otherwise showed symptoms that he was strongly agitated by contending feelings, was on the point, too, of forming some sudden resolution, and yet still in uncertainty what course he should pursue. But when he saw Markham Everard, after one look of unspeakable anguish towards Alice, turning his back to depart, he broke out into his familiar ejaculation, 'Odds-fish! this must not be.' In three strides he overtook the slowly-retiring Everard, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and, as

he turned round, said, with an air of command, which he well knew how to adopt at pleasure, 'One word with you, sir.'

'At your pleasure, sir,' replied Everard, and, naturally conjecturing the purpose of his antagonist to be hostile, took hold of his rapier with the left hand, and laid the right on the hilt, not displeased at the supposed call; for anger is at least as much akin to disappointment as pity is said to be to love.

'Pshaw!' answered the King, 'that cannot be *now*. Colonel Everard, I am CHARLES STUART!'

Everard recoiled in the greatest surprise, and next exclaimed, 'Impossible — it cannot be! The King of Scots has escaped from Bristol. My Lord Wilmot, your talents for intrigue are well known, but this will not pass upon me.'

'The King of Scots, Master Everard,' replied Charles, 'since you are so pleased to limit his sovereignty — at any rate, the eldest son of the late sovereign of Britain — is now before you; therefore it is impossible he could have escaped from Bristol. Doctor Rochecliffe shall be my voucher, and will tell you, moreover, that Wilmot is of a fair complexion and light hair; mine, you may see, is swart as a raven.'

Rochecliffe, seeing what was passing, abandoned Alice to the care of Wildrake, whose extreme delicacy in the attempts he made to bring her back to life formed an amiable contrast to his usual wildness, and occupied him so much, that he remained for the moment ignorant of the disclosure in which he would have been so much interested. As for Doctor Rochecliffe, he came forward, wringing his hands in all the demonstration of extreme anxiety, and with the usual exclamations attending such a state.

'Peace, Doctor Rochecliffe!' said the King, with such complete self-possession as indeed became a prince. 'We are in the hands, I am satisfied, of a man of honour. Master Everard must be pleased in finding only a fugitive prince in the person in whom he thought he had discovered a successful rival. He cannot but be aware of the feelings which prevented me from taking advantage of the cover which this young lady's devoted loyalty afforded me, at the risk of her own happiness. He is the party who is to profit by my candour; and certainly I have a right to expect that my condition, already indifferent enough, shall not be rendered worse by his becoming privy to it, under such circumstances. At any rate, the avowal is made; and it is for Colonel Everard to consider how he is to conduct himself.'

'Oh, your Majesty! — my Liege! — my King! — my royal Prince!' exclaimed Wildrake, who, at length, discovering what was passing, had crawled on his knees, and seizing the King's hand, was kissing it, more like a child mumbling gingerbread, or like a lover devouring the yielded hand of his mistress, than in the manner in which such salutations pass at court. 'If my dear friend Mark Everard should prove a dog on this occasion, rely on me I will cut his throat on the spot, were I to do the same for myself the moment afterwards.'

'Hush — hush, my good friend and loyal subject,' said the King, 'and compose yourself; for though I am obliged to put on the prince for a moment, we have not privacy or safety to receive our subjects in King Cambyses's vein.'

Everard, who had stood for a time utterly confounded, awoke at length like a man from a dream.

'Sire,' he said, bowing low and with profound deference, 'if I do not offer you the homage of a subject with knee and sword, it is because God, by whom kings reign, has denied you for the present the power of ascending your throne without rekindling civil war. For your safety being endangered by me, let not such an imagination for an instant cross your mind. Had I not respected your person, were I not bound to you for the candour with which your noble avowal has prevented the misery of my future life, your misfortunes would have rendered your person as sacred, so far as I can protect it, as it could be esteemed by the most devoted Royalist in the kingdom. If your plans are soundly considered and securely laid, think that all which is now passed is but a dream. If they are in such a state that I can aid them, saving my duty to the Commonwealth, which will permit me to be privy to no schemes of actual violence, your Majesty may command my services.'

'It may be I may be troublesome to you, sir,' said the King, 'for my fortunes are not such as to permit me to reject even the most limited offers of assistance; but if I can, I will dispense with applying to you: I would not willingly put any man's compassion at war with his sense of duty on my account. Doctor, I think there will be no farther tilting to-day, either with sword or cane; so we may as well return to the lodge, and leave these (looking at Alice and Everard), who may have more to say in explanation.'

'No — no!' exclaimed Alice, who was now perfectly come to herself, and, partly by her own observation and partly from the report of Dr. Rochecliffe, comprehended all that had taken

place. 'My cousin Everard and I have nothing to explain : he will forgive me for having riddled with him when I dared not speak plainly ; and I forgive him for having read my riddle wrong. But my father has my promise, we must not correspond or converse for the present ; I return instantly to the lodge and he to Woodstock, unless you, sire,' bowing to the King, 'command his duty otherwise. Instant to the town, cousin Markham ; and if danger should approach, give us warning.'

Everard would have delayed her departure, would have excused himself for his unjust suspicion, would have said a thousand things ; but she would not listen to him, saying, for all other answer, 'Farewell, Markham, till God send better days !'

'She is an angel of truth and beauty,' said Roger Wildrake ; 'and I, like a blasphemous heretic, called her a Lindabrides ! But has your Majesty — craving your pardon — no commands for poor Hodge Wildrake, who will blow out his own or any other man's brains in England to do your Grace a pleasure ?'

'We entreat our good friend Wildrake to do nothing hastily,' said Charles, smiling : 'such brains as his are rare, and should not be rashly dispersed, as the like may not be easily collected. We recommend him to be silent and prudent, to tilt no more with loyal clergymen of the Church of England, and to get himself a new jacket with all convenient speed, to which we beg to contribute our royal aid. When fit time comes, we hope to find other service for him.'

As he spoke, he slid ten pieces into the hand of poor Wildrake, who, confounded with the excess of his loyal gratitude, blubbered like a child, and would have followed the King, had not Doctor Rochecliffe, in few words, but peremptory, insisted that he should return with his patron, promising him he should certainly be employed in assisting the King's escape, could an opportunity be found of using his services.

'Be so generous, reverend sir, and you bind me to you for ever,' said the Cavalier ; 'and I conjure you not to keep malice against me on account of the foolery you wot of.'

'I have no occasion, Captain Wildrake,' said the Doctor, 'for I think I had the best of it.'

'Well, then, Doctor, I forgive you on my part ; and I pray you, for Christian charity, let me have a finger in this good service ; for as I live in hope of it, rely that I shall die of disappointment.'

While the Doctor and soldier thus spoke together, Charles took leave of Everard (who remained uncovered while he spoke to him) with his usual grace. 'I need not bid you no longer be jealous of me,' said the King; 'for I presume you will scarce think of a match betwixt Alice and me, which would be too losing a one on her side. For other thoughts, the wildest libertine could not entertain them towards so high-minded a creature; and believe me, that my sense of her merit did not need this last distinguished proof of her truth and loyalty. I saw enough of her from her answers to some idle sallies of gallantry, to know with what a lofty character she is endowed. Mr. Everard, her happiness, I see, depends on you, and I trust you will be the careful guardian of it. If we can take any obstacle out of the way of your joint happiness, be assured we will use our influence. Farewell, sir; if we cannot be better friends, do not at least let us entertain harder or worse thoughts of each other than we have now.'

There was something in the manner of Charles that was extremely affecting; something, too, in his condition as a fugitive in the kingdom which was his own by inheritance, that made a direct appeal to Everard's bosom, though in contradiction to the dictates of that policy which he judged it his duty to pursue in the distracted circumstances of the country. He remained, as we have said, uncovered; and in his manner testified the highest expression of reverence, up to the point when such might seem a symbol of allegiance. He bowed so low as almost to approach his lips to the hand of Charles, but he did not kiss it. 'I would rescue your person, sir,' he said, 'with the purchase of my own life. More ——' He stopped short, and the King took up his sentence where it broke off — 'More you cannot do,' said Charles, 'to maintain an honourable consistency; but what you have said is enough. You cannot render homage to my proffered hand as that of a sovereign, but you will not prevent my taking yours as a friend, if you allow me to call myself so — I am sure, as a well-wisher at least.'

The generous soul of Everard was touched. He took the King's hand and pressed it to his lips.

'Oh!' he said, 'were better times to come ——'

'Bind yourself to nothing, dear Everard,' said the good-natured prince, partaking his emotion. 'We reason ill while our feelings are moved. I will recruit no man to his loss, nor will I have my fallen fortunes involve those of others, because they have humanity enough to pity my present condition. If

better times come, why, we will meet again, and I hope to our mutual satisfaction. If not, as your future father-in-law would say (a benevolent smile came over his face, and accorded not unmeetly with his glistening eyes)—if not, this parting was well made.'

Everard turned away with a deep bow, almost choking under contending feelings, the uppermost of which was a sense of the generosity with which Charles, at his own imminent risk, had cleared away the darkness that seemed about to overwhelm his prospects of happiness for life, mixed with a deep sense of the perils by which he was environed. He returned to the little town, followed by his attendant Wildrake, who turned back so often, with weeping eyes and hands clasped and uplifted as supplicating Heaven, that Everard was obliged to remind him that his gestures might be observed by some one, and occasion suspicion.

The generous conduct of the King during the closing part of this remarkable scene had not escaped Alice's notice; and, erasing at once from her mind all resentment of Charles's former conduct, and all the suspicions they had deservedly excited, awakened in her bosom a sense of the natural goodness of his disposition, which permitted her to unite regard for his person with that reverence for his high office in which she had been educated as a portion of her creed. She felt convinced, and delighted with the conviction, that his virtues were his own, his libertinism the fault of education, or rather want of education, and the corrupting advice of sycophants and flatterers. She could not know, or perhaps did not in that moment consider, that, in a soil where no care is taken to eradicate tares, they will outgrow and smother the wholesome seed, even if the last is more natural to the soil. For, as Doctor Rochecliffe informed her afterwards for her edification—promising, as was his custom, to explain the precise words on some future occasion; if she would put him in mind—*Virtus rectorem ducemque desiderat; vitia sine magistro discuntur.*¹

There was no room for such reflections at present. Conscious of mutual sincerity, by a sort of intellectual communication, through which individuals are led to understand each other better, perhaps, in delicate circumstances than by words, reserve and simulation appeared to be now banished from the intercourse between the King and Alice. With manly frankness, and, at the same time, with princely condescension, he

¹ See Dr. Rochecliffe's Quotations. Note 8.

requested her, exhausted as she was, to accept of his arm on the way homeward, instead of that of Doctor Rochecliffe; and Alice accepted of his support with modest humility, but without a shadow of mistrust or fear. It seemed as if the last half-hour had satisfied them perfectly with the character of each other, and that each had full conviction of the purity and sincerity of the other's intentions.

Doctor Rochecliffe, in the meantime, had fallen some four or five paces behind; for, less light and active than Alice (who had, besides, the assistance of the King's support), he was unable, without effort and difficulty, to keep up with the pace of Charles, who then was, as we have elsewhere noticed, one of the best walkers in England, and was sometimes apt to forget (as great men will) that others were inferior to him in activity.

'Dear Alice,' said the King, but as if the epithet were entirely fraternal, 'I like your Everard much. I would to God he were of our determination; but since that cannot be, I am sure he will prove a generous enemy.'

'May it please you, sire,' said Alice, modestly, but with some firmness, 'my cousin will never be your Majesty's personal enemy; and he is one of the few on whose slightest word you may rely more than on the oath of those who profess more strongly and formally. He is utterly incapable of abusing your Majesty's most generous and voluntary confidence.'

'On my honour, I believe so, Alice,' replied the King. 'But, odds-fish! my girl, let Majesty sleep for the present: it concerns my safety, as I told your brother lately. Call me "sir," then, which belongs alike to king, peer, knight, and gentleman, or rather let me be wild Louis Kerneguy again.'

Alice looked down and shook her head. 'That cannot be, please your Majesty.'

'What! Louis was a saucy companion — a naughty, presuming boy — and you cannot abide him? Well, perhaps you are right. But we will wait for Doctor Rochecliffe,' he said, desirous, with good-natured delicacy, to make Alice aware that he had no purpose of engaging her in any discussion which could recall painful ideas. They paused accordingly, and again she felt relieved and grateful.

'I cannot persuade our fair friend, Mistress Alice, Doctor,' said the King, 'that she must, in prudence, forbear using titles of respect to me while there are such very slender means of sustaining them.'

'It is a reproach to earth and to fortune,' answered the divine, as fast as his recovered breath would permit him, 'that your most sacred Majesty's present condition should not accord with the rendering of those honours which are your own by birth, and which, with God's blessing on the efforts of your loyal subjects, I hope to see rendered to you as your hereditary right by the universal voice of the three kingdoms.'

'True, Doctor,' replied the King; 'but, in the meanwhile, can you expound to Mistress Alice Lee two lines of Horace, which I have carried in my thick head several years, till now they have come pat to my purpose. As my canny subjects of Scotland say, If you keep a thing seven years, you are sure to find a use for it at last. *Telephus* — ay, so it begins —

*Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.'*

'I will explain the passage to Mistress Alice,' said the Doctor, 'when she reminds me of it; or rather,' he added, recollecting that his ordinary dilatory answer on such occasions ought not to be returned when the order for exposition emanated from his sovereign, 'I will repeat a poor couplet from my own translation of the poem —

Heroes and kings, in exile forced to roam,
Leave swelling phrase and seven-leagued words at home.'

'A most admirable version, Doctor,' said Charles. 'I feel all its force, and particularly the beautiful rendering of *sesquipedalia verba* into seven-leagued boots — words, I mean: it reminds me, like half the things I meet with in this world, of the *Contes de Commère l'Oye*.'¹

Thus conversing, they reached the lodge; and as the King went to his chamber to prepare for the breakfast summons, now impending, the idea crossed his mind, 'Wilmot, and Villiers, and Killigrew would laugh at me, did they hear of a campaign in which neither man nor woman had been conquered. But, odds-fish! let them laugh as they will, there is something at my heart which tells me that for once in my life I have acted well.'

That day and the next were spent in tranquillity, the King waiting impatiently for the intelligence which was to announce

¹ *Tales of Mother Goose.*

to him that a vessel was prepared somewhere on the coast. None such was yet in readiness; but he learned that the indefatigable Albert Lee was, at great personal risk, traversing the sea-coast from town to village, and endeavouring to find means of embarkation among the friends of the Royal cause and the correspondents of Doctor Rochecliffe.

CHAPTER XXIX

Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

IT is time we should give some account of the other actors in our drama, the interest due to the principal personages having for some time engrossed our attention exclusively.

We are, therefore, to inform the reader that the lingering longings of the Commissioners, who had been driven forth of their proposed paradise of Woodstock, not by a cherub indeed, but, as they thought, by spirits of another sort, still detained them in the vicinity. They had, indeed, left the little borough under pretence of indifferent accommodation. The more palpable reasons were, that they entertained some resentment against Everard, as the means of their disappointment, and had no mind to reside where their proceedings could be overlooked by him, although they took leave in terms of the utmost respect. They went, however, no farther than Oxford, and remained there, as ravens, who are accustomed to witness the chase, sit upon a tree or crag, at a little distance, and watch the disembowelling of the deer, expecting the relics which fall to their share. Meantime, the university and city, but especially the former, supplied them with some means of employing their various faculties to advantage, until the expected moment when, as they hoped, they should either be summoned to Windsor or Woodstock should once more be abandoned to their discretion.

Bletson, to pass the time, vexed the souls of such learned and pious divines and scholars as he could intrude his hateful presence upon, by sophistry, atheistical discourse, and challenges to them to impugn the most scandalous theses. Desborough, one of the most brutally ignorant men of the period, got himself nominated the head of a college, and lost no time in cutting down trees and plundering plate. As for Harrison, he preached in full uniform in St. Mary's Church, wearing his buff-coat,

boots, and spurs, as if he were about to take the field for the fight at Armageddon. And it was hard to say whether that seat of learning, religion, and loyalty, as it is called by Clarendon, was more vexed by the rapine of Desborough, the cold scepticism of Bletson, or the frantic enthusiasm of the Fifth Monarchy champion.

Ever and anon, soldiers, under pretence of relieving guard, or otherwise, went and came betwixt Woodstock and Oxford, and maintained, it may be supposed, a correspondence with Trusty Tomkins, who, though he chiefly resided in the town of Woodstock, visited the lodge occasionally, and to whom, therefore, they doubtless trusted for information concerning the proceedings there.

Indeed, this man Tomkins seemed by some secret means to have gained the confidence in part, if not in whole, of almost every one connected with these intrigues. All closeted him, all conversed with him in private; those who had the means propitiated him with gifts, those who had not were liberal of promises. When he chanced to appear at Woodstock, which always seemed as it were by accident, if he passed through the hall, the knight was sure to ask him to take the foils, and was equally certain to be, after less or more resistance, victorious in the encounter; so, in consideration of so many triumphs, the good Sir Henry almost forgave him the sins of rebellion and Puritanism. Then, if his slow and formal step was heard in the passages approaching the gallery, Doctor Rochecliffe, though he never introduced him to his peculiar boudoir, was sure to meet Master Tomkins in some neutral apartment, and to engage him in long conversations, which apparently had great interest for both.

Neither was the Independent's reception below-stairs less gracious than above. Joceline failed not to welcome him with the most cordial frankness; the paste and the flagon were put in immediate requisition, and good cheer was the general word. The means for this, it may be observed, had grown more plenty at Woodstock since the arrival of Doctor Rochecliffe, who, in quality of agent for several Royalists, had various sums of money at his disposal. By these funds it is likely that Trusty Tomkins also derived his own full advantage.

In his occasional indulgence in what he called a fleshly frailty (and for which he said he had a privilege), which was in truth an attachment to strong liquors, and that in no moderate degree, his language, at other times remarkably decorous and

reserved, became wild and animated. He sometimes talked with all the unction of an old debauchee of former exploits, such as deer-stealing, orchard-robbing, drunken gambols, and desperate affrays in which he had been engaged in the earlier part of his life, sung bacchanalian and amorous ditties, dwelt sometimes upon adventures which drove Phœbe Mayflower from the company, and penetrated even the deaf ears of Dame Jellicot, so as to make the buttery in which he held his carousals no proper place for the poor old woman.

In the middle of these wild rants, Tomkins twice or thrice suddenly ran into religious topics, and spoke mysteriously, but with great animation and a rich eloquence, on the happy and pre-eminent saints, who were saints, as he termed them, indeed — men who had stormed the inner treasure-house of Heaven, and possessed themselves of its choicest jewels. All other sects he treated with the utmost contempt, as merely quarrelling, as he expressed it, like hogs over a trough, about husks and acorns; under which derogatory terms he included alike the usual rites and ceremonies of public devotion, the ordinances of the established churches of Christianity, and the observances, nay, the forbearances, enjoined by every class of Christians. Scarcely hearing, and not at all understanding, him, Joceline, who seemed his most frequent confidant on such occasions, generally led him back into some strain of rude mirth, or old recollection of follies before the Civil Wars, without caring about or endeavouring to analyse the opinion of this saint of an evil fashion, but fully sensible of the protection which his presence afforded at Woodstock, and confident in the honest meaning of so freespoken a fellow, to whom ale and brandy, when better liquor was not to be come by, seemed to be principal objects of life, and who drank a health to the King, or any one else, whenever required, provided the cup in which he was to perform the libation were but a brimmer.

These peculiar doctrines, which were entertained by a sect sometimes termed the Family of Love, but more commonly Ranters,¹ had made some progress in times when such variety of religious opinions were prevalent, that men pushed the jarring heresies to the verge of absolute and most impious insanity. Secrecy had been enjoined on these frantic believers in a most blasphemous doctrine, by the fear of consequences, should they come to be generally announced; and it was the care of Mr. Tomkins to conceal the spiritual freedom which he

¹ See The Familists. Note 9.

pretended to have acquired from all whose resentment would have been stirred by his public avowal of it. This was not difficult; for their profession of faith permitted, nay, required, their occasional conformity with the sectaries or professors of any creed which chanced to be uppermost.

Tomkins had accordingly the art to pass himself on Dr. Rochecliffe as still a zealous member of the Church of England, though serving under the enemy's colours, as a spy in their camp; and as he had on several occasions given him true and valuable intelligence, this active intriguer was the more easily induced to believe his professions.

Nevertheless, lest this person's occasional presence at the lodge, which there were perhaps no means to prevent without exciting suspicion, should infer danger to the King's person, Rochecliffe, whatever confidence he otherwise reposed in him, recommended that, if possible, the King should keep always out of his sight, and when accidentally discovered, that he should only appear in the character of Louis Kerneguy. Joseph Tomkins, he said, was, he really believed, Honest Joe; but honesty was a horse which might be overburdened, and there was no use in leading our neighbour into temptation.

It seemed as if Tomkins himself had acquiesced in this limitation of confidence exercised towards him, or that he wished to seem blinder than he really was to the presence of this stranger in the family. It occurred to Joceline, who was a very shrewd fellow, that once or twice, when by inevitable accident Tomkins had met Kerneguy, he seemed less interested in the circumstance than he would have expected from the man's disposition, which was naturally prying and inquisitive. 'He asked no questions about the young stranger,' said Joceline. 'God avert that he knows or suspects too much!' But his suspicions were removed when, in the course of their subsequent conversation, Joseph Tomkins mentioned the King's escape from Bristol as a thing positively certain, and named both the vessel in which he said he had gone off and the master who commanded her, seeming so convinced of the truth of the report, that Joceline judged it impossible he could have the slightest suspicion of the reality.

Yet, notwithstanding this persuasion, and the comradeship which had been established between them, the faithful under-keeper resolved to maintain a strict watch over his gossip Tomkins, and be in readiness to give the alarm should occasion arise. True, he thought, he had reason to believe that his said

friend, notwithstanding his drunken and enthusiastic rants, was as trustworthy as he was esteemed by Dr. Rochecliffe ; yet still he was an adventurer, the outside and lining of whose cloak were of different colours, and a high reward, and pardon for past acts of malignancy, might tempt him once more to turn his tippet. For these reasons Joceline kept a strict, though unostentatious, watch over Trusty Tomkins.

We have said that the discreet seneschal was universally well received at Woodstock, whether in the borough or at the lodge, and that even Joceline Joliffe was anxious to conceal any suspicions which he could not altogether repress under a great show of cordial hospitality. There were, however, two individuals who, for very different reasons, nourished personal dislike against the individual so generally acceptable.

One was Nehemiah Holdenough, who remembered with great bitterness of spirit the Independent's violent intrusion into his pulpit, and who ever spoke of him in private as a lying missionary, into whom Satan had put a spirit of delusion ; and preached, besides, a solemn sermon on the subject of the false prophet, out of whose mouth came frogs. The discourse was highly prized by the Mayor and most of the better class, who conceived that their minister had struck a heavy blow at the very root of Independency. On the other hand, those of the private spirit contended, that Joseph Tomkins had made a successful and triumphant rally, in an exhortation on the evening of the same day, in which he proved, to the conviction of many handicraftsmen, that the passage in Jeremiah, 'The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means,' was directly applicable to the Presbyterian system of church government. The clergyman despatched an account of his adversary's conduct to the Reverend Master Edwards, to be inserted in the next edition of *Gangræna*, as a pestilent heretic ; and Tomkins recommended the parson to his master, Desborough, as a good subject on whom to impose a round fine, for vexing the private spirit ; assuring him, at the same time, that, though the minister might seem poor, yet, if a few troopers were quartered on him till the fine was paid, every rich shopkeeper's wife in the borough would rob the till, rather than go without the mammon of unrighteousness with which to redeem their priest from sufferance, holding, according to his expression, with Laban, 'You have taken from me my gods, and what have I more ?' There was, of course, little cordiality between the polemical disputants, when religious debate took so worldly a turn.

But Joe Tomkins was much more concerned at the evil opinion which seemed to be entertained against him by one whose good graces he was greatly more desirous to obtain than those of Nehemiah Holdenough. This was no other than pretty Mistress Phœbe Mayflower, for whose conversion he had felt a strong vocation ever since his lecture upon Shakspeare on their first meeting at the lodge. He seemed desirous, however, to carry on this more serious work in private, and especially to conceal his labours from his friend Joceline Joliffe, lest, perchance, he had been addicted to jealousy. But it was in vain that he plied the faithful damsel, sometimes with verses from the Canticles, sometimes with quotations from Green's *Arcadia*, or pithy passages from *Venus and Adonis*, and doctrines of a nature yet more abstruse, from the popular work entitled *Aristotle's Masterpiece*. Unto no wooing of his, sacred or profane, metaphysical or physical, would Phœbe Mayflower seriously incline.

The maiden loved Joceline Joliffe, on the one hand ; and, on the other, if she disliked Joseph Tomkins when she first saw him, as a rebellious Puritan, she had not been at all reconciled by finding reason to regard him as a hypocritical libertine. She hated him in both capacities, never endured his conversation when she could escape from it, and when obliged to remain, listened to him only because she knew he had been so deeply trusted, that to offend him might endanger the security of the family in the service of which she had been born and bred up, and to whose interest she was devoted. For reasons somewhat similar, she did not suffer her dislike of the steward to become manifest before Joceline Joliffe, whose spirit, as a forester and a soldier, might have been likely to bring matters to an arbitrement, in which the *couteau de chasse* and quarter-staff of her favourite would have been too unequally matched with the long rapier and pistols which his dangerous rival always carried about his person. But it is difficult to blind jealousy when there is any cause of doubt ; and perhaps the sharp watch maintained by Joceline on his comrade was prompted not only by his zeal for the King's safety, but by some vague suspicion that Tomkins was not ill-disposed to poach upon his own fair manor.

Phœbe, in the meanwhile, like a prudent girl, sheltered herself as much as possible by the presence of Goody Jellicot. Then, indeed, it is true, the Independent, or whatever he was, used to follow her with his addresses to very little purpose ; for Phœbe seemed as deaf, through wilfulness, as the old matron

by natural infirmity. This indifference highly incensed her new lover, and induced him anxiously to watch for a time and place in which he might plead his suit with an energy that should command attention. Fortune, that malicious goddess, who so often ruins us by granting the very object of our vows, did at length procure him such an opportunity as he had long coveted.

It was about sunset, or shortly after, when Phoebe, upon whose activity much of the domestic arrangements depended, went as far as Fair Rosamond's spring to obtain water for the evening meal, or rather to gratify the prejudice of the old knight, who believed that celebrated fountain afforded the choicest supplies of the necessary element. Such was the respect in which he was held by his whole family, that to neglect any of his wishes that could be gratified, though with inconvenience to themselves, would, in their estimation, have been almost equal to a breach of religious duty.

To fill the pitcher had, we know, been of late a troublesome task; but Joceline's ingenuity had so far rendered it easy, by repairing rudely a part of the ruined front of the ancient fountain, that the water was collected, and, trickling along a wooden spout, dropped from a height of about two feet. A damsel was thereby enabled to place her pitcher under the slowly dropping supply, and, without toil to herself, might wait till her vessel was filled.

Phoebe Mayflower, on the evening we allude to, saw, for the first time, this little improvement; and, justly considering it as a piece of gallantry of her silvan admirer, designed to save her the trouble of performing her task in a more inconvenient manner, she gratefully employed the minutes of ease which the contrivance procured her, in reflecting on the good-nature and ingenuity of the obliging engineer, and perhaps in thinking he might have done as wisely to have waited till she came to the fountain, that he might have secured personal thanks for the trouble he had taken. But then she knew he was detained in the buttery with that odious Tomkins, and rather than have seen the Independent along with him, she would have renounced the thought of meeting Joceline.

As she was thus reflecting, Fortune was malicious enough to send Tomkins to the fountain, and without Joceline. When she saw his figure darken the path up which he came, an anxious reflection came over the poor maiden's breast, that she was alone, and within the verge of the forest, where in general persons were prohibited to come during the twilight, for dis-

turbing the deer settling to their repose. She encouraged herself, however, and resolved to show no sense of fear, although, as the steward approached, there was something in the man's look and eye no way calculated to allay her apprehensions.

'The blessings of the evening upon you, my pretty maiden,' he said. 'I meet you even as the chief servant of Abraham, who was a steward like myself, met Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, at the well of the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia. Shall I not, therefore, say to you, "Set down thy pitcher that I may drink"?''

'The pitcher is at your service, Master Tomkins,' she replied, 'and you may drink as much as you will; but you have, I warrant, drank better liquor, and that not long since.'

It was, indeed, obvious that the steward had risen from a revel, for his features were somewhat flushed, though he had stopped far short of intoxication. But Phœbe's alarm at his first appearance was rather increased when she observed how he had been lately employed.

'I do but use my privilege, my pretty Rebecca: the earth is given to the saints, and the fulness thereof. They shall occupy and enjoy it, both the riches of the mine and the treasures of the vine; and they shall rejoice, and their hearts be merry within them. Thou hast yet to learn the privileges of the saints, my Rebecca.'

'My name is Phœbe,' said the maiden, in order to sober the enthusiastic rapture which he either felt or affected.

'Phœbe after the flesh,' he said, 'but Rebecca being spiritualised; for art thou not a wandering and stray sheep, and am I not sent to fetch thee within the fold? Wherefore else was it said, "Thou shalt find her seated by the well, in the wood which is called after the ancient harlot, Rosamond"?''

'You have found me sitting here sure enough,' said Phœbe; 'but if you wish to keep me company, you must walk to the lodge with me; and you shall carry my pitcher for me, if you will be so kind. I will hear all the good things you have to say to me as we go along. But Sir Henry calls for his glass of water regularly before prayers.'

'What!' exclaimed Tomkins, 'hath the old man of bloody hand and perverse heart sent thee hither to do the work of a bondswoman? Verily thou shalt return enfranchised; and for the water thou hast drawn for him, it shall be poured forth, even as David caused to be poured forth the water of the well of Bethlehem.'

So saying, he emptied the water-pitcher, in spite of Phœbe's exclamations and entreaties. He then replaced the vessel beneath the little conduit, and continued — 'Know that this shall be a token to thee. The filling of that pitcher shall be like the running of a sand-glass ; and if, within the time which shall pass ere it rises to the brim, thou shalt listen to the words which I shall say to thee, then it shall be well with thee, and thy place shall be high among those who, forsaking the instruction which is as milk for babes and sucklings, eat the strong food which nourishes manhood. But if the pitcher shall over-brim with water ere thy ear shall hear and understand, thou shalt then be given as a prey, and as a bondsmaiden, unto those who shall possess the fat and the fair of the earth.'

'You frighten me, Master Tomkins,' said Phœbe, 'though I am sure you do not mean to do so. I wonder how you dare speak words so like the good words in the Bible, when you know how you laughed at your own master, and all the rest of them, when you helped to play the hobgoblins at the lodge.'

'Think'st thou then, thou simple fool, that, in putting that deceit upon Harrison and the rest, I exceeded my privileges? Nay, verily. Listen to me, foolish girl. When in former days I lived the most wild, malignant rakehell in Oxfordshire, frequenting wakes and fairs, dancing around Maypoles, and showing my lustihood at football and cudgel-playing — yea, when I was called, in the language of the uncircumcised, Philip Hazeldine, and was one of the singers in the choir, and one of the ringers in the steeple, and served the priest yonder, by name Rochecliffe — I was not farther from the straight road than when, after long reading, I at length found one blind guide after another all burners of bricks in Egypt. I left them one by one, the poor tool Harrison being the last ; and by my own unassisted strength I have struggled forward to the broad and blessed light, whereof thou too, Phœbe, shalt be partaker.'

'I thank you, Master Tomkins,' said Phœbe, suppressing some fear under an appearance of indifference ; 'but I shall have light enough to carry home my pitcher, would you but let me take it, and that is all the want of light I shall have this evening.'

So saying, she stooped to take the pitcher from the fountain ; but he snatched hold of her by the arm, and prevented her from accomplishing her purpose. Phœbe, however, was the daughter of a bold forester, prompt at thoughts of self-defence ; and though she missed getting hold of the pitcher, she caught up instead a large pebble, which she kept concealed in her right hand.

Again the fanatical voluptuary endeavoured to pull the poor girl towards him, while she, alarmed, but not scared out of her presence of mind, endeavoured, by fair entreaty, to prevail on him to release her. But his features, in themselves not marked, had acquired a frightful expression, and he exclaimed, 'No, Phoebe, do not think to escape: thou art given to me as a captive; thou hast neglected the hour of grace, and it has glided past. See, the water trickles over thy pitcher, which was to be a sign between us. Therefore I will urge thee no more with words, of which thou art not worthy, but treat thee as a recusant of offered grace.'

'Master Tomkins,' said Phoebe, in an imploring tone, 'consider, for God's sake, I am a fatherless child; do me no injury, it would be a shame to your strength and your manhood. I cannot understand your fine words—I will think on them till to-morrow.' Then, in rising resentment, she added more vehemently, 'I will not be used rudely; stand off, or I will do you a mischief.' But, as he pressed upon her with a violence of which the object could not be mistaken, and endeavoured to secure her right hand, she exclaimed, 'Take it, then, with a wamion to you!' and struck him an almost stunning blow on the face with the pebble which she held ready for such an extremity.

The fanatic let her go, and staggered backward, half stupefied; while Phoebe instantly betook herself to flight, screaming for help as she ran, but still grasping the victorious pebble. Irritated to frenzy by the severe blow which he had received, Tomkins pursued, with every black passion in his soul and in his face, mingled with fear lest his villainy should be discovered. He called on Phoebe loudly to stop, and had the brutality to menace her with one of his pistols if she continued to fly. Yet she slackened not her pace for his threats, and he must either have executed them, or seen her escape to carry the tale to the lodge, had she not unhappily stumbled over the projecting root of a fir-tree.

But, as he rushed upon his prey, rescue interposed in the person of Joceline Joliffe, with his quarter-staff on his shoulder. 'How now! what means this?' he said, stepping between Phoebe and her pursuer. Tomkins, already roused to fury, made no other answer than by discharging at Joceline the pistol which he held in his hand. The ball grazed the under-keeper's face, who, in requital of the assault, and saying, 'Aha! let ash answer iron,' applied his quarter-staff with so much force to the Inde-

pendent's head, that, lighting on the left temple, the blow proved almost instantly mortal.

A few convulsive struggles were accompanied with these broken words, 'Joceline — I am gone — but I forgive thee. Doctor Rochecliffe — I wish I had minded more ——— Oh ! the clergyman — the funeral-service ———' As he uttered these words, indicative, it may be, of his return to a creed which perhaps he had never abjured so thoroughly as he had persuaded himself, his voice was lost in a groan, which, rattling in the throat, seemed unable to find its way to the air. These were the last symptoms of life : the clenched hands presently relaxed, the closed eyes opened and stared on the heavens a lifeless jelly, the limbs extended themselves and stiffened. The body, which was lately animated with life, was now a lump of senseless clay ; the soul, dismissed from its earthly tenement in a moment so unhallowed, was gone before the judgment-seat.

'Oh, what have you done — what have you done, Joceline ?' exclaimed Phœbe ; 'you have killed the man !'

'Better than he should have killed me,' answered Joceline ; 'for he was none of the blinkers that miss their mark twice running. And yet I am sorry for him. Many a merry bout have we had together when he was wild Philip Hazeldine, and then he was bad enough ; but since he daubed over his vices with hypocrisy, he seems to have proved worse devil than ever.'

'Oh, Joceline, come away,' said poor Phœbe, 'and do not stand gazing on him thus' ; for the woodman, resting on his fatal weapon, stood looking down on the corpse with the appearance of a man half-stunned at the event.

'This comes of the ale-pitcher,' she continued, in the true style of female consolation, 'as I have often told you. For Heaven's sake, come to the lodge, and let us consult what is to be done.'

'Stay first, girl, and let me drag him out of the path : we must not have him lie here in all men's sight. Will you not help me, wench ?'

'I cannot, Joceline. I would not touch a lock on him for all Woodstock.'

'I must to this gear myself, then,' said Joceline, who, a soldier as well as a woodsman, still had great reluctance to the necessary task. Something in the face and broken words of the dying man had made a deep and terrific impression on

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nerves not easily shaken. He accomplished it, however, so far as to drag the late steward out of the open path, and bestow his body amongst the undergrowth of brambles and briers, so as not to be visible unless particularly looked after. He then returned to Phoebe, who had sat speechless all the while beneath the tree over whose roots she had stumbled.

‘Come away, wench,’ he said — ‘come away to the lodge, and let us study how this is to be answered for : the mishap of his being killed will strangely increase our danger. What had he sought of thee, wench, when you ran from him like a mad-woman ? But I can guess : Phil was always a devil among the girls, and I think, as Doctor Rochecliffe says, that, since he turned saint, he took to himself seven devils worse than himself. Here is the very place where I saw him with his sword in his hand raised against the old knight, and he a child of the parish. It was high treason at least ; but, by my faith, he hath paid for it at last.’

‘But, oh, Joceline,’ said Phoebe, ‘how could you take so wicked a man into your counsels, and join him in all his plots about scaring the Roundhead gentlemen ?’

‘Why, look thee, wench, I thought I knew him at the first meeting, especially when Bevis, who was bred here when he was a dog-leader, would not fly at him ; and when we made up our old acquaintance at the lodge, I found he kept up a close correspondence with Dr. Rochecliffe, who was persuaded that he was a good king’s-man, and held consequently good intelligence with him. The Doctor boasts to have learned much through his means ; I wish to Heaven he may not have been as communicative in turn.’

‘Oh, Joceline,’ said the waiting-woman, ‘you should never have let him within the gate of the lodge !’

‘No more I would, if I had known how to keep him out ; but when he went so frankly into our scheme, and told me how I was to dress myself like Robison the player, whose ghost haunted Harrison — I wish no ghost may haunt me ! — when he taught me how to bear myself to terrify his lawful master, what could I think, wench ? I only trust the Doctor has kept the great secret of all from his knowledge. But here we are at the lodge. Go to thy chamber, wench, and compose thyself. I must seek out Doctor Rochecliffe. He is ever talking of his quick and ready invention ; here come times, I think, that will demand it all.’

Phoebe went to her chamber accordingly ; but the strength

arising from the pressure of danger giving way when the danger was removed, she quickly fell into a succession of hysterical fits, which required the constant attention of Dame Jellicot, and the less alarmed, but more judicious, care of Mrs. Alice, before they even abated in their rapid recurrence.

The under-keeper carried his news to the politic Doctor, who was extremely disconcerted, alarmed, nay, angry with Joceline for having slain a person on whose communications he had accustomed himself to rely. Yet his looks declared his suspicion whether his confidence had not been too rashly conferred — a suspicion which pressed him the more anxiously, that he was unwilling to avow it, as a derogation from his character for shrewdness on which he valued himself.

Doctor Rochecliffe's reliance, however, on the fidelity of Tomkins had apparently good grounds. Before the Civil Wars, as may be partly collected from what has been already hinted at, Tomkins, under his true name of Hazeldine, had been under the protection of the rector of Woodstock, occasionally acted as his clerk, was a distinguished member of his choir, and, being a handy and ingenious fellow, was employed in assisting the antiquarian researches of Dr. Rochecliffe through the interior of Woodstock. When he engaged on the opposite side in the Civil Wars, he still kept up his intelligence with the divine, to whom he had afforded what seemed valuable information from time to time. His assistance had latterly been eminently useful in aiding the Doctor, with the assistance of Joceline and Phoebe, in contriving and executing the various devices by which the Parliamentary Commissioners had been expelled from Woodstock. Indeed, his services in this respect had been thought worthy of no less a reward than a present of what plate remained at the lodge, which had been promised to the Independent accordingly. The Doctor, therefore, while admitting he might be a bad man, regretted him as a useful one, whose death, if inquired after, was likely to bring additional danger on a house which danger already surrounded, and which contained a pledge so precious.

CHAPTER XXX

Cassio. That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st.

Othello.

ON the dark October night succeeding the evening on which Tomkins was slain, Colonel Everard, besides his constant attendant Roger Wildrake, had Master Nehemiah Holdenough with him as a guest at supper. The devotions of the evening having been performed according to the Presbyterian fashion, a light entertainment, and a double quart of burnt claret, were placed before his friends at nine o'clock, an hour unusually late. Master Holdenough soon engaged himself in a polemical discourse against sectaries and Independents, without being aware that his eloquence was not very interesting to his principal hearer, whose ideas in the meanwhile wandered to Woodstock and all which it contained — the Prince, who lay concealed there, his uncle, above all, Alice Lee. As for Wildrake, after bestowing a mental curse both on sectaries and Presbyterians, as being, in his opinion, never a barrel the better herring, he stretched out his limbs, and would probably have composed himself to rest, but that he as well as his patron had thoughts which murdered sleep.

The party were waited upon by a little gipsy-looking boy, in an orange-tawny doublet, much decayed, and garnished with blue worsted lace. The rogue looked somewhat stunted in size, but active both in intelligence and in limb, as his black eyes seemed to promise by their vivacity. He was an attendant of Wildrake's choice, who had conferred on him the *nom de guerre* of Spitfire, and had promised him promotion so soon as his young *protégé*, Breakfast, was fit to succeed him in his present office. It need scarce be said, that the menage was maintained entirely at the expense of Colonel Everard, who allowed Wildrake to arrange the household very much according to his pleasure.

The page did not omit, in offering the company wine from time to time, to accommodate Wildrake with about twice the number of opportunities of refreshing himself which he considered it necessary to afford to the colonel or his reverend guest.

While they were thus engaged, the good divine lost in his own argument and the hearers in their private thoughts, their attention was about half-past ten arrested by a knocking at the door of the house. To those who have anxious hearts, trifles give cause of alarm. Even a thing so simple as a knock at the door may have a character which excites apprehension. This was no quiet, gentle tap, intimating a modest intruder; no redoubled rattle, as the pompous annunciation of some vain person; neither did it resemble the formal summons to formal business, nor the cheerful visit of some welcome friend. It was a single blow, solemn and stern, if not actually menacing, in the sound.

The door was opened by some of the persons of the house; a heavy foot ascended the stair, a stout man entered the room, and, drawing the cloak from his face, said, 'Markham Everard, I greet thee in God's name.'

It was General Cromwell.

Everard, surprised and taken at unawares, endeavoured in vain to find words to express his astonishment. A bustle occurred in receiving the General, assisting him to uncloak himself, and offering in dumb show the civilities of reception.

The General cast his keen eye around the apartment, and fixing it first on the divine, addressed Everard as follows:—

'A reverend man I see is with thee. Thou art not one of those, good Markham, who let the time unnoted and unimproved pass away. Casting aside the things of this world, pressing forward to those of the next, it is by thus using our time in this poor seat of terrestrial sin and care that we may, as it were — But how is this?' he continued, suddenly changing his tone, and speaking briefly, sharply, and anxiously — 'one hath left the room since I entered?'

Wildrake had, indeed, been absent for a minute or two, but had now returned, and stepped forward from a bay window, as if he had been out of sight only, not out of the apartment. 'Not so, sir, I stood but in the background out of respect. Noble General, I hope all is well with the estate, that your Excellency makes us so late a visit? Would not your Excellency choose some —'

'Ah!' said Oliver, looking sternly and fixedly at him, 'our

trusty go-between — our faithful confidant. No, sir; at present, I desire nothing more than a kind reception, which, methinks, my friend Markham Everard is in no hurry to give me.'

'You bring your own welcome, my lord,' said Everard, compelling himself to speak. 'I can only trust it was no bad news that made your Excellency a late traveller, and ask, like my follower, what refreshment I shall command for your accommodation.'

'The state is sound and healthy, Colonel Everard,' said the General; 'and yet the less so, that many of its members, who have been hitherto workers together, and propounders of good counsel, and advancers of the public weal, have now waxed cold in their love and in their affection for the good cause, for which we should be ready, in our various degrees, to act and do, so soon as we are called to act that whereunto we are appointed, neither rashly nor over-slothfully, neither lukewarmly nor over-violently, but with such a frame and disposition in which zeal and charity may, as it were, meet and kiss each other in our streets. Howbeit, because we look back after we have put our hand to the plough, therefore is our force waxed dim.'

'Pardon me, sir,' said Nehemiah Holdenough, who, listening with some impatience, began to guess in whose company he stood — 'pardon me, for unto this I have a warrant to speak.'

'Ah! ah!' said Cromwell. 'Surely, most worthy sir, we grieve the Spirit when we restrain those pourings forth, which, like water from a rock —'

'Nay, therein I differ from you, sir,' said Holdenough; 'for, as there is the mouth to transmit the food, and the profit to digest what Heaven hath sent, so is the preacher ordained to teach, and the people to hear, the shepherd to gather the flock into the sheepfold, the sheep to profit by the care of the shepherd.'

'Ah! my worthy sir,' said Cromwell, with much unction, 'methinks you verge upon the great mistake which supposes that churches are tall, large houses built by masons, and hearers are men — wealthy men, who pay tithes, the larger as well as the less; and that the priests, men in black gowns or grey cloaks, who receive the same are in guerdon the only distributors of Christian blessings. Whereas, in my apprehension, there is more of Christian liberty in leaving it to the discretion of the hungry soul to seek his edification where it can be found, whether from the mouth of a lay teacher, who claimeth his warrant from Heaven alone, or at the dispensation of those who

take ordination and degrees from synods and universities, at best but associations of poor sinful creatures like themselves.'

'You speak you know not what, sir,' replied Holdenough, impatiently. 'Can light come out of darkness, sense out of ignorance, or knowledge of the mysteries of religion from such ignorant mediciners as give poisons instead of wholesome medicaments, and cram with filth the stomachs of such as seek to them for food?'

This, which the Presbyterian divine uttered rather warmly, the General answered with the utmost mildness.

'Lack-a-day — lack-a-day! a learned man, but intemperate: over-zeal hath eaten him up. A well-a-day, sir, you may talk of your regular Gospel meals, but a word spoken in season by one whose heart is with your heart, just perhaps when you are riding on to encounter an enemy, or are about to mount a breach, is to the poor spirit like a rasher on the coals, which the hungry shall find preferable to a great banquet, at such times when the full soul loatheth the honeycomb. Nevertheless, although I speak thus in my poor judgment, I would not put force on the conscience of any man, leaving to the learned to follow the learned, and the wise to be instructed by the wise, while poor, simple, wretched souls are not to be denied a drink from the stream which runneth by the way. Ay, verily, it will be a comely sight in England when men shall go on as in a better world, bearing with each other's infirmities, joining in each other's comforts. Ay, truly, the rich drink out of silver flagons and goblets of silver, the poor out of paltry bowls of wood; and even so let it be, since they both drink the same element.'

Here an officer opened the door and looked in, to whom Cromwell, exchanging the canting drawl, in which it seemed he might have gone on interminably, for the short brief tone of action, called out, 'Pearson, is he come?'

'No, sir,' replied Pearson; 'we have inquired for him at the place you noted, and also at other haunts of his about the town.'

'The knave!' said Cromwell, with bitter emphasis; 'can he have proved false? No — no, his interest is too deeply engaged. We shall find him by and by. Hark thee hither.'

While this conversation was going forward, the reader must imagine the alarm of Everard. He was certain that the personal attendance of Cromwell must be on some most important account, and he could not but strongly suspect that the General had some information respecting Charles's lurking-place.

If taken, a renewal of the tragedy of the Thirtieth of January was instantly to be apprehended, and the ruin of the whole family of Lee, with himself probably included, must be the necessary consequence.

He looked eagerly for consolation at Wildrake, whose countenance expressed much alarm, which he endeavoured to bear out with his usual look of confidence. But the weight within was too great: he shuffled with his feet, rolled his eyes, and twisted his hands, like an unassured witness before an acute and not to be deceived judge.

Oliver, meanwhile, left his company not a minute's leisure to take counsel together. Even while his perplexed eloquence flowed on in a stream so mazy that no one could discover which way its course was tending, his sharp, watchful eye rendered all attempts of Everard to hold communication with Wildrake, even by signs, altogether vain. Everard, indeed, looked for an instant at the window, then glanced at Wildrake, as if to hint there might be a possibility to escape that way. But the Cavalier had replied with a disconsolate shake of the head, so slight as to be almost imperceptible. Everard, therefore, lost all hope, and the melancholy feeling of approaching and inevitable evil was only varied by anxiety concerning the shape and manner in which it was about to make its approach.

But Wildrake had a spark of hope left. The very instant Cromwell entered he had got out of the room and down to the door of the house. 'Back — back!' repeated by two armed sentinels, convinced him that, as his fears had anticipated, the General had come neither unattended nor unprepared. He turned on his heel, ran upstairs, and meeting on the landing-place the boy whom he called Spitfire, hurried him into the small apartment which he occupied as his own. Wildrake had been shooting that morning, and game lay on the table. He pulled a feather from a woodcock's wing, and saying hastily, 'For thy life, Spitfire, mind my orders. I will put thee safe out at the window into the court; the yard wall is not high, and there will be no sentry there. Fly to the lodge, as thou wouldst win Heaven, and give this feather to Mistress Alice Lee, if possible; if not, to Joceline Joliffe; say I have won the wager of the young lady. Dost mark me, boy?'

The sharp-witted youth clapped his hand in his master's, and only replied, 'Done, and done.'

Wildrake opened the window, and, though the height was considerable, he contrived to let the boy down safely by holding

his cloak. A heap of straw on which Spitfire lighted rendered the descent perfectly safe, and Wildrake saw him scramble over the wall of the courtyard, at the angle which bore on a back lane; and so rapidly was this accomplished, that the Cavalier had just re-entered the room when, the bustle attending Cromwell's arrival subsiding, his own absence began to be noticed.

He remained, during Cromwell's lecture on the vanity of creeds, anxious in mind whether he might not have done better to send an explicit verbal message, since there was no time to write. But the chance of the boy being stopped, or becoming confused with feeling himself the messenger of a hurried and important communication, made him, on the whole, glad that he had preferred a more enigmatical way of conveying the intelligence. He had, therefore, the advantage of his patron, for he was conscious still of a spark of hope.

Pearson had scarce shut the door, when Holdenough, as ready in arms against the future Dictator as he had been prompt to encounter the supposed phantoms and fiends of Woodstock, resumed his attack upon the schismatics, whom he undertook to prove to be at once soul-slayers, false brethren, and false messengers; and was proceeding to allege texts in behalf of his proposition, when Cromwell, apparently tired of the discussion, and desirous to introduce a discourse more accordant with his real feelings, interrupted him, though very civilly, and took the discourse into his own hands.

'Lack-a-day,' he said, 'the good man speaks truth according to his knowledge and to his lights — ay, bitter truths, and hard to be digested, while we see as men see, and not with the eyes of angels. False messengers, said the reverend man? Ay, truly, the world is full of such. You shall see them who will carry your secret message to the house of your mortal foe, and will say to him, "Lo! my master is going forth with a small train, by such and such desolate places; be you speedy, therefore, that you may arise and slay him." And another, who knoweth where the foe of your house and enemy of your person lies hidden, shall, instead of telling his master thereof, carry tidings to the enemy even where he lurketh, saying, "Lo! my master knoweth of your secret abode; up, now, and fly, lest he come on thee like a lion on his prey." But shall this go without punishment?' looking at Wildrake with a withering glance. 'Now, as my soul liveth, and as He liveth who hath made me a ruler in Israel, such false messengers shall be knitted to gibbets on the wayside, and their right hands shall be nailed above their

heads, in an extended position, as if pointing out to others the road from which they themselves have strayed.'

'Surely,' said Master Holdenough, 'it is right to cut off such offenders.'

'Thank ye, Mas John,' muttered Wildrake; 'when did the Presbyterian fail to lend the Devil a shove?'

'But, I say,' continued Holdenough, 'that the matter is estranged from our present purpose, for the false brethren of whom I spoke are ——'

'Right, excellent sir, they be those of our own house,' answered Cromwell: 'the good man is right once more. Ay, of whom can we now say that he is a true brother, although he has lain in the same womb with us? Although we have struggled in the same cause, eat at the same table, fought in the same battle, worshipped at the same throne, there shall be no truth in him. Ah, Markham Everard — Markham Everard!'

He paused at this ejaculation; and Everard, desirous at once of knowing how far he stood committed, replied, 'Your Excellency seems to have something in your mind in which I am concerned. May I request you will speak it out, that I may know what I am accused of?'

'Ah, Mark — Mark!' replied the General, 'there needeth no accuser speak when the still small voice speaks within us. Is there not moisture on thy brow, Mark Everard? Is there not trouble in thine eye? Is there not a failure in thy frame? And who ever saw such things in noble and stout Markham Everard, whose brow was only moist after having worn the helmet for a summer's day, whose hand only shook when it had wielded for hours the weighty falchion? But go to, man! thou doubttest over-much. Hast thou not been to me as a brother, and shall I not forgive thee even the seventy-seventh time? The knave hath tarried somewhere, who should have done by this time an office of much import. Take advantage of his absence, Mark: it is a grace that God gives thee beyond expectance. I do not say, fall at my feet; but speak to me as a friend to his friend.'

'I have never said anything to your Excellency that was in the least undeserving the title you have assigned to me,' said Colonel Everard, proudly.

'Nay — nay, Markham,' answered Cromwell; 'I say not you have. But — but you ought to have remembered the message I sent you by that person (pointing to Wildrake); and you must reconcile it with your conscience, how, having such a

message, guarded with such reasons, you could think yourself at liberty to expel my friends from Woodstock, being determined to disappoint my object, whilst you availed yourself of the boon on condition of which my warrant was issued.'

Everard was about to reply, when, to his astonishment, Wildrake stepped forward; and with a voice and look very different from his ordinary manner, and approaching a good deal to real dignity of mind, said, boldly and calmly, 'You are mistaken, Master Cromwell, and address yourself to the wrong party here.'

The speech was so sudden and intrepid, that Cromwell stepped a pace back, and motioned with his right hand towards his weapon, as if he had expected that an address of a nature so unusually bold was to be followed by some act of violence. He instantly resumed his indifferent posture; and, irritated at a smile which he observed on Wildrake's countenance, he said, with the dignity of one long accustomed to see all tremble before him, 'This to me, fellow! Know you to whom you speak?'

'Fellow!' echoed Wildrake, whose reckless humour was now completely set afloat. 'No fellow of yours, Master Oliver. I have known the day when Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincoln, a handsome young gallant, with a good estate, would have been thought no fellow of the bankrupt brewer of Huntingdon.'

'Be silent,' said Everard — 'be silent, Wildrake, if you love your life!'

'I care not a maravedi for my life,' said Wildrake. 'Zounds, if he dislikes what I say, let him take to his tools! I know, after all, he hath good blood in his veins; and I will indulge him with a turn in the court yonder, had he been ten times a brewer.'

'Such ribaldry, friend,' said Oliver, 'I treat with the contempt it deserves. But if thou hast anything to say touching the matter in question, speak out like a man, though thou look'st more like a beast.'

'All I have to say is,' replied Wildrake, 'that, whereas you blame Everard for acting on your warrant, as you call it, I can tell you, he knew not a word of the rascally conditions you talk of. I took care of that; and you may take the vengeance on me, if you list.'

'Slave! dare you tell this to me?' said Cromwell, still heedfully restraining his passion, which he felt was about to discharge itself upon an unworthy object.

'Ay, you will make every Englishman a slave, if you have your own way,' said Wildrake, not a whit abashed; for the awe which had formerly overcome him when alone with this remarkable man had vanished, now that they were engaged in an altercation before witnesses. 'But do your worst, Master Oliver; I tell you beforehand, the bird has escaped you.'

'You dare not say so! Escaped! So, ho! Pearson, tell the soldiers to mount instantly. Thou art a lying fool! Escaped! Where, or from whence?'

'Ay, that is the question,' said Wildrake; 'for look you, sir, that men do go from hence is certain; but how they go, or to what quarter——'

Cromwell stood attentive, expecting some useful hint, from the careless impetuosity of the Cavalier, upon the route which the King might have taken.

— 'Or to what quarter, as I said before, why, your Excellency, Master Oliver, may e'en find that out yourself.'

As he uttered the last words, he unsheathed his rapier, and made a full pass at the General's body. Had his sword met no other impediment than the buff jerkin, Cromwell's course had ended on the spot. But, fearful of such attempts, the General wore under his military dress a shirt of the finest mail, made of rings of the best steel, and so light and flexible that it was little or no encumbrance to the motions of the wearer. It proved his safety on this occasion, for the rapier sprung in shivers; while the owner, now held back by Everard and Holdenough, flung the hilt with passion on the ground, exclaiming, 'Be damned the hand that forged thee! To serve me so long, and fail me when thy true service would have honoured us both for ever! But no good could come of thee, since thou wert pointed, even in jest, at a learned divine of the Church of England.'

In the first instant of alarm, and perhaps suspecting Wildrake might be supported by others, Cromwell half drew from his bosom a concealed pistol, which he hastily returned, observing that both Everard and the clergyman were withholding the Cavalier from another attempt.

Pearson and a soldier or two rushed in. 'Secure that fellow,' said the General, in the indifferent tone of one to whom imminent danger was too familiar to cause irritation. 'Bind him, but not so hard, Pearson'; for the men, to show their zeal, were drawing their belts, which they used for want of cords, brutally tight round Wildrake's limbs. 'He would

have assassinated me, but I would reserve him for his fit doom.'

'Assassinated! I scorn your words, Master Oliver,' said Wildrake: 'I proffered you a fair duello.'

'Shall we shoot him in the street, for an example?' said Pearson to Cromwell; while Everard endeavoured to stop Wildrake from giving further offence.

'On your life, harm him not; but let him be kept in safe ward, and well looked after,' said Cromwell; while the prisoner exclaimed to Everard, 'I prithee let me alone. I am now neither thy follower nor any man's, and I am as willing to die as ever I was to take a cup of liquor. And harkye, speaking of that, Master Oliver, you were once a jolly fellow, prithee let one of thy lobsters here advance yonder tankard to my lips, and your Excellency shall hear a toast, a song, and a — secret.'

'Unloose his head, and hand the debauched beast the tankard,' said Oliver; 'while yet he exists, it were shame to refuse him the element he lives in.'

'Blessings on your head for once!' said Wildrake, whose object in continuing this wild discourse was, if possible, to gain a little delay, when every moment was precious. 'Thou hast brewed good ale, and that's warrant for a blessing. For my toast and my song, here they go together —

Son of a witch,
Mayst thou die in a ditch,
With the butchers who back thy quarrels;
And rot above ground,
While the world shall resound
A welcome to Royal King Charles!

And now for my secret, that you may not say I had your liquor for nothing — I fancy my song will scarce pass current for much. My secret is, Master Cromwell, that the bird is flown, and your red nose will be as white as your winding-sheet before you can smell out which way.'

'Pshaw, rascal,' answered Cromwell, contemptuously, 'keep your scurril jests for the gibbet foot.'

'I shall look on the gibbet more boldly,' replied Wildrake, 'than I have seen you look on the Royal Martyr's picture.'

This reproach touched Cromwell to the very quick. 'Villain!' he exclaimed; 'drag him hence, draw out a party, and — But hold, not now — to prison with him; let him be close watched, and gagged if he attempts to speak to the sentinels. Nay, hold — I mean, put a bottle of brandy into his

cell, and he will gag himself in his own way, I warrant you. When day comes, that men can see the example, he shall be gagged after my fashion.'

During the various breaks in his orders, the General was evidently getting command of his temper; and though he began in fury, he ended with the contemptuous sneer of one who overlooks the abusive language of an inferior. Something remained on his mind notwithstanding, for he continued stationary, as if fixed to the same spot in the apartment, his eyes bent on the ground, and with closed hand pressed against his lips, like a man who is musing deeply. Pearson, who was about to speak to him, drew back, and made a sign to those in the room to be silent.

Master Holdenough did not mark, or, at least, did not obey, it. Approaching the General, he said, in a respectful but firm tone, 'Did I understand it to be your Excellency's purpose that this poor man shall die next morning?'

'Hah!' exclaimed Cromwell, starting from his reverie, 'what say'st thou?'

'I took leave to ask if it was your will that this unhappy man should die to-morrow?'

'Whom saidst thou?' demanded Cromwell. 'Markham Everard—shall he die, saidst thou?'

'God forbid!' replied Holdenough, stepping back. 'I asked whether this blinded creature, Wildrake, was to be so suddenly cut off?'

'Ay, marry is he,' said Cromwell, 'were the whole General Assembly of Divines at Westminster, the whole Sanhedrim of Presbytery, to offer bail for him.'

'If you will not think better of it, sir,' said Holdenough, 'at least give not the poor man the means of destroying his senses. Let me go to him as a divine, to watch with him, in case he may yet be admitted into the vineyard at the latest hour—yet brought into the sheepfold, though he has neglected the call of the pastor till time is wellnigh closed upon him.'

'For God's sake,' said Everard, who had hitherto kept silence, because he knew Cromwell's temper on such occasions, 'think better of what you do!'

'Is it for thee to teach me?' replied Cromwell. 'Think thou of thine own matters, and believe me it will require all thy wit. And for you, reverend sir, I will have no father-confessors attend my prisoners—no tales out of school. If the fellow thirsts after ghostly comfort, as he is much more like to thirst

after a quartern of brandy, there is Corporal Humgudgeon, who commands the *corps de garde*, will preach and pray as well as the best of ye. But this delay is intolerable ; comes not this fellow yet ?

‘No, sir,’ replied Pearson. ‘Had we not better go down to the lodge ? The news of our coming hither may else get there before us.’

‘True,’ said Cromwell, speaking aside to his officer, ‘but you know Tomkins warned us against doing so, alleging there were so many postern-doors, and sally-ports, and concealed entrances in the old house, that it was like a rabbit-warren, and that an escape might be easily made under our very noses, unless he were with us, to point out all the ports which should be guarded. He hinted, too, that he might be delayed a few minutes after his time of appointment ; but we have now waited half an hour.’

‘Does your Excellency think Tomkins is certainly to be depended upon ?’ said Pearson.

‘As far as his interest goes, unquestionably,’ replied the General. ‘He has ever been the pump by which I have sucked the marrow out of many a plot, in special those of the conceited fool Rochecliffe, who is goose enough to believe that such a fellow as Tomkins would value anything beyond the offer of the best bidder. And yet it groweth late—I fear we must to the lodge without him. Yet, all things well considered, I will tarry here till midnight. Ah ! Everard, thou mightest put this gear to rights if thou wilt ! Shall some foolish principle of fantastic punctilio have more weight with thee, man, than have the pacification and welfare of England, the keeping of faith to thy friend and benefactor, and who will be yet more so, and the fortune and security of thy relations ? Are these, I say, lighter in the balance than the cause of a worthless boy, who with his father and his father’s house have troubled Israel for fifty years ?’

‘I do not understand your Excellency, nor at what service you point, which I can honestly render,’ replied Everard. ‘That which is dishonest I should be loth that you proposed.’

‘Then this at least might suit your honesty, or scrupulous humour, call it which thou wilt,’ said Cromwell. ‘Thou knowest, surely, all the passages about Jezebel’s palace down yonder ? Let me know how they may be guarded against the escape of any from within.’

‘I cannot pretend to aid you in this matter,’ said Everard :

'I know not all the entrances and posterns about Woodstock, and if I did, I am not free in conscience to communicate with you on this occasion.'

'We shall do without you, sir,' replied Cromwell, haughtily; 'and if aught is found which may criminate you, remember you have lost right to my protection.'

'I shall be sorry,' said Everard, 'to have lost your friendship, General; but I trust my quality as an Englishman may dispense with the necessity of protection from any man. I know no law which obliges me to be spy or informer, even if I were in the way of having opportunity to do service in either honourable capacity.'

'Well, sir,' said Cromwell, 'for all your privileges and qualities, I will make bold to take you down to the lodge at Woodstock to-night, to inquire into affairs in which the state is concerned. Come hither, Pearson.' He took a paper from his pocket containing a rough sketch or ground-plan of Woodstock Lodge, with the avenues leading to it. 'Look here,' he said, 'we must move in two bodies on foot, and with all possible silence; thou must march to the rear of the old house of iniquity with twenty file of men, and dispose them around it the wisest thou canst. Take the reverend man there along with you. He must be secured at any rate, and may serve as a guide. I myself will occupy the front of the lodge, and thus having stopt all the earths, thou wilt come to me for farther orders; silence and despatch is all. But for the dog Tomkins, who broke appointment with me, he had need render a good excuse, or woe to his father's son! Reverend sir, be pleased to accompany that officer. Colonel Everard, you are to follow me; but first give your sword to Captain Pearson, and consider yourself as under arrest.'

Everard gave his sword to Pearson without any comment, and with the most anxious presage of evil followed the Republican General, in obedience to commands which it would have been useless to dispute.

CHAPTER XXXI

'Were my son William here but now,
He wadna fail the pledge.'
Wi' that in at the door there ran
A ghastly-looking page —
'I saw them, master, O! I saw, '
Beneath the thornie brae,
Of black-mail'd warriors many a rank.'
'Revenge!' he cried, 'and gae!'

HENRY MACKENZIE.

THE little party at the lodge were assembled at supper, at the early hour of eight o'clock. Sir Henry Lee, neglecting the food that was placed on the table, stood by a lamp on the chimney-piece, and read a letter with mournful attention.

'Does my son write to you more particularly than to me, Doctor Rochecliffe?' said the knight. 'He only says here that he will return probably this night; and that Master Kerneguy must be ready to set off with him instantly. What can this haste mean? Have you heard of any new search after our suffering party? I wish they would permit me to enjoy my son's company in quiet but for a day.'

'The quiet which depends on the wicked ceasing from troubling,' said Dr. Rochecliffe, 'is connected, not by days and hours, but by minutes. Their glut of blood at Worcester had satiated them for a moment, but their appetite, I fancy, has revived.'

'You have news, then, to that purpose?' said Sir Henry.

'Your son,' replied the Doctor, 'wrote to me by the same messenger; he seldom fails to do so, being aware of what importance it is that I should know everything that passes. Means of escape are provided on the coast, and Master Kerneguy must be ready to start with your son the instant he appears.'

'It is strange,' said the knight; 'for forty years I have dwelt in this house, man and boy, and the point only was how to make the day pass over our heads; for if I did not scheme out some hunting-match or hawking, or the like, I might have sat here on my arm-chair, as undisturbed as a sleeping dormouse, from one end of the year to the other; and now I am more like a hare on her form, that dare not sleep unless with her eyes open, and scuds off when the wind rustles among the fern.'

'It is strange,' said Alice, looking at Doctor Rochecliffe, 'that the Roundhead steward has told you nothing of this. He is usually communicative enough of the motions of his party; and I saw you close together this morning.'

'I must be closer with him this evening,' said the Doctor gloomily; 'but he will not blab.'

'I wish you may not trust him too much,' said Alice in reply. 'To me, that man's face, with all its shrewdness, evinces such a dark expression, that methinks I read treason in his very eye.'

'Be assured, that matter is looked to,' answered the Doctor, in the same ominous tone as before. No one replied, and there was a chilling and anxious feeling of apprehension which seemed to sink down on the company at once, like those sensations which make such constitutions as are particularly subject to the electrical influence conscious of an approaching thunderstorm.

The disguised monarch, apprised that day to be prepared on short notice to quit his temporary asylum, felt his own share of the gloom which involved the little society. But he was the first also to shake it off, as what neither suited his character nor his situation. Gaiety was the leading distinction of the former, and presence of mind, not depression of spirits, was required by the latter.

'We make the hour heavier,' he said, 'by being melancholy about it. Had you not better join me, Mistress Alice, in Patrick Carey's jovial farewell? Ah, you do not know Pat Carey,¹ a younger brother of Lord Falkland's?'

'A brother of the immortal Lord Falkland's, and write songs!' said the Doctor.

'Oh, Doctor, the Muses take tithe as well as the church,' said Charles, 'and have their share in every family of distinction. You do not know the words, Mistress Alice, but you can aid me notwithstanding, in the burden at least —

¹ See Note 10.

Come, now that we're parting, and 't is one to ten
If the towers of sweet Woodstock I e'er see agen,
Let us e'en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
While the goblet goes merrily round.'¹

The song arose, but not with spirit. It was one of those efforts at forced mirth by which, above all other modes of expressing it, the absence of real cheerfulness is most distinctly intimated. Charles stopt the song, and upbraided the choristers.

'You sing, my dear Mistress Alice, as if you were chanting one of the seven penitential psalms; and you, good Doctor, as if you recited the funeral service.'

The Doctor rose hastily from the table, and turned to the window; for the expression connected singularly with the task which he was that evening to discharge. Charles looked at him with some surprise; for the peril in which he lived made him watchful of the slightest motions of those around him, then turned to Sir Henry, and said, 'My honoured host, can you tell any reason for this moody fit, which has so strangely crept upon us all?'

'Not I, my dear Louis,' replied the knight: 'I have no skill in these nice quilllets of philosophy. I could as soon undertake to tell you the reason why Bevis turns round three times before he lies down. I can only say for myself, that, if age and sorrow and uncertainty be enough to break a jovial spirit, or at least to bend it now and then, I have my share of them all; so that I, for one, cannot say that I am sad merely because I am not merry. I have but too good cause for sadness. I would I saw my son, were it but for a minute!'

Fortune seemed for once disposed to gratify the old man; for Albert Lee entered at that moment. He was dressed in a riding-suit, and appeared to have travelled hard. He cast his eye hastily around as he entered. It rested for a second on that of the disguised prince, and, satisfied with the glance which he received in lieu, he hastened, after the fashion of the olden day, to kneel down to his father and request his blessing.

'It is thine, my boy,' said the old man, a tear springing to his eyes as he laid his hand on the long locks which distinguished the young Cavalier's rank and principles, and which, usually combed and curled with some care, now hung wild and dishevelled about his shoulders. They remained an instant in this

¹ The original song of Carey bears Wykeham, instead of Woodstock, for the locality. The verses are full of the bacchanalian spirit of the time.

posture, when the old man suddenly started from it, as if ashamed of the emotion which he had expressed before so many witnesses, and passing the back of his hand hastily across his eyes, bid Albert get up and mind his supper, 'since I daresay you have ridden fast and far since you last baited. And we'll send round a cup to his health, if Doctor Rochecliffe and the good company pleases. Joceline, thou knave, skink about; thou look'st as if thou hadst seen a ghost.'

'Joceline,' said Alice, 'is sick for sympathy. One of the stags ran at Phœbe Mayflower to-day, and she was fain to have Joceline's assistance to drive the creature off; the girl has been in fits since she came home.'

'Silly slut,' said the old knight. 'She a woodman's daughter! But, Joceline, if the deer gets dangerous, you must send a broad arrow through him.'

'It will not need, Sir Henry,' said Joceline, speaking with great difficulty of utterance: 'he is quiet enough now, he will not offend in that sort again.'

'See it be so,' replied the knight; 'remember Mistress Alice often walks in the chase. And now fill round, and fill, too, a cup to thyself to over-red thy fear, as mad Will has it. Tush, man, Phœbe will do well enough: she only screamed and ran, that thou mightst have the pleasure to help her. Mind what thou dost, and do not go spilling the wine after that fashion. Come, here is a health to our wanderer, who has come to us again.'

'None will pledge it more willingly than I,' said the disguised prince, unconsciously assuming an importance which the character he personated scarce warranted; but Sir Henry, who had become fond of the supposed page, with all his peculiarities, imposed only a moderate rebuke upon his petulance. 'Thou art a merry, good-humoured youth, Louis,' he said; 'but it is a world to see how the forwardness of the present generation hath gone beyond the gravity and reverence which in my youth was so regularly observed towards those of higher rank and station. I dared no more have given my own tongue the rein, when there was a doctor of divinity in company, than I would have dared to have spoken in church in service-time.'

'True, sir,' said Albert, hastily interfering; 'but Master Kerneguy had the better right to speak at present, that I have been absent on his business as well as my own, have seen several of his friends, and bring him important intelligence.'

Charles was about to rise and beckon Albert aside, naturally impatient to know what news he had procured, or what scheme of safe escape was now decreed for him. But Doctor Rochecliffe twitched his cloak, as a hint to him to sit still, and not show any extraordinary motive for anxiety, since, in case of a sudden discovery of his real quality, the violence of Sir Henry Lee's feelings might have been likely to attract too much attention.

Charles, therefore, only replied, as to the knight's stricture, that he had a particular title to be sudden and unceremonious in expressing his thanks to Colonel Lee, that gratitude was apt to be unmannerly; finally, that he was much obliged to Sir Henry for his admonition, and that, quit Woodstock when he would, 'he was sure to leave it a better man than he came there.'

His speech was of course ostensibly directed towards the father; but a glance at Alice assured her that she had a full share in the compliment.

'I fear,' he concluded, addressing Albert, 'that you come to tell us our stay here must be very short.'

'A few hours only,' said Albert, 'just enough for needful rest for ourselves and our horses. I have procured two which are good and tried. But Doctor Rochecliffe broke faith with me. I expected to have met some one down at Joceline's hut, where I left the horses; and finding no person, I was delayed an hour in littering them down myself, that they might be ready for to-morrow's work, for we must be off before day.'

'I—I—intended to have sent Tomkins; but—but——' hesitated the Doctor—'I——'

'The Roundheaded rascal was drunk, or out of the way, I presume,' said Albert. 'I am glad of it, you may easily trust him too far.'

'Hitherto he has been faithful,' said the Doctor, 'and I scarce think he will fail me now. But Joceline will go down and have the horses in readiness in the morning.'

Joceline's countenance was usually that of alacrity itself in a case extraordinary. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate.

'You will go with me a little way, Doctor?' he said, as he edged himself closely to Rochecliffe.

'How! puppy, fool, and blockhead,' said the knight, 'wouldst thou ask Doctor Rochecliffe to bear thee company at this hour? Out, hound! get down to the kennel yonder instantly, or I will break the knave's pate of thee.'

Joceline looked with an eye of agony at the divine, as if

entreating him to interfere in his behalf; but just as he was about to speak, a most melancholy howling arose at the hall-door, and a dog was heard scratching for admittance.

'What ails Bevis next?' said the old knight. 'I think this must be All Fools Day, and that everything around me is going mad!'

The same sound startled Albert and Charles from a private conference in which they had engaged, and Albert ran to the hall-door to examine personally into the cause of the noise.

'It is no alarm,' said the old knight to Kerneguy, 'for in such cases the dog's bark is short, sharp, and furious. These long howls are said to be ominous. It was even so that Bevis's grandsire bayed the whole livelong night on which my poor father died. If it comes now as a presage, God send it regard the old and useless, not the young, and those who may yet serve king and country!'

The dog had pushed past Colonel Lee, who stood a little while at the hall-door to listen if there were anything stirring without, while Bevis advanced into the room where the company were assembled, bearing something in his mouth, and exhibiting, in an unusual degree, that sense of duty and interest which a dog seems to show when he thinks he has the charge of something important. He entered, therefore, drooping his long tail, slouching his head and ears, and walking with the stately yet melancholy dignity of a war-horse at his master's funeral. In this manner he paced through the room, went straight up to Joceline, who had been regarding him with astonishment, and uttering a short and melancholy howl, laid at his feet the object which he bore in his mouth. Joceline stooped, and took from the floor a man's glove, of the fashion worn by the troopers, having something like the old-fashioned gauntlet projections of thick leather arising from the wrist, which go half-way up to the elbow, and secure the arm against a cut with a sword. But Joceline had no sooner looked at what in itself was so common an object than he dropped it from his hand, staggered backward, uttered a groan, and nearly fell to the ground.

'Now, the coward's curse be upon thee for an idiot!' said the knight, who had picked up the glove and was looking at it; 'thou shouldst be sent back to school, and flogged till the craven's blood was switched out of thee. What dost thou look at but a glove, thou base poltroon, and a very dirty glove too? Stay, here is writing. Joseph Tomkins! Why, that is the

Roundheaded fellow. I wish he hath not come to some mischief; for this is not dirt on the cheveron, but blood. Bevis may have bit the fellow, and yet the dog seemed to love him well too; or the stag may have hurt him. Out, Joceline, instantly, and see where he is; wind your bugle.'

'I cannot go,' said Joliffe, 'unless ——' and again he looked piteously at Doctor Rochecliffe, who saw no time was to be lost in appeasing the ranger's terrors, as his ministry was most needful in the present circumstances. 'Get spade and mattock,' he whispered to him, 'and a dark lantern, and meet me in the wilderness.'

Joceline left the room; and the Doctor, before following him, had a few words of explanation with Colonel Lee. His own spirit, far from being dismayed on the occasion, rather rose higher, like one whose natural element was intrigue and danger. 'Here hath been wild work,' he said, 'since you parted. Tomkins was rude to the wench Phoebe, Joceline and he had a brawl together, and Tomkins is lying dead in the thicket not far from Rosamond's Well. It will be necessary that Joceline and I go directly to bury the body; for, besides that some one might stumble upon it and raise an alarm, this fellow Joceline will never be fit for any active purpose till it is under ground. Though as stout as a lion, the under-keeper has his own weak side, and is more afraid of a dead body than a living one. When do you propose to start to-morrow?'

'By daybreak, or earlier,' said Colonel Lee; 'but we will meet again. A vessel is provided, and I have relays in more places than one; we go off from the coast of Sussex, and I am to get a letter at ——, acquainting me precisely with the spot.'

'Wherefore not go off instantly?' inquired the Doctor.

'The horses would fail us,' replied Albert: 'they have been hard ridden to-day.'

'Adieu,' said Rochecliffe, 'I must to my task. Do you take rest and repose for yours. To conceal a slaughtered body, and convey on the same night a king from danger and captivity, are two feats which have fallen to few folks save myself; but let me not, while putting on my harness, boast myself as if I were taking it off after a victory.' So saying, he left the apartment, and, muffling himself in his cloak, went out into what was called the wilderness.

The weather was a raw frost. The mist lay in partial wreaths upon the lower grounds; but the night, considering

that the heavenly bodies were in a great measure hidden by the haze, was not extremely dark. Doctor Rochecliffe could not, however, distinguish the under-keeper, until he had hemmed once or twice, when Joceline answered the signal by showing a glimpse of light from the dark lantern which he carried. Guided by this intimation of his presence, the divine found him leaning against a buttress which had once supported a terrace, now ruinous. He had a pickaxe and shovel, together with a deer's hide hanging over his shoulder.

'What do you want with the hide, Joceline,' said Dr. Rochecliffe, 'that you lumber it about with you on such an errand?'

'Why, look you, Doctor,' he answered, 'it is as well to tell you all about it. The man and I — he there — you know whom I mean — had many years since a quarrel about this deer. For, though we were great friends, and Philip was sometimes allowed by my master's permission to help me in mine office, yet I knew, for all that, Philip Hazeldine was sometimes a trespasser. The deer-stealers were very bold at that time, it being just before the breaking out of the war, when men were becoming unsettled. And so it chanced that one day, in the chase, I found two fellows, with their faces blacked, and shirts over their clothes, carrying as prime a buck between them as any was in the park. I was upon them in the instant; one escaped, but I got hold of the other fellow, and who should it prove to be but trusty Phil Hazeldine! Well, I don't know whether it was right or wrong, but he was my old friend and pot-companion, and I took his word for amendment in future; and he helped me to hang up the deer on a tree, and I came back with a horse to carry him to the lodge, and tell the knight the story, all but Phil's name. But the rogues had been too clever for me; for they had flayed and dressed the deer, and quartered him, and carried him off, and left the hide and horns, with a chime, saying—

The haunch to thee,
The breast to me,
The hide and the horns for the keeper's fee.

And this I knew for one of Phil's mad pranks, that he would play in those days with any lad in the country. But I was so nettled, that I made the deer's hide be curried and dressed by a tanner, and swore that it should be his winding-sheet or mine; and though I had long repented my rash oath, yet now, Doctor, you see what it has come to: though I forgot it, the Devil did not.'

'It was a very wrong thing to make a vow so sinful,' said Rochecliffe; 'but it would have been greatly worse had you endeavoured to keep it. Therefore, I bid you cheer up,' said the good divine; 'for in this unhappy case I could not have wished, after what I have heard from Phœbe and yourself, that you should have kept your hand still, though I may regret that the blow has proved fatal. Nevertheless, thou hast done even that which was done by the great and inspired legislator, when he beheld an Egyptian tyrannising over a Hebrew, saving that, in the case present, it was a female, when, says the Septuagint, *Percussum Egyptium abscondit sabulo*, the meaning whereof I will explain to you another time. Wherefore, I exhort you not to grieve beyond measure; for, although this circumstance is unhappy in time and place, yet, from what Phœbe hath informed me of yonder wretch's opinions, it is much to be regretted that his brains had not been beaten out in his cradle, rather than that he had grown up to be one of those Grindletonians, or Muggletonians, in whom is the perfection of every foul and blasphemous heresy, united with such an universal practice of hypocritical assentation as would deceive their master, even Satan himself.'

'Nevertheless, sir,' said the forester, 'I hope you will bestow some of the service of the church on this poor man, as it was his last wish, naming you, sir, at the same time; and unless this were done, I should scarce dare to walk out in the dark again, for my whole life.'

'Thou art a silly fellow; but if,' continued the Doctor, 'he named me as he departed, and desired the last rites of the church, there was, it may be, a turning from evil and a seeking to good even in his last moments; and if Heaven granted him grace to form a prayer so fitting, wherefore should man refuse it? All I fear is the briefness of time.'

'Nay, your reverence may cut the service somewhat short,' said Joceline; 'assuredly he does not deserve the whole of it; only if something were not to be done, I believe I should flee the country. They were his last words; and methinks he sent Bevis with his glove to put me in mind of them.'

'Out, fool! Do you think,' said the Doctor, 'dead men send gauntlets to the living, like knights in a romance; or, if so, would they choose dogs to carry their challenges? I tell thee, fool, the cause was natural enough. Bevis, questing about, found the body, and brought the glove to you to intimate where it was lying, and to require assistance; for

such is the high instinct of these animals towards one in peril.'

'Nay, if you think so, Doctor,' said Joceline; 'and, doubtless, I must say, Bevis took an interest in the man — if indeed it was not something worse in the shape of Bevis, for me-thought his eyes looked wild and fiery, as if he would have spoken.'

As he talked thus, Joceline rather hung back, and in doing so displeased the Doctor, who exclaimed, 'Come along thou lazy laggard. Art thou a soldier, and a brave one, and so much afraid of a dead man? Thou hast killed men in battle and in chase, I warrant thee.'

'Ay, but their backs were to me,' said Joceline: 'I never saw one of them cast back his head and glare at me as yonder fellow did, his eye retaining a glance of hatred, mixed with terror and reproach, till it became fixed like a jelly. And were you not with me, and my master's concerns, and something else, very deeply at stake, I promise you I would not again look at him for all Woodstock.'

'You must, though,' said the Doctor, suddenly pausing, 'for here is the place where he lies. Come hither deep into the copse; take care of stumbling. Here is a place just fitting, and we will draw the briers over the grave afterwards.'

As the Doctor thus issued his directions, he assisted also in the execution of them; and while his attendant laboured to dig a shallow and misshapen grave, a task which the state of the soil, perplexed with roots and hardened by the influence of the frost, rendered very difficult, the divine read a few passages out of the funeral service, partly in order to appease the superstitious terrors of Joceline, and partly because he held it matter of conscience not to deny the church's rites to one who had requested their aid in extremity.

CHAPTER XXXII

Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards.

Henry IV.

THE company whom we had left in Victor Lee's parlour were about to separate for the night, and had risen to take a formal leave of each other, when a tap was heard at the hall-door. Albert, the vidette of the party, hastened to open it, enjoining, as he left the room, the rest to remain quiet, until he had ascertained the cause of the knocking. When he gained the portal, he called to know who was there, and what they wanted at so late an hour.

'It is only me,' answered a treble voice.

'And what is your name, my little fellow?' said Albert.

'Spitfire, sir,' replied the voice without.

'Spitfire?' said Albert.

'Yes, sir,' replied the voice; 'all the world calls me so, and Colonel Everard himself. But my name is Spittal for all that.'

'Colonel Everard! arrive you from him?' demanded young Lee.

'No, sir; I come, sir, from Roger Wildrake, Esquire, of Squattlesea Mere, if it like you,' said the boy; 'and I have brought a token to Mistress Lee, which I am to give into her own hands, if you would but open the door, sir, and let me in; but I can do nothing with a three-inch board between us.'

'It is some freak of that drunken rakehell,' said Albert, in a low voice, to his sister, who had crept out after him on tiptoe.

'Yet, let us not be hasty in concluding so,' said the young lady; 'at this moment the least trifle may be of consequence. What token has Master Wildrake sent me, my little boy?'

'Nay, nothing very valuable neither,' replied the boy; 'but he was so anxious you should get it, that he put me out of the window as one would chuck out a kitten, that I might not be stopped by the soldiers.'

'Hear you?' said Alice to her brother. 'Undo the gate, for God's sake.'

Her brother, to whom her feelings of suspicion were now sufficiently communicated, opened the gate in haste, and admitted the boy, whose appearance, not much dissimilar to that of a skinned rabbit in a livery, or a monkey at a fair, would at another time have furnished them with amusement. The urchin messenger entered the hall, making several odd bows and congés, and delivered the woodcock's feather¹ with much ceremony to the young lady, assuring her it was the prize she had won upon a wager about hawking.

'I prithee, my little man,' said Albert, 'was your master drunk or sober when he sent thee all this way with a feather at this time of night?'

'With reverence, sir,' said the boy, 'he was what *he* calls sober, and what I would call concerned in liquor for any other person.'

'Curse on the drunken coxcomb!' said Albert. 'There is a tester for thee, boy, and tell thy master to break his jests on suitable persons and at fitting times.'

'Stay yet a minute,' exclaimed Alice; 'we must not go too fast, this craves wary walking.'

'A feather,' said Albert — 'all this work about a feather! Why, Dr. Rochecliffe, who can suck intelligence out of every trifle as a magpie would suck an egg, could make nothing of this.'

'Let us try what we can do without him then,' said Alice. Then addressing herself to the boy — 'So there are strangers at your master's?'

'At Colonel Everard's, madam, which is the same thing,' said Spitfire.

'And what manner of strangers,' said Alice; 'guests, I suppose?'

'Ay, mistress,' said the boy — 'a sort of guests that make themselves welcome wherever they come, if they meet not a welcome from their landlord — soldiers, madam.'

'The men that have been long lying at Woodstock?' said Albert.

'No, sir,' said Spitfire, 'newcomers, with gallant buff-coats and steel breastplates; and their commander — your honour and your ladyship never saw such a man! — at least I am sure Bill Spitfire never did.'

¹ See Signal of Danger. Note 11.

'Was he tall or short?' said Albert, now much alarmed.

'Neither one nor other,' said the boy: 'stout made, with slouching shoulders, a nose large, and a face one would not like to say "No" to. He had several officers with him. I saw him but for a moment, but I shall never forget him while I live.'

'You are right,' said Albert Lee to his sister, pulling her to one side — 'quite right: the Archfiend himself is upon us!'

'And the feather,' said Alice, whom fear had rendered apprehensive of slight tokens, 'means flight, and a woodcock is a bird of passage.'

'You have hit it,' said her brother; 'but the time has taken us cruelly short. Give the boy a trifle more — nothing that can excite suspicion — and dismiss him. I must summon Rochcliffe and Joceline.'

He went accordingly, but, unable to find those he sought, he returned with hasty steps to the parlour, where, in his character of Louis, the page was exerting himself to detain the old knight, who, while laughing at the tales he told him, was anxious to go to see what was passing in the hall.

'What is the matter, Albert?' said the old man; 'who calls at the lodge at so undue an hour, and wherefore is the hall-door opened to them? I will not have my rules, and the regulations laid down for keeping this house, broken through because I am old and poor. Why answer you not? why keep a-chattering with Louis Kerneguy, and neither of you all the while minding what I say? Daughter Alice, have you sense and civility enough to tell me what or who it is that is admitted here contrary to my general orders?'

'No one, sir,' replied Alice; 'a boy brought a message, which I fear is an alarming one.'

'There is only fear, sir,' said Albert, stepping forward, 'that, whereas we thought to have stayed with you till to-morrow, we must now take farewell of you to-night.'

'Not so, brother,' said Alice, 'you must stay and aid the defence here; if you and Master Kerneguy are both missed, the pursuit will be instant, and probably successful; but if you stay, the hiding-places about this house will take some time to search. You can change coats with Kerneguy too.'

'Right, noble wench,' said Albert — 'most excellent. Yes — Louis, I remain as Kerneguy, you fly as young master Lee.'

'I cannot see the justice of that,' said Charles.

'Nor I neither,' said the knight, interfering. 'Men come

and go, lay schemes, and alter them, in my house, without deigning to consult me! And who is Master Kerneguy, or what is he to me, that my son must stay and take the chance of mischief, and this your Scotch page is to escape in his dress? I will have no such contrivance carried into effect, though it were the finest cobweb that was ever woven in Doctor Rochcliffe's brains. I wish you no ill, Louis, thou art a lively boy; but I have been somewhat too lightly treated in this, man.'

'I am fully of your opinion, Sir Henry,' replied the person whom he addressed. 'You have been, indeed, repaid for your hospitality by want of that confidence which could never have been so justly reposed. But the moment is come when I must say, in a word, I am that unfortunate Charles Stuart whose lot it has been to become the cause of ruin to his best friends, and whose present residence in your family threatens to bring destruction to you and all around you.'

'Master Louis Kerneguy,' said the knight, very angrily, 'I will teach you to choose the subjects of your mirth better when you address them to me; and, moreover, very little provocation would make me desire to have an ounce or two of that malapert blood from you.'

'Be still, sir, for Godsake!' said Albert to his father. 'This is indeed the KING; and such is the danger of his person, that every moment we waste may bring round a fatal catastrophe.'

'Good God!' said the father, clasping his hands together, and about to drop on his knees, 'has my earnest wish been accomplished, and is it in such a manner as to make me pray it had never taken place?'

He then attempted to bend his knee to the King, kissed his hand, while large tears trickled from his eyes, then said, 'Pardon, my Lord — your Majesty, I mean — permit me to sit in your presence but one instant till my blood beats more freely, and then —'

Charles raised his ancient and faithful subject from the ground; and even in that moment of fear, and anxiety, and danger insisted on leading him to his seat, upon which he sunk in apparent exhaustion, his head drooping upon his long white beard, and big unconscious tears mingling with its silver hairs. Alice and Albert remained with the King, arguing and urging his instant departure.

'The horses are at the under-keeper's hut,' said Albert, 'and the relays only eighteen or twenty miles off. If the horses can but carry you so far —'

'Will you not rather,' interrupted Alice, 'trust to the concealments of this place, so numerous and so well tried — Rochecliffe's apartments, and the yet farther places of secrecy?'

'Alas!' said Albert, 'I know them only by name. My father was sworn to confide them to but one man, and he had chosen Rochecliffe.'

'I prefer taking the field to any hiding-hole in England,' said the King. 'Could I but find my way to this but where the horses are, I would try what arguments whip and spur could use to get them to the rendezvous, where I am to meet Sir Thomas Acland and fresh cattle. Come with me, Colonel Lee, and let us run for it. The Roundheads have beat us in battle; but if it come to a walk or a race, I think I can show which has the best mettle.'

'But then,' said Albert, 'we lose all the time which may otherwise be gained by the defence of this house — leaving none here but my poor father, incapable from his state of doing anything; and you will be instantly pursued by fresh horses, while ours are unfit for the road. Oh, where is the villain Joceline?'

'What can have become of Doctor Rochecliffe?' said Alice — 'he that is so ready with advice. Where can they be gone? Oh, if my father could but rouse himself!'

'Your father is roused,' said Sir Henry, rising and stepping up to them with all the energy of full manhood in his countenance and motions. 'I did but gather my thoughts, for when did there fail a Lee when his king needed counsel or aid?' He then began to speak, with the ready and distinct utterance of a general at the head of an army, ordering every motion for attack and defence, unmoved himself, and his own energy compelling obedience, and that cheerful obedience, from all who heard him. 'Daughter,' he said, 'beat up Dame Jellicot. Let Phœbe rise, if she were dying, and secure doors and windows.'

'That hath been done regularly since — we have been thus far honoured,' said his daughter, looking at the King; 'yet, let them go through the chambers once more.' And Alice retired to give the orders, and presently returned.

The old knight proceeded, in the same decided tone of promptitude and despatch — 'Which is your first stage?'

'Gray's — Rothebury, by Henley, where Sir Thomas Acland and young Knolles are to have horses in readiness,' said Albert; 'but how to get there with our weary cattle?'

'Trust me for that,' said the knight; and proceeding with

the same tone of authority — 'Your Majesty must instantly to Joceline's lodge,' he said, 'there are your horses and your means of flight. The secret places of this house, well managed, will keep the rebel dogs in play two or three hours good. Rochcliffe is, I fear, kidnapped, and his Independent hath betrayed him. Would I had judged the villain better! I would have struck him through at one of our trials of fence, with an unbated weapon, as Will says. But for your guide when on horseback, half a bowshot from Joceline's hut is that of old Martin the verdurer; he is a score of years older than I, but as fresh as an old oak; beat up his quarters, and let him ride with you for death and life. He will guide you to your relay, for no fox that ever earthed in the chase knows the country so well for seven leagues around.'

'Excellent, my dearest father — excellent,' said Albert; 'I had forgot Martin the verdurer.'

'Young men forget all,' answered the knight. 'Alas, that the limbs should fail, when the head which can best direct them — is come perhaps to its wisest!'

'But the tired horses,' said the King; 'could we not get fresh cattle?'

'Impossible at this time of night,' answered Sir Henry; 'but tired horses may do much with care and looking to.' He went hastily to the cabinet which stood in one of the oriel windows, and searched for something in the drawers, pulling out one after another.

'We lose time, father,' said Albert, afraid that the intelligence and energy which the old man displayed had been but a temporary flash of the lamp, which was about to relapse into evening twilight.

'Go to, sir boy,' said his father, sharply; 'is it for thee to tax me in this presence? Know, that were the whole Roundheads that are out of Hell in present assemblage round Woodstock, I could send away the royal hope of England by a way that the wisest of them could never guess. Alice, my love, ask no questions, but speed to the kitchen, and fetch a slice or two of beef, or better of venison; cut them long, and thin, d'ye mark me —'

'This is wandering of the mind,' said Albert apart to the King. 'We do him wrong, and your Majesty harm, to listen to him.'

'I think otherwise,' said Alice, 'and I know my father better than you.' So saying, she left the room, to fulfil her father's orders.

‘I think so, too,’ said Charles. ‘In Scotland, the Presbyterian ministers, when thundering in their pulpits on my own sins and those of my house, took the freedom to call me to my face Jeroboam, or Rehoboam, or some such name, for following the advice of young counsellors; odds-fish, I will take that of the greybeard for once, for never saw I more sharpness and decision than in the countenance of that noble old man.’

By this time Sir Henry had found what he was seeking. ‘In this tin box,’ he said, ‘are six balls prepared of the most cordial spices, mixed with medicaments of the choicest and most invigorating quality. Given from hour to hour, wrapt in a covering of good beef or venison, a horse of spirit will not flag for five hours, at the speed of fifteen miles an hour; and, please God, the fourth of the time places your Majesty in safety; what remains may be useful on some future occasion. Martin knows how to administer them; and Albert’s weary cattle shall be ready, if walked gently for ten minutes, in running to devour the way, as old Will says. Nay, waste not time in speech; your Majesty does me but too much honour in using what is your own. Now, see if the coast is clear, Albert, and let his Majesty set off instantly. We will play our parts but ill, if any take the chase after him for these two hours that are between night and day. Change dresses, as you proposed, in yonder sleeping-apartment; something may be made of that, too.’

‘But, good Sir Henry,’ said the King, ‘your zeal overlooks a principal point. I have, indeed, come from the under-keeper’s hut you mention to this place, but it was by daylight, and under guidance: I shall never find my way thither in utter darkness and without a guide; I fear you must let the colonel go with me. And I entreat and command, you will put yourself to no trouble or risk to defend the house; only make what delay you can in showing its secret recesses.’

‘Rely on me, my royal and liege sovereign,’ said Sir Henry; ‘but Albert *must* remain here, and Alice shall guide your Majesty to Joceline’s hut in his stead.’

‘Alice!’ said Charles, stepping back in surprise; ‘why, it is dark night — and — and — and —’ He glanced his eye towards Alice, who had by this time returned to the apartment, and saw doubt and apprehension in her look — an intimation that the reserve under which he had placed his disposition for gallantry, since the morning of the proposed duel, had not altogether effaced the recollection of his previous conduct. He hastened to put a strong negative upon a proposal

But while Charles Stuart lives, he lives the obliged and indebted debtor of Sir Henry Lee.'

'Say not so, please your Majesty — say not so,' exclaimed the old man, struggling with the hysterical sobs which rose to his throat. 'He who might claim all cannot become indebted by accepting some small part.'

'Farewell, good friend — farewell!' said the King; 'think of me as a son, a brother to Albert and to Alice, who are, I see, already impatient. Give me a father's blessing, and let me be gone.'

'The God through whom kings reign bless your Majesty,' said Sir Henry, kneeling and turning his reverend face and clasped hands up to Heaven — 'the Lord of Hosts bless you, and save your Majesty from your present dangers, and bring you in His own good time to the safe possession of the crown that is your due!'

Charles received his blessing like that of a father, and Alice and he departed on their journey.

As they left the apartment, the old knight let his hands sink gently as he concluded this fervent ejaculation, his head sinking at the same time. His son dared not disturb his meditation, yet feared the strength of his feelings might overcome that of his constitution, and that he might fall into a swoon. At length, he ventured to approach and gradually touch him. The old knight started to his feet, and was at once the same alert, active-minded, forecasting director which he had shown himself a little before.

'You are right, boy,' he said, 'we must be up and doing. They lie, the Roundheaded traitors, that call him dissolute and worthless! He hath feelings worthy the son of the blessed Martyr. You saw, even in the extremity of danger, he would have perilled his safety rather than take Alice's guidance, when the silly wench seemed in doubt about going. Profligacy is intensely selfish, and thinks not of the feelings of others. But hast thou drawn bolt and bar after them? I vow I scarce saw when they left the hall.'

'I let them out at the little postern,' said the colonel; 'and when I returned, I was afraid I had found you ill.'

'Joy — joy — only joy, Albert. I cannot allow a thought of doubt to cross my breast. God will not desert the descendant of an hundred kings: the rightful heir will not be given up to the ruffians. There was a tear in his eye as he took leave of me, I am sure of it. Wouldst not die for him, boy?'

'If I lay my life down for him to-night,' said Albert, 'I would only regret it, because I should not hear of his escape to-morrow.'

'Well, let us to this gear,' said the knight; 'think'st thou that thou know'st enough of his manner, clad as thou art in his dress, to induce the women to believe thee to be the page Kerneguy?'

'Umph,' replied Albert, 'it is not easy to bear out a personification of the King, when women are in the case. But there is only a very little light below, and I can try.'

'Do so instantly,' said his father; 'the knaves will be here presently.'

Albert accordingly left the apartment, while the knight continued — 'If the women be actually persuaded that Kerneguy is still here, it will add strength to my plot: the beagles will open on a false scent, and the royal stag be safe in cover ere they regain the slot of him. Then to draw them on from hiding-place to hiding-place! Why, the east will be grey before they have sought the half of them. Yes, I will play at bob-cherry with them, hold the bait to their nose which they are never to gorge upon. I will drag a trail for them which will take them some time to puzzle out. But at what cost do I do this?' continued the old knight, interrupting his own joyous soliloquy. 'Oh, Absalom — Absalom, my son — my son! But let him go; he can but die as his fathers have died, and in the cause for which they lived. But he comes. Hush! Albert, hast thou succeeded? hast thou taken royalty upon thee so as to pass current?'

'I have, sir,' replied Albert; 'the women will swear that Louis Kerneguy was in the house this very last minute.'

'Right, for they are good and faithful creatures,' said the knight, 'and would swear what was for his Majesty's safety at any rate; yet they will do it with more nature and effect, if they believe they are swearing truth. How didst thou impress the deceit upon them?'

'By a trifling adoption of the royal manner, sir, not worth mentioning.'

'Out, rogue!' replied the knight. 'I fear the King's character will suffer under your mummery.'

'Umph,' said Albert, muttering what he dared not utter aloud, 'were I to follow the example close up, I know whose character would be in the greatest danger.'

'Well, now we must adjust the defence of the outworks, the

signals, etc., betwixt us both, and the best way to baffle the enemy for the longest time possible.' He then again had recourse to the secret drawers of his cabinet, and pulled out a piece of parchment, on which was a plan. 'This,' said he, 'is a scheme of the citadel, as I call it, which may hold out long enough after you have been forced to evacuate the places of retreat you are already acquainted with. The ranger was always sworn to keep this plan secret, save from one person only, in case of sudden death. Let us sit down and study it together.'

They accordingly adjusted their measures in a manner which will better show itself from what afterwards took place than were we to state the various schemes which they proposed, and provisions made against events that did not arrive.

At length young Lee, armed and provided with some food and liquor, took leave of his father, and went and shut himself up in Victor Lee's apartment, from which was an opening to the labyrinth of private apartments, or hiding-places, that had served the associates so well in the fantastic tricks which they had played off at the expense of the Commissioners of the Commonwealth.

'I trust,' said Sir Henry, sitting down by his desk, after having taken a tender farewell of his son, 'that Rochecliffe has not blabbed out the secret of the plot to yonder fellow Tomkins, who was not unlikely to prate of it out of school. But here am I seated, perhaps for the last time, with my Bible on the one hand and old Will on the other, prepared, thank God, to die as I have lived. I marvel they come not yet,' he said, after waiting for some time: 'I always thought the Devil had a smarter spur to give his agents, when they were upon his own special service.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
His hands abroad display'd, as one who grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, but was by strength subdued.

Henry VI. Part II.

HAD those whose unpleasant visit Sir Henry expected come straight to the lodge, instead of staying for three hours at Woodstock, they would have secured their prey. But the Familist, partly to prevent the King's escape, partly to render himself of more importance in the affair, had represented the party at the lodge as being constantly on the alert, and had therefore inculcated upon Cromwell the necessity of his remaining quiet until he (Tomkins) should appear to give him notice that the household were retired to rest. On this condition he undertook, not only to discover the apartment in which the unfortunate Charles slept, but, if possible, to find some mode of fastening the door on the outside, so as to render flight impossible. He had also promised to secure the key of a postern, by which the soldiers might be admitted into the house without exciting alarm. Nay, the matter might, by means of his local knowledge, be managed, as he represented it, with such security, that he would undertake to place his Excellency, or whomsoever he might appoint for the service, by the side of Charles Stuart's bed, ere he had slept off the last night's claret. Above all, he had stated that, from the style of the old house, there were many passages and posterns which must be carefully guarded, before the least alarm was caught by those within, otherwise the success of the whole enterprise might be endangered. He had therefore besought Cromwell to wait for him at the village, if he found him not there on his arrival ; and assured him that the marching and countermarching of soldiers

was at present so common, that, even if any news were carried to the lodge that fresh troops had arrived in the borough, so ordinary a circumstance would not give them the least alarm. He recommended that the soldiers chosen for this service should be such as could be depended upon — no fainters in spirit — none who turn back from Mount Gilead for fear of the Amalekites, but men of war, accustomed to strike with the sword, and to need no second blow. Finally, he represented that it would be wisely done if the General should put Pearson, or any other officer whom he could completely trust, into the command of the detachment, and keep his own person, if he should think it proper to attend, secret even from the soldiers.

All this man's counsels Cromwell had punctually followed. He had travelled in the van of this detachment of one hundred picked soldiers whom he had selected for the service — men of dauntless resolution, bred in a thousand dangers, and who were steeled against all feelings of hesitation and compassion by the deep and gloomy fanaticism which was their chief principle of action — men to whom, as their general, and no less as the chief among the elect, the commands of Oliver were like a commission from the Deity.

Great and deep was the General's mortification at the unexpected absence of the personage on whose agency he so confidently reckoned, and many conjectures he formed as to the cause of such mysterious conduct. Sometimes he thought Tomkins had been overcome by liquor, a frailty to which Cromwell knew him to be addicted; and when he held this opinion, he discharged his wrath in maledictions, which, of a different kind from the wild oaths and curses of the Cavaliers, had yet in them as much blasphemy, and more determined malevolence. At other times he thought some unexpected alarm, or perhaps some drunken Cavalier revel, had caused the family of Woodstock Lodge to make later hours than usual. To this conjecture, which appeared the most probable of any, his mind often recurred; and it was the hope that Tomkins would still appear at the rendezvous which induced him to remain at the borough, anxious to receive communication from his emissary, and afraid of endangering the success of the enterprise by any premature exertion on his own part.

Of the meantime, Cromwell, finding it no longer possible to conceal his personal presence, disposed of everything so as to leave at a minute's notice. Half his soldiers he caused to march, and had the horses put into quarters; the other half

were directed to keep their horses saddled, and themselves ready to mount at an instant's warning. The men were brought into the house by turns, and had some refreshment, leaving a sufficient guard on the horses, which was changed from time to time.

Thus Cromwell waited with no little uncertainty, often casting an anxious eye upon Colonel Everard, who, he suspected, could, if he chose it, well supply the place of his absent confidant. Everard endured this calmly, with unaltered countenance, and brow neither ruffled nor dejected.

Midnight at length tolled, and it became necessary to take some decisive step. Tomkins might have been treacherous; or, a suspicion which approached more near to the reality, his intrigue might have been discovered, and he himself murdered, or kidnapped, by the vengeful Royalists. In a word, if any use was to be made of the chance which fortune afforded of securing the most formidable claimant of the supreme power, which he already aimed at, no farther time was to be lost. He at length gave orders to Pearson to get the men under arms; he directed him concerning the mode of forming them, and that they should march with the utmost possible silence; or, as it was given out in the orders, 'Even as Gideon marched in silence, when he went down against the camp of the Midianites, with only Phurah his servant. Peradventure,' continued this strange document, 'we too may learn of what yonder Midianites have dreamed.'

A single patrol, followed by a corporal and five steady, experienced soldiers, formed the advanced guard of the party; then followed the main body. A rear-guard of ten men guarded Everard and the minister. Cromwell required the attendance of the former, as it might be necessary to examine him, or confront him with others; and he carried Master Holdenough with him, because he might escape if left behind, and perhaps raise some tumult in the village. The Presbyterians, though they not only concurred with, but led the way in, the civil war, were at its conclusion highly dissatisfied with the ascendancy of the military sectaries, and not to be trusted as cordial agents in anything where their interest was concerned. The infantry, being disposed of as we have noticed, marched off from the left of their line, Cromwell and Pearson, both on foot, keeping at the head of the centre or main body of the detachment. They were all armed with petronels, short guns similar to the modern carbine, and, like them, used by horsemen. They marched in the

most profound silence and with the utmost regularity, the whole body moving like one man.

About one hundred yards behind the rearmost of the dismounted party came the troopers who remained on horseback ; and it seemed as if even the irrational animals were sensible to Cromwell's orders, for the horses did not neigh, and even appeared to place their feet on the earth cautiously, and with less noise than usual.

Their leader, full of anxious thoughts, never spoke, save to enforce by whispers his caution respecting silence, while the men, surprised and delighted to find themselves under the command of their renowned general, and destined, doubtless, for some secret service of high import, used the utmost precaution in attending to his reiterated orders.

They marched down the street of the little borough in the order we have mentioned. Few of the townsmen were abroad ; and one or two who had protracted the orgies of the evening to that unusual hour were too happy to escape the notice of a strong party of soldiers, who often acted in the character of police, to inquire about their purpose for being under arms so late, or the route which they were pursuing.

The external gate of the chase had, ever since the party had arrived at Woodstock, been strictly guarded by three file of troopers, to cut off all communication between the lodge and the town. Spitfire, Wildrake's emissary, who had often been a-birdnesting, or on similar mischievous excursions, in the forest, had evaded these men's vigilance by climbing over a breach, with which he was well acquainted, in a different part of the wall.

Between this party and the advanced guard of Cromwell's detachment a whispered challenge was exchanged, according to the rules of discipline. The infantry entered the park, and were followed by the cavalry, who were directed to avoid the hard road, and ride as much as possible upon the turf which bordered on the avenue. Here, too, an additional precaution was used, a file or two of foot soldiers being detached to search the woods on either hand, and make prisoner, or, in the event of resistance, put to death, any whom they might find lurking there, under what pretence soever.

Meanwhile the weather began to show itself as propitious to Cromwell as he had found most incidents in the course of his successful career. The grey mist, which had hitherto obscured everything, and rendered marching in the wood embarrassing

and difficult, had now given way to the moon, which, after many efforts, at length forced her way through the vapour, and hung her dim dull cresset in the heavens, which she enlightened, as the dying lamp of an anchorite does the cell in which he reposes. The party were in sight of the front of the palace, when Holdenough whispered to Everard, as they walked near each other — ‘See ye not — yonder flutters the mysterious light in the turret of the incontinent Rosamond? This night will try whether the devil of the sectaries or the devil of the Malignants shall prove the stronger. O, sing jubilee, for the kingdom of Satan is divided against itself!’

Here the divine was interrupted by a non-commissioned officer, who came hastily, yet with noiseless steps, to say, in a low stern whisper — ‘Silence, prisoner in the rear — silence, on pain of death.’

A moment afterwards the whole party stopped their march, the word ‘halt’ being passed from one to another, and instantly obeyed.

The cause of this interruption was the hasty return of one of the flanking party to the main body, bringing news to Cromwell that they had seen a light in the wood at some distance on the left.

‘What can it be?’ said Cromwell, his low stern voice, even in a whisper, making itself distinctly heard. ‘Does it move, or is it stationary?’

‘So far as we can judge, it moveth not,’ answered the trooper. ‘Strange — there is no cottage near the spot where it is seen.’

‘So please your Excellency, it may be a device of Sathan,’ said Corporal Humgudgeon, snuffling through his nose; ‘he is mighty powerful in these parts of late.’

‘So please your idiocy, thou art an ass,’ said Cromwell; but, instantly recollecting that the corporal had been one of the adjutators or tribunes of the common soldiers, and was therefore to be treated with suitable respect, he said, ‘Nevertheless, if it be the device of Satan, please it the Lord we will resist him, and the foul slave shall fly from us. Pearson,’ he said, resuming his soldier-like brevity, ‘take four file, and see what is yonder. No — the knaves may shrink from thee. Go thou straight to the lodge; invest it in the way we agreed, so that a bird shall not escape out of it; form an outer and an inward ring of sentinels, but give no alarm until I come. Should any attempt to escape, KILL them.’ He spoke that command with terrible emphasis. ‘Kill them on the spot,’ he repeated, ‘be

they. who or what they will. Better so than trouble the Commonwealth with prisoners.'

Pearson heard, and proceeded to obey his commander's orders.

Meanwhile, the future Protector disposed the small force which remained with him in such a manner that they should approach from different points at once the light which excited his suspicions, and gave them orders to creep as near to it as they could, taking care not to lose each other's support, and to be ready to rush in at the same moment when he should give the sign, which was to be a loud whistle. Anxious to ascertain the truth with his own eyes, Cromwell, who had by instinct all the habits of military foresight which, in others, are the result of professional education and long experience, advanced upon the object of his curiosity. He skulked from tree to tree with the light step and prowling sagacity of an Indian bush-fighter; and before any of his men had approached so near as to descry them, he saw, by the lantern which was placed on the ground, two men, who had been engaged in digging what seemed to be an ill-made grave. Near them lay extended something wrapped in a deer's hide, which greatly resembled the dead body of a man. They spoke together in a low voice, yet so that their dangerous auditor could perfectly overhear what they said.

'It is done at last,' said one — 'the worst and hardest labour I ever did in my life. I believe there is no luck about me left. My very arms feel as if they did not belong to me; and, strange to tell, toil as hard as I would, I could not gather warmth in my limbs.'

'I have warmed me enough,' said Rochecliffe, breathing short with fatigue.

'But the cold lies at my heart,' said Joceline; 'I scarce hope ever to be warm again. It is strange, and a charm seems to be on us. Here have we been nigh two hours in doing what Dikken the sexton would have done to better purpose in half a one.'

'We are wretched spademen enough,' answered Doctor Rochecliffe. 'Every man to his tools — thou to thy bugle-horn, and I to my papers in cipher. But do not be discouraged: it is the frost on the ground, and the number of roots, which rendered our task difficult. And now, all due rites done to this unhappy man, and having read over him the service of the church, *valeat quantum*, let us lay him decently

in this place of last repose ; there will be small lack of him above ground. So cheer up thy head, man, like a soldier as thou art ; we have read the service over his body, and should times permit it, we will have him removed to consecrated ground, though he is all unworthy of such favour. Here, help me to lay him in the earth ; we will drag briers and thorns over the spot when we have shovelled dust upon dust ; and do thou think of this chance more manfully ; and remember, thy secret is in thine own keeping.'

'I cannot answer for that,' said Joceline. 'Methinks the very night winds among the leaves will tell of what we have been doing ; methinks the trees themselves will say, "There is a dead corpse lies among our roots." Witnesses are soon found when blood hath been spilled.'

'They are so, and that right early,' exclaimed Cromwell, starting from the thicket, laying hold on Joceline, and putting a pistol to his head. At any other period of his life, the forester would, even against the odds of numbers, have made a desperate resistance ; but the horror he had felt at the slaughter of an old companion, although in defence of his own life, together with fatigue and surprise, had altogether unmanned him, and he was seized as easily as a sheep is secured by the butcher. Doctor Rochecliffe offered some resistance, but was presently secured by the soldiers who pressed around him.

'Look, some of you,' said Cromwell, 'what corpse this is upon whom these lewd sons of Belial have done a murder. Corporal Grace-be-here Humgudgeon, see if thou knowest the face.'

'I profess I do, even as I should do mine own in a mirror,' snuffed the corporal, after looking on the countenance of the dead man by the help of the lantern. 'Of a verity it is our trusty brother in the faith, Joseph Tomkins.'

'Tomkins !' exclaimed Cromwell, springing forward and satisfying himself with a glance at the features of the corpse — 'Tomkins ! and murdered, as the fracture of the temple intimates ! Dogs that ye are, confess the truth. You have murdered him because you have discovered his treachery — I should say his true spirit towards the Commonwealth of England, and his hatred of those complots in which you would have engaged his honest simplicity.'

'Ay,' said Grace-be-here Humgudgeon, 'and then to misuse his dead body with your Papistical doctrines, as if you had

crammed cold porridge into its cold mouth. I pray thee, General, let these men's bonds be made strong.'

'Forbear, corporal,' said Cromwell; 'our time presses. Friend, to you, whom I believe to be Doctor Anthony [Albany] Rochecliffe by name and surname, I have to give the choice of being hanged at daybreak to-morrow, or making atonement for the murder of one of the Lord's people by telling what thou knowest of the secrets which are in yonder house.'

'Truly, sir,' replied Rochecliffe, 'you found me but in my duty as a clergyman interring the dead; and respecting answering your questions, I am determined myself, and do advise my fellow-sufferer on this occasion ——'

'Remove him,' said Cromwell; 'I know his stiffneckedness of old, though I have made him plough in my furrow, when he thought he was turning up his own swathe. Remove him to the rear, and bring hither the other fellow. Come thou here — this way — closer — closer. Corporal Grace-be-here, do thou keep thy hand upon the belt with which he is bound. We must take care of our life for the sake of this distracted country, though, lack-a-day, for its own proper worth we could peril it for a pin's point. Now, mark me, fellow, choose betwixt buying thy life by a full confession or being tucked presently up to one of these old oaks. How likest thou that?'

'Truly, master,' answered the under-keeper, affecting more rusticity than was natural to him, for his frequent intercourse with Sir Henry Lee had partly softened and polished his manners, 'I think the oak is like to bear a lusty acorn, that is all.'

'Dally not with me, friend,' continued Oliver; 'I profess to thee in sincerity I am no trifter. What guests have you seen at yonder house called the lodge?'

'Many a brave guest in my day, I'se warrant ye, master,' said Joceline. 'Ah, to see how the chimneys used to smoke some twelve years back! Ah, sir, a sniff of it would have dined a poor man.'

'Out, rascal!' said the General, 'dost thou jeer me? Tell me at once what guests have been of late in the lodge; and look thee, friend, be assured that, in rendering me this satisfaction, thou shalt not only rescue thy neck from the halter, but render also an acceptable service to the state, and one which I will see fittingly rewarded. For, truly, I am not of those who would have the rain fall only on the proud and stately plants, but rather would, so far as my poor wishes and prayers are concerned, that it should also fall upon the lowly and humble

grass and corn, that the heart of the husbandman may be rejoiced, and that, as the cedar of Lebanon waxes in its height, in its boughs, and in its roots, so may the humble and lowly hyssop that groweth upon the walls flourish, and—and, truly—— Understand'st thou me, knave?

'Not entirely, if it please your honour,' said Joceline; 'but it sounds as if you were preaching a sermon, and has a marvellous twang of doctrine with it.'

'Then, in one word, thou knowest there is one Louis Kerne-guy, or Carnego, or some such name, in hiding at the lodge yonder?'

'Nay, sir,' replied the under-keeper, 'there have been many coming and going since Worcester field; and how should I know who they are? My service is out of doors, I trow.'

'A thousand pounds,' said Cromwell, 'do I tell down to thee, if thou canst place that boy in my power.'

'A thousand pounds is a marvellous matter, sir,' said Joceline; 'but I have more blood on my hand than I like already. I know not how the price of life may thrive; and, 'scape or hang, I have no mind to try.'

'Away with him to the rear,' said the General; 'and let him not speak with his yoke-fellow yonder. Fool that I am, to waste time in expecting to get milk from mules. Move on towards the lodge.'

They moved with the same silence as formerly, notwithstanding the difficulties which they encountered from being unacquainted with the road and its various intricacies. At length they were challenged, in a low voice, by one of their own sentinels, two concentric circles of whom had been placed around the lodge, so close to each other as to preclude the possibility of an individual escaping from within. The outer guard was maintained partly by horse upon the roads and open lawn, and where the ground was broken and bushy by infantry. The inner circle was guarded by foot soldiers only. The whole were in the highest degree alert, expecting some interesting and important consequences from the unusual expedition on which they were engaged.

'Any news, Pearson?' said the General to his aide-de-camp, who came instantly to report to his superior.

He received for answer, 'None.'

Cromwell led his officer forward just opposite to the door of the lodge, and there paused betwixt the circles of guards, so that their conversation could not be overheard.

He then pursued his inquiry, demanding — ‘Were there any lights, any appearances of stirring — any attempt at sally — any preparation for defence?’

‘All as silent as the valley of the shadow of death, even as the vale of Jehosaphat.’

‘Pshaw! tell me not of Jehosaphat, Pearson,’ said Cromwell. ‘These words are good for others, but not for thee. Speak plainly, and like a blunt soldier as thou art. Each man hath his own mode of speech; and bluntness, not sanctity, is thine.’

‘Well, then, nothing has been stirring,’ said Pearson. ‘Yet peradventure ——’

‘Peradventure not me,’ said Cromwell, ‘or thou wilt tempt me to knock thy teeth out. I ever distrust a man when he speaks after another fashion from his own.’

‘Zounds! let me speak to an end,’ answered Pearson, ‘and I will speak in what language your Excellency will.’

‘Thy “zounds,” friend,’ said Oliver, ‘showeth little of grace, but much of sincerity. Go to, then — thou knowest I love and trust thee. Hast thou kept close watch? It behoves us to know that, before giving the alarm.’

‘On my soul,’ said Pearson, ‘I have watched as closely as a cat at a mouse-hole. It is beyond possibility that anything could have eluded our vigilance, or even stirred within the house, without our being aware of it.’

‘Tis well,’ said Cromwell; ‘thy services shall not be forgotten, Pearson. Thou canst not preach and pray, but thou canst obey thine orders, Gilbert Pearson, and that may make amends.’

‘I thank your Excellency,’ replied Pearson; ‘but I beg leave to chime in with the humours of the times. A poor fellow hath no right to hold himself singular.’

He paused, expecting Cromwell’s orders what next was to be done, and, indeed, not a little surprised that the General’s active and prompt spirit had suffered him, during a moment so critical, to cast away a thought upon a circumstance so trivial as his officer’s peculiar mode of expressing himself. He wondered still more when, by a brighter gleam of moonshine than he had yet enjoyed, he observed that Cromwell was standing motionless, his hands supported upon his sword, which he had taken out of the belt, and his stern brows bent on the ground. He waited for some time impatiently, yet afraid to interfere, lest he should awaken this unwonted fit of ill-timed melancholy into anger and impatience. He listened to the

muttering sounds which escaped from the half-opening lips of his principal, in which the words, 'hard necessity,' which occurred more than once, were all of which the sense could be distinguished. 'My Lord General,' at length he said, 'time flies.'

'Peace, busy fiend, and urge me not!' said Cromwell. 'Think'st thou, like other fools, that I have made a paction with the Devil for success, and am bound to do my work within an appointed hour, lest the spell should lose its force?'

'I only think, my Lord General,' said Pearson, 'that Fortune has put into your offer what you have long desired to make prize of, and that you hesitate.'

Cromwell sighed deeply as he answered, 'Ah, Pearson, in this troubled world a man who is called, like me, to work great things in Israel had need to be, as the poets feign, a thing made of hardened metal, immovable to feelings of human charities, impassible, resistless. Pearson, the world will hereafter, perchance, think of me as being such a one as I have described, "an iron man, and made of iron mould." Yet they will wrong my memory: my heart is flesh, and my blood is mild as that of others. When I was a sportsman, I have wept for the gallant heron that was struck down by my hawk, and sorrowed for the hare which lay screaming under the jaws of my greyhound; and canst thou think it a light thing to me that, the blood of this lad's father lying in some measure upon my head, I should now put in peril that of the son? They are of the kindly race of English sovereigns, and, doubtless, are adored like to demigods by those of their own party. I am called "parricide," "bloodthirsty usurper," already, for shedding the blood of one man, that the plague might be stayed; or as Achan was slain that Israel might thereafter stand against the face of their enemies. Nevertheless, who has spoke unto me graciously since that high deed? Those who acted in the matter with me are willing that I should be the scapegoat of atonement; those who looked on and helped not bear themselves now as if they had been borne down by violence; and while I looked that they should shout applause on me, because of the victory of Worcester, whereof the Lord had made me the poor instrument, they look aside to say, "Ha! ha! 'the king-killer,' 'the parricide' — soon shall his place be made desolate." Truly it is a great thing, Gilbert Pearson, to be lifted above the multitude; but when one feeleth that his exaltation is rather hailed with hate and scorn than with love and reverence,

in sooth, it is still a hard matter for a mild, tender-conscienced, infirm spirit to bear; and God be my witness that, rather than do this new deed, I would shed my own best heart's-blood in a pitched field, twenty against one.' Here he fell into a flood of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of emotion was of a singular character. It was not actually the result of penitence, and far less that of absolute hypocrisy, but arose merely from the temperature of that remarkable man, whose deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion, which often led him to exhibit scenes of this sort, though seldom, as now, when he was called to the execution of great undertakings.

Pearson, well acquainted as he was with the peculiarities of his General, was baffled and confounded by this fit of hesitation and contrition, by which his enterprising spirit appeared to be so suddenly paralysed. After a moment's silence, he said, with some dryness of manner, 'If this be the case, it is a pity your Excellency came hither. Corporal Humgudgeon and I, the greatest saint and greatest sinner in your army, had done the deed, and divided the guilt and the honour betwixt us.'

'Ha!' said Cromwell, as if touched to the quick, 'wouldst thou take the prey from the lion?'

'If the lion behaves like a village cur,' said Pearson, boldly, 'who now barks and seems as if he would tear all to pieces, and now flies from a raised stick or a stone, I know not why I should fear him. If Lambert had been here, there had been less speaking and more action.'

'Lambert! What of Lambert?' said Cromwell, very sharply.

'Only,' said Pearson, 'that I long since hesitated whether I should follow your Excellency or him, and I begin to be uncertain whether I have made the best choice, that's all.'

'Lambert!' exclaimed Cromwell, impatiently, yet softening his voice lest he should be overheard descanting on the character of his rival. 'What is Lambert? a tulip-fancying fellow, whom nature intended for a Dutch gardener at Delft or Rotterdam. Ungrateful as thou art, what could Lambert have done for thee?'

'He would not,' answered Pearson, 'have stood here hesitating before a locked door, when Fortune presented the means of securing, by one blow, his own fortune and that of all who followed him.'

'Thou art right, Gilbert Pearson,' said Cromwell, grasping his officer's hand and strongly pressing it. 'Be the half of this bold accompt thine, whether the reckoning be on earth or heaven.'

'Be the whole of it mine hereafter,' said Pearson, hardily, 'so your Excellency have the advantage of it upon earth. Step back to the rear till I force the door: there may be danger, if despair induce them to make a desperate sally.'

'And if they do sally, is there one of my Ironsides who fears fire or steel less than myself?' said the General. 'Let ten of the most determined men follow us, two with halberds, two with petronels, the others with pistols. Let all their arms be loaded, and fire without hesitation, if there is any attempt to resist or to sally forth. Let Corporal Humgudgeon be with them, and do thou remain here, and watch against escape, as thou wouldst watch for thy salvation.'

The General then struck at the door with the hilt of his sword—at first with a single blow or two, then with a reverberation of strokes that made the ancient building ring again. This noisy summons was repeated once or twice without producing the least effect.

'What can this mean?' said Cromwell; 'they cannot surely have fled, and left the house empty?'

'No,' replied Pearson, 'I will ensure you against that; but your Excellency strikes so fiercely, you allow no time for an answer. Hark! I hear the baying of a hound, and the voice of a man who is quieting him. Shall we break in at once or hold parley?'

'I will speak to them first,' said Cromwell. 'Halloo! who is within there?'

'Who is it inquires?' answered Sir Henry Lee from the interior; 'or what want you here at this dead hour?'

'We come by warrant of the Commonwealth of England,' said the General.

'I must see your warrant ere I undo either bolt or latch,' replied the knight; 'we are enough of us to make good the castle; neither I nor my fellows will deliver it up but upon good quarter and conditions, and we will not treat for these save in fair daylight.'

'Since you will not yield to our right, you must try our might,' replied Cromwell. 'Look to yourselves within, the door will be in the midst of you in five minutes.'

'Look to yourselves without,' replied the stout-hearted Sir

Henry ; 'we will pour our shot upon you if you attempt the least violence.'

But, alas ! while he assumed this bold language, his whole garrison consisted of two poor terrified women ; for his son, in conformity with the plan which they had fixed upon, had withdrawn from the hall into the secret recesses of the palace.

'What can they be doing now, sir ?' said Phœbe, hearing a noise as it were of a carpenter turning screw-nails, mixed with a low buzz of men talking.

'They are fixing a petard,' said the knight, with great composure. 'I have noted thee for a clever wench, Phœbe, and I will explain it to thee : 't is a metal pot, shaped much like one of the roguish knaves' own sugar-loaf hats, supposing it had narrower brims ; it is charged with some few pounds of fine gunpowder. Then ——'

'Gracious ! we shall be all blown up !' exclaimed Phœbe, the word 'gunpowder' being the only one which she understood in the knight's description.

'Not a bit, foolish girl. Pack old Dame Jellicot into the embrasure of yonder window,' said the knight, 'on that side of the door, and we will ensconce ourselves on this, and we shall have time to finish my explanation, for they have bungling engineers. We had a clever French fellow at Newark would have done the job in the firing of a pistol.'

They had scarce got into the place of security when the knight proceeded with his description. 'The petard being formed, as I tell you, is secured with a thick and strong piece of plank, termed the madrier, and the whole being suspended, or rather secured, against the gate to be forced —— But thou mindest me not ?'

'How can I, Sir Henry,' she said, 'within reach of such a thing as you speak of ? O Lord ! I shall go mad with very terror ; we shall be crushed — blown up — in a few minutes !'

'We are secure from the explosion,' replied the knight, gravely, 'which will operate chiefly in a forward direction into the middle of the chamber ; and from any fragments that may fly laterally, we are sufficiently secured by this deep embrasure.'

'But they will slay us when they enter,' said Phœbe.

'They will give thee fair quarter, wench,' said Sir Henry ; 'and if I do not bestow a brace of balls on that rogue engineer, it is because I would not incur the penalty inflicted by martial law, which condemns to the edge of the sword all persons who

attempt to defend an untenable post. Not that I think the rigour of the law could reach Dame Jellicot or thyself, Phœbe, considering that you carry no arms. If Alice had been here she might indeed have done somewhat, for she can use a birding-piece.'

Phœbe might have appealed to her own deeds of that day, as more allied to feats of *mêlée* and battle than any which her young lady ever acted; but she was in an agony of inexpressible terror, expecting, from the knight's account of the petard, some dreadful catastrophe, of what nature she did not justly understand, notwithstanding his liberal communication on the subject.

'They are strangely awkward at it,' said Sir Henry: 'little Boutirlin would have blown the house up before now. Ah! he is a fellow would take the earth like a rabbit; if he had been here, never may I stir but he would have countermined them ere now, and

'T is sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard,

as our immortal Shakspeare has it.'

'Oh, Lord, the poor mad old gentleman,' thought Phœbe. 'Oh, sir, had you not better leave alone play-books, and think of your end?' uttered she aloud, in sheer terror and vexation of spirit.

'If I had not made up my mind to that many days since,' answered the knight, 'I had not now met this hour with a free bosom.'

As gentle and as jocund as to rest,
Go I to death: truth hath a quiet breast.'

As he spoke, a broad glare of light flashed from without through the windows of the hall, and betwixt the strong iron stanchions with which they were secured — a broad discoloured light it was, which shed a red and dusky illumination on the old armour and weapons, as if it had been the reflection of a conflagration. Phœbe screamed aloud, and, forgetful of reverence in the moment of passion, clung close to the knight's cloak and arm, while Dame Jellicot, from her solitary niche, having the use of her eyes, though bereft of her hearing, yelled like an owl when the moon breaks out suddenly.

'Take care, good Phœbe,' said the knight; 'you will prevent my using my weapon if you hang upon me thus. The bungling fools cannot fix their petard without the use of torches! Now

let me take the advantage of this interval. Remember what I told thee, and how to put off time.'

'Oh, Lord—ay, sir,' said Phœbe, 'I will say anything. Oh, Lord, that it were but over! Ah! ah! (two prolonged screams)—I hear something hissing like a serpent.'

'It is the fusee, as we martialists call it,' replied the knight; 'that is, Phœbe, the match which fires the petard, and which is longer or shorter, according to the distance——'

Here the knight's discourse was cut short by a dreadful explosion, which, as he had foretold, shattered the door, strong as it was, to pieces, and brought down the glass clattering from the windows, with all the painted heroes and heroines who had been recorded on that fragile place of memory for centuries. The women shrieked incessantly, and were answered by the bellowing of Bevis, though shut up at a distance from the scene of action. The knight, shaking Phœbe from him with difficulty, advanced into the hall to meet those who rushed in, with torches lighted and weapons prepared.

'Death to all who resist—life to those who surrender!' exclaimed Cromwell, stamping with his foot. 'Who commands this garrison?'

'Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley,' answered the old knight, stepping forward, 'who, having no other garrison than two weak women, is compelled to submit to what he would willingly have resisted.'

'Disarm the inveterate and malignant rebel,' cried Oliver. 'Art thou not ashamed, sir, to detain me before the door of a house which you had no force to defend? Wearest thou so white a beard, and knowest thou not that to refuse surrendering an indefensible post, by the martial law, deserves hanging?'

'My beard and I,' said Sir Henry, 'have settled that matter between us, and agree right cordially. It is better to run the risk of being hanged like honest men than to give up our trust like cowards and traitors.'

'Ha! say'st thou?' said Cromwell; 'thou hast powerful motives, I doubt not, for running thy head into a noose. But I will speak with thee by and by. Ho! Pearson—Gilbert Pearson, take this scroll. Take the elder woman with thee—let her guide you to the various places therein mentioned. Search every room therein set down, and arrest, or slay upon the slightest resistance, whomsoever you find there. Then note those places marked as commanding points for cutting off inter-

course through the mansion, the landing-places of the great staircase, the great gallery, and so forth. Use the woman civilly. The plan annexed to the scroll will point out the posts, even if she prove stupid or refractory. Meanwhile, the corporal, with a party, will bring the old man and the girl there to some apartment—the parlour, I think, called Victor Lee's, will do as well as another. We will then be out of this stifling smell of gunpowder.'

So saying, and without requiring any farther assistance or guidance, he walked towards the apartment he had named. Sir Henry had his own feelings when he saw the unhesitating decision with which the General led the way, and which seemed to intimate a more complete acquaintance with the various localities of Woodstock than was consistent with his own present design, to engage the Commonwealth party in a fruitless search through the intricacies of the lodge.

'I will now ask thee a few questions, old man,' said the General, when they had arrived in the room; 'and I warn thee, that hope of pardon for thy many and persevering efforts against the Commonwealth can be no otherwise merited than by the most direct answers to the questions I am about to ask.'

Sir Henry bowed. He would have spoken, but he felt his temper rising high, and became afraid it might be exhausted before the part he had settled to play, in order to afford the King time for his escape, should be brought to an end.

'What household have you had here, Sir Henry Lee, within these few days—what guests—what visitors? We know that your means of housekeeping are not so profuse as usual, so the catalogue cannot be burdensome to your memory.'

'Far from it,' replied the knight, with unusual command of temper; 'my daughter, and latterly my son, have been my guests; and I have had these females, and one Joceline Joliffe, to attend upon us.'

'I do not ask after the regular members of your household, but after those who have been within your gates, either as guests or as Malignant fugitives taking shelter.'

'There may have been more of both kinds, sir, than I, if it please your valour, am able to answer for,' replied the knight. 'I remember my kinsman Everard was here one morning; also, I bethink me, a follower of his, called Wildrake.'

'Did you not also receive a young Cavalier called Louis Garnegey?' said Cromwell.

During the whole of the scene, Cromwell, whatever might be the internal uncertainty of his mind, maintained the most strict temperance in language and manner, just as if he had no farther interest in what was passing than as a military man employed in discharging the duty enjoined him by his superiors. But the restraint upon his passion was but

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.¹

The course of his resolution was hurried on even more forcibly because no violence of expression attended or announced its current. He threw himself into a chair, with a countenance that indicated no indecision of mind, but a determination which awaited only the signal for action. Meanwhile the knight, as if resolved in nothing to forego the privileges of his rank and place, sat himself down in turn, and putting on his hat, which lay on a table, regarded the General with a calm look of fearless indifference. The soldiers stood around, some holding the torches, which illuminated the apartment with a lurid and sombre glare of light, the others resting upon their weapons. Phoebe, with her hands folded, her eyes turned upwards till the pupils were scarce visible, and every shade of colour banished from her ruddy cheek, stood like one in immediate apprehension of the sentence of death being pronounced and instant execution commanded.

Heavy steps were at last heard, and Pearson and some of the soldiers returned. This seemed to be what Cromwell waited for. He started up, and asked hastily, 'Any news, Pearson? any prisoners — any Malignants slain in thy defence?'

'None, so please your Excellency,' answered the officer.

'And are thy sentinels all carefully placed, as Tomkins's scroll gave direction, and with fitting orders?'

'With the most deliberate care,' said Pearson.

'Art thou very sure,' said Cromwell, pulling him a little to one side, 'that this is all well and duly cared for? Bethink thee that, when we engage ourselves in the private communications, all will be lost should the party we look for have the means of dodging us by an escape into the more open rooms, and from thence perhaps into the forest.'

'My Lord General,' answered Pearson, 'if placing the

¹ But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

nightly meditations may be disturbed with tales of such a nature.

'Nay, your honour,' said Phoebe, 'I scorn the old man's words, in the way of seemliness or unseemliness either. Master Louis did but snatch a kiss, that is the truth of it, if it must be told.'

Here Humgudgeon groaned deeply, while his Excellency avoided laughing with some difficulty. 'Thou hast given excellent tokens, Phoebe,' he said; 'and if they be true, as I think they seem to be, thou shalt not lack thy reward. And here comes our spy from the stables.'

'There are not the least signs,' said the trooper, 'that horses have been in the stables for a month: there is no litter in the stalls, no hay in the racks, the corn-bins are empty, and the mangers are full of cobwebs.'

'Ay — ay,' said the old knight, 'I have seen when I kept twenty good horses in these stalls, with many a groom and stable-boy to attend them.'

'In the meanwhile,' said Cromwell, 'their present state tells little for the truth of your own story, that there were horses to-day, on which this Kerneguy and your son fled from justice.'

'I did not say that the horses were kept there,' said the knight. 'I have horses and stables elsewhere.'

'Fie — fie, for shame — for shame!' said the General; 'can a white-bearded man, I ask it once more, be a false witness?'

'Faith, sir,' said Sir Henry Lee, 'it is a thriving trade, and I wonder not that you who live on it are so severe in prosecuting interlopers. But it is the times, and those who rule the times, that make greybeards deceivers.'

'Thou art facetious, friend, as well as daring, in thy malignancy,' said Cromwell; 'but credit me, I will cry quittance with you ere I am done. Whereunto lead these doors?'

'To bedrooms,' answered the knight.

'Bedrooms! only to bedrooms?' said the republican general, in a voice which indicated, such was the internal occupation of his thoughts, that he had not fully understood the answer.

'Lord, sir,' said the knight, 'why should you make it so strange? I say these doors lead to bedrooms — to places where honest men sleep and rogues lie awake.'

'You are running up a farther account, Sir Henry,' said the General; 'but we will balance it once and for all.'

'I remember no such name, were I to hang for it,' said the knight.

'Kerneguy, or some such word,' said the General; 'we will not quarrel for a sound.'

'A Scotch lad, called Louis Kerneguy, was a guest of mine,' said Sir Henry; 'and left me this morning for Dorsetshire.'

'So late!' exclaimed Cromwell, stamping with his foot. 'How fate contrives to baffle us, even when she seems most favourable! What direction did he take, old man?' continued Cromwell — 'what horse did he ride — who went with him?'

'My son went with him,' replied the knight; 'he brought him here as the son of a Scottish lord. I pray you, sir, to be finished with these questions; for although I owe thee, as Will Shakspeare says,

Respect for thy great place, and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne,

yet I feel my patience wearing thin.'

Cromwell here whispered to the corporal, who in turn uttered orders to two soldiers, who left the room. 'Place the knight aside; we will now examine the servant damsel,' said the General. 'Dost thou know,' said he to Phoebe, 'of the presence of one Louis Kerneguy, calling himself a Scotch page, who came here a few days since?'

'Surely, sir,' she replied, 'I cannot easily forget him; and I warrant no well-looking wench that comes in his way will be like to forget him either.'

'Aha,' said Cromwell, 'sayst thou so? truly I believe the woman will prove the truer witness. When did he leave this house?'

'Nay, I know nothing of his movements, not I,' said Phoebe; 'I am only glad to keep out of his way. But if he have actually gone hence, I am sure he was here some two hours since, for he crossed me in the lower passage, between the hall and the kitchen.'

'How did you know it was he?' demanded Cromwell.

'By a rude enough token,' said Phoebe. 'La, sir, you do ask such questions!' she added, hanging down her head.

Humgudgeon here interfered, taking upon himself the freedom of a coadjutor. 'Verily,' he said, 'if what the damsel is called to speak upon hath aught unseemly, I crave your Excellency's permission to withdraw, not desiring that my

CHAPTER XXXIV

The king, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong ;
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :
And they so cunningly contrived,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of thread
Could enter in or out.

Ballad of Fair Rosamond.

THE tradition of the country, as well as some historical evidence, confirmed the opinion that there existed, within the old royal lodge at Woodstock, a labyrinth, or connected series of subterranean passages, built chiefly by Henry II. for the security of his mistress, Rosamond Clifford, from the jealousy of his queen, the celebrated Eleanor. Doctor Rochecliffe, indeed, in one of those fits of contradiction with which antiquaries are sometimes seized, was bold enough to dispute the alleged purpose of the perplexed maze of rooms and passages with which the walls of the ancient palace were perforated ; but the fact was undeniable, that in raising the fabric some Norman architect had exerted the utmost of the complicated art which they have often shown elsewhere, in creating secret passages and chambers of retreat and concealment. There were stairs which were ascended merely, as it seemed, for the purpose of descending again ; passages which, after turning and winding for a considerable way, returned to the place where they set out ; there were trap-doors and hatchways, panels and portcullises. Although Oliver was assisted by a sort of ground-plan, made out and transmitted by Joseph Tomkins, whose former employment in Doctor Rochecliffe's service had made him fully acquainted with the place, it was

found imperfect; and, moreover, the most serious obstacles to their progress occurred in the shape of strong doors, party-walls, and iron gates; so that the party blundered on in the dark, uncertain whether they were not going farther from, rather than approaching, the extremity of the labyrinth. They were obliged to send for mechanics, with sledge-hammers and other instruments, to force one or two of those doors, which resisted all other means of undoing them. Labouring along in these dusky passages, where, from time to time, they were like to be choked by the dust which their acts of violence excited, the soldiers were obliged to be relieved oftener than once, and the bulky Corporal Grace-be-here himself puffed and blew like a grampus that has got into shoal water. Cromwell alone continued, with unabated zeal, to push on his researches; to encourage the soldiers, by the exhortations which they best understood, against fainting for lack of faith; and to secure, by sentinels at proper places, possession of the ground which they had already explored. His acute and observing eye detected, with a sneering smile, the cordage and machinery by which the bed of poor Desborough had been inverted, and several remains of the various disguises, as well as private modes of access, by which Desborough, Bletson, and Harrison had been previously imposed upon. He pointed them out to Pearson, with no farther comment than was implied in the exclamation, 'The simple fools!'

But his assistants began to lose heart and be discouraged, and required all his spirit to raise theirs. He then called their attention to voices which they seemed to hear before them, and urged these as evidence that they were moving on the track of some enemy of the Commonwealth, who, for the execution of his Malignant plots, had retreated into these extraordinary fastnesses.

The spirits of the men became at last downcast notwithstanding all this encouragement. They spoke to each other in whispers of the devils of Woodstock, who might be all the while decoying them forward to a room said to exist in the palace, where the floor, revolving on an axis, precipitated those who entered into a bottomless abyss. Humgudgeon hinted, that he had consulted the Scripture that morning by way of lot, and his fortune had been to alight on the passage, 'Euthus fell down from the third loft.' The energy and authority of Cromwell, however, and the refreshment of some food and strong waters, reconciled them to pursuing their task.

Nevertheless, with all their unwearied exertions, morning dawned on the search before they had reached Doctor Rochecliffe's sitting-apartment, into which, after all, they obtained entrance by a mode much more difficult than that which the Doctor himself employed. But here their ingenuity was long at fault. From the miscellaneous articles that were strewed around, and the preparations made for food and lodging, it seemed they had gained the very citadel of the labyrinth; but though various passages opened from it, they all terminated in places with which they were already acquainted, or communicated with the other parts of the house, where their own sentinels assured them none had passed. Cromwell remained long in deep uncertainty. Meantime he directed Pearson to take charge of the ciphers and more important papers which lay on the table. 'Though there is little there,' he said, 'that I have not already known, by means of Trusty Tomkins. Honest Joseph, for an artful and thorough-paced agent, the like of thee is not left in England.'

After a considerable pause, during which he sounded with the pommel of his sword almost every stone in the building and every plank on the floor, the General gave orders to bring the old knight and Doctor Rochecliffe to the spot, trusting that he might work out of them some explanation of the secrets of this apartment.

'So please your Excellency to let me to deal with them,' said Pearson, who was a true soldier of fortune, and had been a buccanier in the West Indies, 'I think that, by a whipcord twitched tight round their forehead, and twisted about with a pistol-butt, I could make either the truth start from their lips or the eyes from their head.'

'Out upon thee, Pearson!' said Cromwell, with abhorrence; 'we have no warrant for such cruelty, neither as Englishmen nor Christians. We may slay Malignants as we crush noxious animals, but to torture them is a deadly sin; for it is written, "He made them to be pitied of those who carried them captive." Nay, I recall the order even for their examination, trusting that wisdom will be granted us without it, to discover their most secret devices.'

There was a pause accordingly, during which an idea seized upon Cromwell's imagination. 'Bring me hither,' he said, 'yonder stool'; and placing it beneath one of the windows, of which there were two so high in the wall as not to be accessible from the floor, he clambered up into the entrance of the window,

which was six or seven feet deep, corresponding with the thickness of the wall. 'Come up hither, Pearson,' said the General; 'but ere thou comest, double the guard at the foot of the turret called Love's Ladder, and bid them bring up the other petard. So now, come thou hither.'

The inferior officer, however brave in the field, was one of those whom a great height strikes with giddiness and sickness. He shrunk back from the view of the precipice, on the verge of which Cromwell was standing with complete indifference, till the General, catching the hand of his follower, pulled him forward as far as he would advance. 'I think,' said the General, 'I have found the clue, but by this light it is no easy one. See you, we stand in the portal near the top of Rosamond's Tower; and yon turret which rises opposite to our feet is that which is called Love's Ladder, from which the drawbridge reached that admitted the profligate Norman tyrant to the bower of his mistress.'

'True, my lord, but the drawbridge is gone,' said Pearson.

'Ay, Pearson,' replied the General; 'but an active man might spring from the spot we stand upon to the battlements of yonder turret.'

'I do not think so, my lord,' said Pearson.

'What!' said Cromwell; 'not if the avenger of blood were behind you, with his slaughter-weapon in his hand?'

'The fear of instant death might do much,' answered Pearson; 'but when I look at that sheer depth on either side, and at the empty chasm between us and yonder turret, which is, I warrant you, twelve feet distant, I confess the truth, nothing short of the most imminent danger should induce me to try. Pah, the thought makes my head grow giddy! I tremble to see your Highness stand there, balancing yourself as if you meditated a spring into the empty air. I repeat, I would scarce stand so near the verge as does your Highness, for the rescue of my life.'

'Ah, base and degenerate spirit!' said the General — 'soul of mud and clay, wouldst thou not do it, and much more, for the possession of empire? That is, peradventure,' continued he, changing his tone as one who has said too much, 'shouldst thou be called on to do this, that thereby becoming a great man in the tribes of Israel, thou mightest redeem the captivity of Jerusalem — ay, and it may be, work some great work for the afflicted people of this land?'

'Your Highness may feel such calls,' said the officer; 'but they are not for poor Gilbert Pearson, your faithful follower.'

You made a jest of me yesterday when I tried to speak your language ; and I am no more able to fulfil your designs than to use your mode of speech.'

'But, Pearson,' said Cromwell, 'thou hast thrice, yea, four times, called me "your Highness."'

'Did I, my lord ? I was not sensible of it. I crave your pardon,' said the officer.

'Nay,' said Oliver, 'there was no offence. I do indeed stand high, and I may perchance stand higher, though, alas ! it were fitter for a simple soul like me to return to my plough and my husbandry. Nevertheless, I will not wrestle against the Supreme will, should I be called on to do yet more in that worthy cause. For surely He who hath been to our British Israel as a shield of help and a sword of excellency, making her enemies be found liars unto her, will not give over the flock to those foolish shepherds of Westminster, who shear the sheep and feed them not, and who are in very deed hirelings, not shepherds.'

'I trust to see your lordship quoit them all downstairs,' answered Pearson. 'But may I ask why we pursue this discourse even now, until we have secured the common enemy ?'

'I will tarry no jot of time,' said the General ; 'fence the communication of Love's Ladder, as it is called, below, as I take it for almost certain that the party whom we have driven from fastness to fastness during the night has at length sprung to the top of yonder battlements from the place where we now stand. Finding the turret is guarded below, the place he has chosen for his security will prove a rat-trap, from whence there is no returning.'

'There is a cask of gunpowder in this cabinet,' said Pearson ; 'were it not better, my lord, to mine the tower, if he will not render himself, and send the whole turret with its contents one hundred feet into the air ?'

'Ah, silly man,' said Cromwell, striking him familiarly on the shoulder, 'if thou hadst done this without telling me, it had been good service. But we will first summon the turret, and then think whether the petard will serve our turn : it is but mining at last. Blow a summons there, down below.'

The trumpets rang at his bidding, till the old walls echoed from every recess and vaulted archway. Cromwell, as if he cared not to look upon the person whom he expected to appear, drew back, like a necromancer afraid of the spectre which he has evoked.

'He has come to the battlement,' said Pearson to his General.

'In what dress or appearance?' answered Cromwell from within the chamber.

'A grey riding-suit, passmented with silver, russet walking-boots, a cut band, a grey hat and plume, black hair.'

'It is he — it is he,' said Cromwell, 'and another crowning mercy is vouchsafed.'

Meantime, Pearson and young Lee exchanged defiance from their respective posts.

'Surrender,' said the former, 'or we blow you up in your fastness.'

'I am come of too high a race to surrender to rebels,' said Albert, assuming the air with which, in such a condition, a king might have spoken.

'I bear you to witness,' cried Cromwell, exultingly, 'he hath refused quarter. Of a surety, his blood be on his head. One of you bring down the barrel of powder. As he loves to soar high, we will add what can be taken from the soldiers' bandoleers. Come with me, Pearson; thou understandest this gear. Corporal Grace-be-here, stand thou fast on the platform of the window, where Captain Pearson and I stood but even now, and bend the point of thy partizan against any who shall attempt to pass. Thou art as strong as a bull, and I will back thee against despair itself.'

'But,' said the corporal, mounting reluctantly, 'the place is as the pinnacle of the Temple; and it is written, that Eutychus fell down from the third loft and was taken up dead.'

'Because he slept upon his post,' answered Cromwell, readily. 'Beware thou of carelessness, and thus thy feet shall be kept from stumbling. You four soldiers, remain here to support the corporal, if it be necessary; and you, as well as the corporal, will draw into the vaulted passage the minute the trumpets sound a retreat. It is as strong as a casemate, and you may lie there safe from the effects of the mine. Thou, Zerubbabel Robins, I know, wilt be their lance-prisade.'

Robins bowed, and the General departed to join those who were without.

As he reached the door of the hall, the petard was heard to explode, and he saw that it had succeeded; for the soldiers rushed, brandishing their swords and pistols, in at the postern of the turret, whose gate had been successfully forced. A thrill of exultation, but not unmingled with horror, shot across the veins of the ambitious soldier.

'Now — now,' he cried, 'they are dealing with him!'

His expectations were deceived. Pearson and the others returned disappointed, and reported they had been stopt by a strong trap-door of grated iron, extended over the narrow stair; and they could see there was an obstacle of the same kind some ten feet higher. To remove it by force, while a desperate and well-armed man had the advantage of the steps above them, might cost many lives. 'Which, lack-a-day,' said the General, 'it is our duty to be tender of. What dost thou advise, Gilbert Pearson?'

'We must use powder, my lord,' answered Pearson, who saw his master was too modest to reserve to himself the whole merit of the proceeding: 'there may be a chamber easily and conveniently formed under the foot of the stair. We have a sausage, by good luck, to form the train, and so ——'

'Ah!' said Cromwell, 'I know thou canst manage such gear well. But, Gilbert, I go to visit the posts, and give them orders to retire to a safe distance when the retreat is sounded. You will allow them five minutes for this purpose.'

'Three is enough for any knave of them all,' said Pearson. 'They will be lame indeed, that require more on such a service. I ask but one, though I fire the train myself.'

'Take heed,' said Cromwell, 'that the poor soul be listened to, if he asks quarter. It may be, he may repent him of his hardheartedness, and call for mercy.'

'And mercy he shall have,' answered Pearson, 'provided he calls loud enough to make me hear him; for the explosion of that damned petard has made me as deaf as the devil's dam.'

'Hush, Gilbert — hush!' said Cromwell; 'you offend in your language.'

'Zooks, sir, I must speak either in your way or in my own,' said Pearson, 'unless I am to be dumb as well as deaf. Away with you, my lord, to visit the posts; and you will presently hear me make some noise in the world.'

Cromwell smiled gently at his aide-de-camp's petulance, patted him on the shoulder, and called him a mad fellow, walked a little way, then turned back to whisper, 'What thou dost, do quickly'; then returned again towards the outer circle of guards, turning his head from time to time, as if to assure himself that the corporal, to whom he had entrusted the duty, still kept guard with his advanced weapon upon the terrific chasm between Rosamond's Tower and the corresponding turret. Seeing him standing on his post, the General muttered between

his mustachios, 'The fellow hath the strength and courage of a bear; and yonder is a post where one shall do more to keep back than an hundred in making way.' He cast a last look on the gigantic figure, who stood in that airy position like some Gothic statue, the weapon half levelled against the opposite turret, with the butt rested against his right foot, his steel cap and burnished corslet glittering in the rising sun.

Cromwell then passed on to give the necessary orders, that such sentinels as might be endangered at their present posts by the effect of the mine should withdraw at the sound of the trumpet to the places which he pointed out to them. Never, on any occasion of his life, did he display more calmness and presence of mind. He was kind, nay, facetious, with the soldiers, who adored him; and yet he resembled a volcano before the eruption commences—all peaceful and quiet without, while an hundred contradictory passions were raging in his bosom.

Corporal Humgudgeon, meanwhile, remained steady upon his post; yet, though as determined a soldier as ever fought among the redoubted regiment of Ironsides, and possessed of no small share of that exalted fanaticism which lent so keen an edge to the natural courage of those stern religionists, the veteran felt his present situation to be highly uncomfortable. Within a pike's length of him arose a turret, which was about to be dispersed in massive fragments through the air; and he felt small confidence in the length of time which might be allowed for his escape from such a dangerous vicinity. The duty of constant vigilance upon his post was partly divided by this natural feeling, which induced him from time to time to bend his eyes on the miners below, instead of keeping them riveted on the opposite turret.

At length the interest of the scene arose to the uttermost. After entering and returning from the turret, and coming out again more than once, in the course of about twenty minutes, Pearson issued, as it might be supposed, for the last time, carrying in his hand, and uncoiling as he went along, the sausage, or linen bag (so called from its appearance), which, strongly sewed together and crammed with gunpowder, was to serve as a train betwixt the mine to be sprung and the point occupied by the engineer who was to give fire. He was in the act of finally adjusting it, when the attention of the corporal on the tower became irresistibly and exclusively riveted upon the preparations for the explosion. But, while he watched the aide-de-camp drawing his pistol to give fire, and the trumpeter

handling his instrument, as waiting the order to sound the retreat, fate rushed on the unhappy sentinel in a way he least expected.

Young, active, bold, and completely possessed of his presence of mind, Albert Lee, who had been from the loopholes a watchful observer of every measure which had been taken by his besiegers, had resolved to make one desperate effort for self-preservation. While the head of the sentinel on the opposite platform was turned from him, and bent rather downwards, he suddenly sprung across the chasm, though the space on which he lighted was scarce wide enough for two persons, threw the surprised soldier from his precarious stand, and jumped himself down into the chamber. The gigantic trooper went sheer down twenty feet, struck against a projecting battlement, which launched the wretched man outwards, and then fell on the earth with such tremendous force, that the head, which first touched the ground, dented a hole in the soil of six inches in depth, and was crushed like an egg-shell. Scarce knowing what had happened, yet startled and confounded at the descent of this heavy body, which fell at no great distance from him, Pearson snapt his pistol at the train, no previous warning given, the powder caught, and the mine exploded. Had it been strongly charged with powder, many of those without might have suffered; but the explosion was only powerful enough to blow out, in a lateral direction, a part of the wall just above the foundation, sufficient, however, to destroy the equipoise of the building. Then, amid a cloud of smoke, which began gradually to encircle the turret like a shroud, arising slowly from its base to its summit, it was seen to stagger and shake by all who had courage to look steadily at a sight so dreadful. Slowly, at first, the building inclined outwards, then rushed precipitately to its base, and fell to the ground in huge fragments, the strength of its resistance showing the excellence of the mason-work. The engineer, so soon as he had fired the train, fled in such alarm that he wellnigh ran against his General, who was advancing towards him, while a huge stone from the summit of the building, flying farther than the rest, lighted within a yard of them.

'Thou hast been over-hasty, Pearson,' said Cromwell, with the greatest composure possible; 'hath no one fallen in that same tower of Siloe?'

'Some one fell,' said Pearson, still in great agitation, 'and yonder lies his body half buried in the rubbish.'

With a quick and resolute step, Cromwell approached the spot, and exclaimed, 'Pearson, thou hast ruined me : the Young Man hath escaped. This is our own sentinel, plague on the idiot ! Let him rot beneath the ruins which crushed him !'

A cry now resounded from the platform of Rosamond's Tower, which appeared yet taller than formerly, deprived of the neighbouring turret, which emulated though it did not attain to its height — 'A prisoner, noble General — a prisoner ! The fox whom we have chased all night is now in the snare : the Lord hath delivered him into the hand of His servants.'

'Look you keep him in safe custody,' exclaimed Cromwell, 'and bring him presently down to the apartment from which the secret passages have their principal entrance.'

'Your Excellency shall be obeyed.'

The proceedings of Albert Lee, to which these exclamations related, had been unfortunate. He had dashed from the platform, as we have related, the gigantic strength of the soldier opposed to him, and had instantly jumped down into Rochcliffe's chamber. But the soldiers stationed there threw themselves upon him, and after a struggle, which was hopelessly maintained against such advantage of numbers, had thrown the young Cavalier to the ground, two of them, drawn down by his strenuous exertions, falling across him. At the same moment a sharp and severe report was heard, which, like a clap of thunder in the immediate vicinity, shook all around them, till the strong and solid tower tottered like the mast of a stately vessel when about to part by the board. In a few seconds, this was followed by another sullen sound, at first low and deep, but augmenting like the roar of a cataract, as it descends, reeling, bellowing, and rushing, as if to astound both heaven and earth. So awful, indeed, was the sound of the neighbour tower as it fell, that both the captive and those who struggled with him continued for a minute or two passive in each other's grasp.

Albert was the first who recovered consciousness and activity. He shook off those who lay above him, and made a desperate effort to gain his feet, in which he partly succeeded. But as he had to deal with men accustomed to every species of danger, and whose energies were recovered nearly as soon as his own, he was completely secured, and his arms held down. Loyal and faithful to his trust, and resolved to sustain to the last the character which he had assumed, he exclaimed, as his struggles were vainly overpowered, 'Rebel villains ! would you slay your king ?'

'Ha, heard you that?' cried one of the soldiers to the lance-prisade, who commanded the party. 'Shall I not strike this son of a wicked father under the fifth rib, even as the tyrant of Moab was smitten by Ehud with a dagger of a cubit's length?'

But Robins answered, 'Be it far from us, Merciful Strickalthrow, to slay in cold blood the captive of our bow and of our spear. Methinks, since the storm of Tredagh¹ we have shed enough of blood; therefore, on your lives do him no evil, but take from him his arms, and let us bring him before the chosen instrument, even our General, that he may do with him what is meet in his eyes.'

By this time the soldier whose exultation had made him the first to communicate the intelligence from the battlements to Cromwell returned, and brought commands corresponding to the orders of their temporary officer; and Albert Lee, disarmed and bound, was conducted as a captive into the apartment which derived its name from the victories of his ancestor, and placed in the presence of General Cromwell.

Running over in his mind the time which had elapsed since the departure of Charles till the siege, if it may be termed so, had terminated in his own capture, Albert had every reason to hope that his royal master must have had time to accomplish his escape. Yet he determined to maintain to the last a deceit which might for a time ensure the King's safety. The difference betwixt them could not, he thought, be instantly discovered, begrimed as he was with dust and smoke, and with blood issuing from some scratches received in the scuffle.

In this evil plight, but bearing himself with such dignity as was adapted to the princely character, Albert was ushered into the apartment of Victor Lee, where, in his father's own chair, reclined the triumphant enemy of the cause to which the house of Lee had been hereditarily faithful.

¹ See Note 12.

CHAPTER XXXV

A barren title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Henry IV. Part I.

OLIVER CROMWELL arose from his seat as the two veteran soldiers, Zerubbabel Robins and Merciful Strickalthrow, introduced into the apartment the prisoner, whom they held by the arms, and fixed his stern hazel eye on Albert long before he could give vent to the ideas which were swelling in his bosom. Exultation was the most predominant.

‘Art not thou,’ he at length said, ‘that Egyptian which, before these days, madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness many thousand men, who were murderers? Ha, youth! I have hunted thee from Stirling to Worcester, from Worcester to Woodstock, and we have met at last.’

‘I would,’ replied Albert, speaking in the character which he had assumed, ‘that we had met where I could have shown thee the difference betwixt a rightful king and an ambitious usurper!’

‘Go to, young man,’ said Cromwell; ‘say rather the difference between a judge raised up for the redemption of England and the son of those kings whom the Lord in His anger permitted to reign over her. But we will not waste useless words. God knows that it is not of our will that we are called to such high matters, being as humble in our thoughts as we are of ourselves, and in our unassisted nature frail and foolish, and unable to render a reason but for the better spirit within us, which is not of us. Thou art weary, young man, and thy nature requires rest and refection, being doubtless dealt with delicately, as one who hath fed on the fat and drank of the sweet, and who hath been clothed in purple and fine linen.’

Here the General suddenly stopt, and then abruptly exclaimed — ‘But is this — Ah! whom have we here? These

are not the locks of the swarthy lad Charles Stuart. A cheat — a cheat !’

Albert hastily cast his eyes on a mirror which stood in the room, and perceived that a dark peruke, found among Doctor Rochecliffe’s miscellaneous wardrobe, had been disordered in the scuffle with the soldiery, and that his own light brown hair was escaping from beneath it.

‘Who is this ?’ said Cromwell, stamping with fury. ‘Pluck the disguise from him !’

The soldiers did so ; and bringing him at the same time towards the light, the deception could not be maintained for a moment longer, with any possibility of success. Cromwell came up to him with his teeth set, and grinding against each other as he spoke, his hands clenched, and trembling with emotion, and speaking with a voice low-pitched, bitterly and deeply emphatic, such as might have preceded a stab with his dagger.

‘Thy name, young man ?’

He was answered calmly and firmly, while the countenance of the speaker wore a cast of triumph, and even contempt —

‘Albert Lee of Ditchley, a faithful subject of King Charles.’

‘I might have guessed it,’ said Cromwell. ‘Ay, and to King Charles shalt thou go, as soon as it is noon on the dial. Pearson,’ he continued, ‘let him be carried to the others ; and let them be executed at twelve exactly.’

‘All, sir ?’ said Pearson, surprised ; for Cromwell, though he at times made formidable examples, was, in general, by no means sanguinary.

‘All,’ repeated Cromwell, fixing his eye on young Lee. ‘Yes, young sir, your conduct has devoted to death thy father, thy kinsman, and the stranger that was in thine household. Such wreck hast thou brought on thy father’s house.’

‘My father, too — my aged father !’ said Albert, looking upward, and endeavouring to raise his hands in the same direction, which was prevented by his bonds. ‘The Lord’s will be done !’

‘All this havoc can be saved, if,’ said the General, ‘thou wilt answer one question — Where is the young Charles Stuart, who was called King of Scotland ?’

‘Under Heaven’s protection, and safe from thy power,’ was the firm and unhesitating answer of the young Royalist.

‘Away with him to prison !’ said Cromwell ; ‘and from

thence to execution with the rest of them, as Malignants taken in the fact. Let a court-martial sit on them presently.'

'One word,' said young Lee, as they led him from the room.

'Stop — stop,' said Cromwell, with the agitation of renewed hope; 'let him be heard.'

'You love texts of Scripture,' said Albert. 'Let this be the subject of your next homily. "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"'

'Away with him,' said the General; 'let him die the death! I have said it.'

As Cromwell spoke these words, his aide-de-camp observed that he became unwontedly pale.

'Your Excellency is overtoiled in the public service,' said Pearson: 'a course of the stag in the evening will refresh you. The old knight hath a noble hound here, if we can but get him to hunt without his master, which may be hard, as he is faithful, and —'

'Hang him up!' said Cromwell.

'What — whom — hang the noble dog? Your Excellency was wont to love a good hound.'

'It matters not,' said Cromwell; 'let him be killed. Is it not written, that they slew in the valley of Achor, not only the accursed Achan, with his sons and his daughters, but also his oxen and his asses, and his sheep, and every live thing belonging unto him? And even thus shall we do to the Malignant family of Lee, who have aided Sisera in his flight, when Israel might have been delivered of his trouble for ever. But send out couriers and patrols. Follow, pursue, watch in every direction. Let my horse be ready at the door in five minutes, or bring me the first thou canst find.'

It seemed to Pearson that this was something wildly spoken, and that the cold perspiration was standing upon the General's brow as he said it. He therefore again pressed the necessity of repose; and it would appear that nature seconded strongly the representation. Cromwell arose and made a step or two towards the door of the apartment; but stopped, staggered, and, after a pause, sat down in a chair. 'Truly, friend Pearson,' he said, 'this weary carcass of ours is an impediment to us, even in our most necessary business, and I am fitter to sleep than to watch, which is not my wont. Place guards, therefore, till we repose ourselves for an hour or two. Send out in every direction, and spare not for horses' flesh. Wake me if the court-martial should require instruction, and forget not to see the sentence

punctually executed on the Lees and those who were arrested with them.'

As Cromwell spoke thus, he arose and half-opened a bedroom door, when Pearson again craved pardon for asking if he had rightly understood his Excellency, that all the prisoners were to be executed.

'Have I not said it?' answered Cromwell, displeasedly. 'Is it because thou art a man of blood, and hast ever been, that thou dost affect these scruples, to show thyself tender-hearted at my expense? I tell thee that, if there lack one in the full tale of execution, thine own life shall pay the forfeit.'

So saying, he entered the apartment, followed by the groom of his chamber, who attended upon Pearson's summons.

When his General had retired, Pearson remained in great perplexity what he ought to do; and that from no scruples of conscience, but from uncertainty whether he might not err either in postponing or in too hastily and too literally executing the instructions he had received.

In the meantime, Strickalthrow and Robins had returned, after lodging Albert in prison, to the room where Pearson was still musing on his General's commands. Both these men were adjutators in their army, and old soldiers, whom Cromwell was accustomed to treat with great familiarity; so that Robins had no hesitation to ask Captain Pearson 'Whether he meant to execute the commands of the General, even to the letter?'

Pearson shook his head with an air of doubt, but added, 'There was no choice left.'

'Be assured,' said the old man, 'that, if thou dost this folly, thou wilt cause Israel to sin, and that the General will not be pleased with your service. Thou knowest, and none better than thou, that Oliver, although he be like unto David the son of Jesse in faith, and wisdom, and courage, yet there are times when the evil spirit cometh upon him as it did upon Saul, and he uttereth commands which he will not thank any one for executing.'

Pearson was too good a politician to assent directly to a proposition which he could not deny: he only shook his head once more, and said that it was easy for those to talk who were not responsible, but the soldier's duty was to obey his orders, and not to judge of them.

'Very righteous truth,' said Merciful Strickalthrow, a grim old Scotchman: 'I marvel where our brother Zerubbabel caught up this softness of heart?'

'Why, I do but wish,' said Zerubbabel, 'that four or five human creatures may draw the breath of God's air for a few hours more; there can be small harm done by delaying the execution, and the General will have some time for reflection.'

'Ay,' said Captain Pearson, 'but I in my service must be more pointedly obsequious than thou in thy plainness art bound to be, friend Zerubbabel.'

'Then shall the coarse frieze cassock of the private soldier help the golden gaberdine of the captain to bear out the blast,' said Zerubbabel. 'Ay, indeed, I can show you warrant why we be aidful to each other in doing acts of kindness and long-suffering, seeing the best of us are poor sinful creatures, who might suffer, being called to a brief accounting.'

'Of a verity you surprise me, brother Zerubbabel,' said Strickalthrow, 'that thou, being an old and experienced soldier, whose head hath grown grey in battle, shouldst give such advice to a young officer. Is not the General's commission to take away the wicked from the land, and to root out the Amalekite, and the Jebusite, and the Perizzite, and the Hittite, and the Girgashite, and the Amorite? and are not these men justly to be compared to the five kings who took shelter in the cave of Makkedah, who were delivered into the hands of Joshua the son of Nun? and he caused his captains and his soldiers to come near and tread on their necks, and then he smote them, and he slew them, and then he hanged them on five trees, even till evening. And thou, Gilbert Pearson by name, be not withheld from the duty which is appointed to thee, but do even as has been commanded by him who is raised up to judge and to deliver Israel; for it is written, "Cursed is he who holdeth back his sword from the slaughter."'

Thus wrangled the two military theologians, while Pearson, much more solicitous to anticipate the wishes of Oliver than to know the will of Heaven, listened to them with great indecision and perplexity.

CHAPTER XXXVI

But let us now, like soldiers on the watch,
Put the soul's armour on, alike prepared
For all a soldier's warfare brings.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE reader will recollect that, when Rochecliffe and Joceline were made prisoners, the party which escorted them had two other captives in their train — Colonel Everard, namely, and the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough. When Cromwell had obtained entrance into Woodstock, and commenced his search after the fugitive prince, the prisoners were placed in what had been an old guard-room, and which was by its strength well calculated to serve for a prison, and a guard was placed over them by Pearson. No light was allowed, save that of a glimmering fire of charcoal. The prisoners remained separated from each other, Colonel Everard conversing with Nehemiah Holdenough at a distance from Doctor Rochecliffe, Sir Henry Lee, and Joceline. The party was soon after augmented by Wildrake, who was brought down to the lodge, and thrust in with so little ceremony that, his arms being bound, he had very nearly fallen on his nose in the middle of the prison.

‘I thank you, my good friends,’ he said, looking back to the door, which they who had pushed him in were securing. ‘*Point de ceremonie* — no apology for tumbling, so we light in good company. Save ye — save ye, gentlemen all. What, *à la mort*, and nothing stirring to keep the spirits up, and make a night on’t? the last we shall have, I take it; for a make to a million but we trine to the nubbing cheat to-morrow. Patron — noble patron, how goes it? This was but a scurvy trick of Noll, so far as you were concerned; as for me, why, I might have deserved something of the kind at his hand.’

‘Prithee, Wildrake, sit down,’ said Everard; ‘thou art drunk — disturb us not.’

'Drunk—I drunk!' cried Wildrake. 'I have been splicing the main-brace, as Jack says at Wapping—have been tasting Noll's brandy in a bumper to the King's health, and another to his Excellency's confusion, and another to the d——n of Parliament, and it may be one or two more, but all to devilish good toasts. But I'm not drunk.'

'Prithee, friend, be not profane,' said Nehemiah Hold-enough.

'What, my little Presbyterian parson, my slender Mas John! Thou shalt say amen to this world instantly,' said Wildrake. 'I have had a weary time in 't for one. Ha, noble Sir Henry, I kiss your hand. I tell thee, knight, the point of my Toledo was near Cromwell's heart last night, as ever a button on the breast of his doublet. Rat him, he wears secret armour. He a soldier! Had it not been for a cursed steel shirt, I would have spitted him like a lark. Ha, Doctor Rochecliffe! thou knowest I can wield my weapon.'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'and you know I can use mine.'

'I prithee be quiet, Master Wildrake,' said Sir Henry.

'Nay, good knight,' answered Wildrake, 'be somewhat more cordial with a comrade in distress. This is a different scene from the Brentford storming-party. The jade Fortune has been a very step-mother to me. I will sing you a song I made on my own ill-luck.'

'At this moment, Captain Wildrake, we are not in a fitting mood for singing,' said Sir Henry, civilly and gravely.

'Nay, it will aid your devotions. Egad, it sounds like a penitential-psalm:

When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad,
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.
I spent all my means
Amid sharpers and queans,
Then I got a commission to plunder.
I have stockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a shoe,
I am forced to wear boots in all weather;
Be d—d the boot sole,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.'¹

The door opened as Wildrake finished this stanza at the top of his voice, and in rushed a sentinel, who, greeting him by

¹ Such a song, or something very like it, may be found in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, among the wild slips of minstrelsy which are there collected.

the title of a 'blasphemous bellowing bull of Bashan,' bestowed a severe blow with his ramrod on the shoulders of the songster, whose bonds permitted him no means of returning the compliment.

'Your humble servant again, sir,' said Wildrake, shrugging his shoulders; 'sorry I have no means of showing my gratitude. I am bound over to keep the peace, like Captain Bobadil. Ha, knight, did you hear my bones clatter? That blow came twangingly off: the fellow might inflict the bastinado, were it in presence of the Grand Seignior; he has no taste for music, knight—is no way moved by the "concord of sweet sounds." I will warrant him fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil. Eh—all down in the mouth? Well, I'll go to sleep to-night on a bench, as I've done many a night, and I will be ready to be hanged decently in the morning, which never happened to me before in all my life.

When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad—

Pshaw! This is not the tune it goes to.' Here he fell fast asleep, and sooner or later all his companions in misfortune followed his example.

The benches intended for the repose of the soldiers of the guard afforded the prisoners convenience enough to lie down, though their slumbers, it may be believed, were neither sound nor undisturbed. But, when daylight was but a little while broken, the explosion of gunpowder which took place, and the subsequent fall of the turret to which the mine was applied, would have awakened the Seven Sleepers, or Morpheus himself. The smoke, penetrating through the windows, left them at no loss for the cause of the din.

'There went my gunpowder,' said Rochecliffe, 'which has, I trust, blown up as many rebel villains as it might have been the means of destroying otherwise in a fair field. It must have caught fire by chance.'

'By chance! no,' said Sir Henry; 'depend on it, my bold Albert has fired the train, and that in yonder blast Cromwell was flying towards the heaven whose battlements he will never reach. Ah, my brave boy! and perhaps thou art thyself sacrificed, like a youthful Samson among the rebellious Philistines! But I will not be long behind thee, Albert.'

Everard hastened to the door, hoping to obtain from the guard, to whom his name and rank might be known, some

explanation of the noise, which seemed to announce some dreadful catastrophe.

But Nehemiah Holdenough, whose rest had been broken by the trumpet which gave signal for the explosion, appeared in the very acme of horror. 'It is the trumpet of the Archangel!' he cried — 'it is the crushing of this world of elements — it is the summons to the judgment-seat! The dead are obeying the call — they are with us — they are amongst us — they arise in their bodily frames — they come to summon us!'

As he spoke, his eyes were riveted upon Doctor Rochecliffe, who stood directly opposite to him. In rising hastily, the cap which he commonly wore, according to a custom then usual both among clergymen and gownmen of a civil profession, had escaped from his head, and carried with it the large silk patch which he probably wore for the purpose of disguise; for the cheek which was disclosed was unscarred, and the eye as good as that which was usually uncovered.

Colonel Everard, returning from the door, endeavoured in vain to make Master Holdenough comprehend what he learned from the guard without, that the explosion had involved only the death of one of Cromwell's soldiers. The Presbyterian divine continued to stare wildly at him of the Episcopal persuasion.

But Doctor Rochecliffe heard and understood the news brought by Colonel Everard, and, relieved from the instant anxiety which had kept him stationary, he advanced towards the retiring Calvinist, extending his hand in the most friendly manner.

'Avoid thee — avoid thee!' said Holdenough, 'the living may not join hands with the dead.'

'But I,' said Rochecliffe, 'am as much alive as you are.'

'Thou alive! — thou! Joseph Albany, whom my own eyes saw precipitated from the battlements of Clidesthrough Castle?'

'Ay,' answered the Doctor, 'but you did not see me swim ashore on a marsh covered with sedges — *fugit ad salices* — after a manner which I will explain to you another time.'

Holdenough touched his hand with doubt and uncertainty. 'Thou art indeed warm and alive,' he said, 'and yet after so many blows, and a fall so tremendous, thou canst not be *my* Joseph Albany.'

'I am Joseph Albany Rochecliffe,' said the Doctor, 'become so in virtue of my mother's little estate, which fines and confiscations have made an end of.'

'And is it so indeed?' said Holdenough, 'and have I recovered mine old chum?'

'Even so,' replied Rochecliffe, 'by the same token I appeared to you in the Mirror Chamber. Thou wert so bold, Nehemiah, that our whole scheme would have been shipwrecked, had I not appeared to thee in the shape of a departed friend. Yet, believe me, it went against my heart to do it.'

'Ah, fie on thee — fie on thee,' said Holdenough, throwing himself into his arms, and clasping him to his bosom, 'thou wert ever a naughty wag. How couldst thou play me such a trick? Ah, Albany, dost thou remember Dr. Purefoy and Caius College?'

'Marry, do I,' said the Doctor, thrusting his arm through the Presbyterian divine's, and guiding him to a seat apart from the other prisoners, who witnessed this scene with much surprise. 'Remember Caius College!' said Rochecliffe, 'ay, and the good ale we drank, and our parties to Mother Huffcap's.'

'Vanity of vanities,' said Holdenough, smiling kindly at the same time, and still holding his recovered friend's arm inclosed and handlocked in his.

'But the breaking the principal's orchard, so cleanly done,' said the Doctor; 'it was the first plot I ever framed, and much work I had to prevail on thee to go into it.'

'Oh, name not that iniquity,' said Nehemiah, 'since I may well say, as the pious Master Baxter, that these boyish offences have had their punishment in later years, inasmuch as that inordinate appetite for fruit hath produced stomachic affections under which I yet labour.'

'True — true, dear Nehemiah,' said Rochecliffe; 'but care not for them — a dram of brandy will correct it all. Mr. Baxter was' — he was about to say, 'an ass,' but checked himself, and only filled up the sentence with 'a good man, I daresay, but over-scrupulous.'

So they sat down together the best of friends, and for half an hour talked with mutual delight over old college stories. By degrees they got on the politics of the day; and though then they unclasped their hands, and there occurred between them such expressions as 'Nay, my dear brother,' and 'There I must needs differ,' and 'On this point I crave leave to think'; yet a hue and cry against the Independents and other sectarists being started, they followed like brethren in full halloo, and it was hard to guess which was most forward. Unhappily, in the course of this amicable intercourse, something was mentioned

about the bishopric of Titus, which at once involved them in the doctrinal question of church government. Then, alas! the flood-gates were opened, and they showered on each other Greek and Hebrew texts, while their eyes kindled, their cheeks glowed, their hands became clenched, and they looked more like fierce polemics about to rend each other's eyes out than Christian divines.

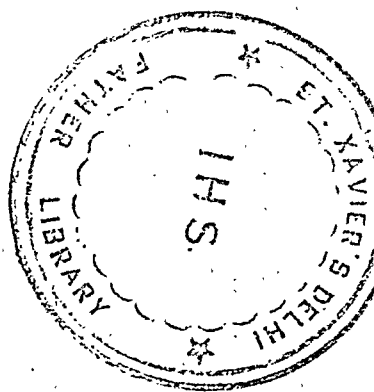
Roger Wildrake, by making himself an auditor of the debate, contrived to augment its violence. He took, of course, a most decided part in a question the merits of which were totally unknown to him. Somewhat overawed by Holdenough's ready oratory and learning, the Cavalier watched with a face of anxiety the countenance of Doctor Rochecliffe; but when he saw the proud eye and steady bearing of the Episcopal champion, and heard him answer Greek with Greek, and Hebrew with Hebrew, Wildrake backed his arguments as he closed them with a stout rap upon the bench, and an exulting laugh in the face of the antagonist. It was with some difficulty that Sir Henry and Colonel Everard, having at length and reluctantly interfered, prevailed on the two alienated friends to adjourn their dispute, removing at the same time to a distance, and regarding each other with looks in which old friendship appeared to have totally given way to mutual animosity.

But while they sat lowering on each other, and longing to renew a contest in which each claimed the victory, Pearson entered the prison, and, in a low and troubled voice, desired the persons whom it contained to prepare for instant death.

Sir Henry Lee received the doom with the stern composure which he had hitherto displayed. Colonel Everard attempted the interposition of a strong and resentful appeal to the Parliament against the judgment of the court-martial and the General. But Pearson declined to receive or transmit any such remonstrance, and, with a dejected look and mien of melancholy presage, renewed his exhortation to them to prepare for the hour of noon, and withdrew from the prison.

The operation of this intelligence on the two clerical disputants was more remarkable. They gazed for a moment on each other with eyes in which repentant kindness and a feeling of generous shame quenched every lingering feeling of resentment, and joining in the mutual exclamation — 'My brother — my brother, I have sinned — I have sinned in offending thee!' they rushed into each other's arms, shed tears as they demanded each other's forgiveness, and, like two warriors who

sacrifice a personal quarrel to discharge their duty against the common enemy, they recalled nobler ideas of their sacred character, and, assuming the part which best became them on an occasion so melancholy, began to exhort those around them to meet the doom that had been announced with the firmness and dignity which Christianity alone can give.



CHAPTER XXXVII

Most gracious prince, good Cannyng cried,
Leave vengeance to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside:
Be thine the olive rod.

Ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin.

THE hour appointed for execution had been long past, and it was about five in the evening, when the Protector summoned Pearson to his presence. He went with fear and reluctance, uncertain how he might be received. After remaining about a quarter of an hour, the aide-de-camp returned to Victor Lee's parlour, where he found the old soldier, Zerubbabel Robins, in attendance for his return.

'How is Oliver?' said the old man, anxiously.

'Why, well,' answered Pearson, 'and hath asked no questions of the execution, but many concerning the reports we have been able to make regarding the flight of the Young Man, and is much moved at thinking he must now be beyond pursuit. Also I gave him certain papers belonging to the Malignant Doctor Rochecliffe.'

'Then will I venture upon him,' said the adjutator; 'so give me a napkin that I may look like a sewer, and fetch up the food which I directed should be in readiness.'

Two troopers attended accordingly with a ration of beef, such as was distributed to the private soldiers, and dressed after their fashion, a pewter pot of ale, a trencher with salt, black pepper, and a loaf of ammunition bread. 'Come with me,' he said to Pearson, 'and fear not — Noll loves an innocent jest.' He boldly entered the General's sleeping-apartment, and said aloud, 'Arise, thou that art called to be a judge in Israel; let there be no more folding of the hands to sleep. Lo, I come as a sign to thee; wherefore arise, eat, drink, and let thy heart be glad within thee, for thou shalt eat with joy the food of him that laboureth in the trenches, seeing that,

since thou wert commander over the host, the poor sentinel hath had such provisions as I have now placed for thine own refreshment.'

'Truly, brother Zerubbabel,' said Cromwell, accustomed to such starts of enthusiasm among his followers, 'we would wish that it were so; neither is it our desire to sleep soft nor feed more highly than the meanest that ranks under our banners. Verily, thou hast chosen well for my refreshment, and the smell of the food is savoury in my nostrils.'

He arose from the bed, on which he had lain down half dressed, and wrapping his cloak around him, sat down by the bedside, and partook heartily of the plain food which was prepared for him. While he was eating, Cromwell commanded Pearson to finish his report—'You need not desist for the presence of a worthy soldier, whose spirit is as my spirit.'

'Nay, but,' interrupted Robins, 'you are to know that Gilbert Pearson hath not fully executed thy commands touching a part of those Malignants, all of whom should have died at noon.'

'What execution—what Malignants?' said Cromwell, laying down his knife and fork.

'Those in the prison here at Woodstock,' answered Zerubbabel, 'whom your Excellency commanded should be executed at noon, as taken in the fact of rebellion against the Commonwealth.'

'Wretch!' said Cromwell, starting up and addressing Pearson, 'thou hast not touched Mark Everard, in whom there was no guilt, for he was deceived by him who passed between us, neither hast thou put forth thy hand on the pragmatic Presbyterian minister, to have all those of their classes cry sacrilege, and alienate them from us for ever?'

'If your Excellency wish them to live, they live: their life and death are in the power of a word,' said Pearson.

'Enfranchise them: I must gain the Presbyterian interest over to us if I can.'

'Rochecliffe, the arch-plotter,' said Pearson, 'I thought to have executed, but——'

'Barbarous man,' said Cromwell, 'alike ungrateful and impolitic, wouldst thou have destroyed our decoy-duck? This doctor is but like a well, a shallow one indeed, but something deeper than the springs which discharge their secret tribute into his keeping; then come I with a pump, and suck it all up to the open air. Enlarge him, and let him have money if he

wants it. I know his haunts : he can go nowhere but our eye will be upon him. But you look at each other darkly, as if you had more to say than you durst. I trust you have not done to death Sir Henry Lee ?'

'No. Yet the man,' replied Pearson, 'is a confirmed Malignant, and ——'

'Ay, but he is also a noble relic of the ancient English gentleman,' said the General. 'I would I knew how to win the favour of that race ! But we, Pearson, whose royal robes are the armour which we wear on our bodies, and whose leading-staves are our sceptres, are too newly set up to draw the respect of the proud Malignants, who cannot brook to submit to less than royal lineage. Yet what can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe save that it runs back to a successful soldier ? I grudge that one man should be honoured and followed, because he is the descendant of a victorious commander, while less honour and allegiance is paid to another, who, in personal qualities and in success, might emulate the founder of his rival's dynasty. Well, Sir Henry Lee lives, and shall live for me. His son, indeed, hath deserved the death which he has doubtless sustained.'

'My lord,' stammered Pearson, 'since your Excellency has found I am right in suspending your order in so many instances, I trust you will not blame me in this also. I thought it best to await more special orders.'

'Thou art in a mighty merciful humour this morning, Pearson,' said Cromwell, not entirely satisfied.

'If your Excellency please, the halter is ready, and so is the provost-marshal.'

'Nay, if such a bloody fellow as thou hast spared him, it would ill become me to destroy him,' said the General. 'But then, here is among Rochecliffe's papers the engagement of twenty desperadoes to take us off ; some example ought to be made.'

'My lord,' said Zerubbabel, 'consider now how often this young man, Albert Lee, hath been near you, nay, probably quite close to your Excellency, in these dark passages, which he knew and we did not. Had he been of an assassin's nature, it would have cost him but a pistol-shot, and the light of Israel was extinguished. Nay, in the unavoidable confusion which must have ensued, the sentinels, quitting their posts, he might have had a fair chance of escape.'

'Enough, Zerubbabel — he lives' said the General. 'He

shall remain in custody for some time, however, and be then banished from England. 'The other two are safe, of course ; for you would not dream of considering such paltry fellows as fit victims for my revenge.'

'One fellow, the under-keeper, called Joliffe, deserves death, however,' said Pearson, 'since he has frankly admitted that he slew honest Joseph Tomkins.'

'He deserves a reward for saving us a labour,' said Cromwell : 'that Tomkins was a most double-hearted villain. I have found evidence among these papers here, that, if we had lost the fight at Worcester, we should have had reason to regret that we had ever trusted Master Tomkins : it was only our success which anticipated his treachery. Write us down debtor, not creditor, to Joceline, an you call him so, and to his quarter-staff.'

'There remains the sacrilegious and graceless Cavalier who attempted your Excellency's life last night,' said Pearson.

'Nay,' said the General, 'that were stooping too low for revenge. His sword had no more power than had he thrustured with a tobacco-pipe. Eagles stoop not at mallards, or wild drakes either.'

'Yet, sir,' said Pearson, 'the fellow should be punished as a libeller. The quantity of foul and pestilential abuse which we found in his pockets makes me loth he should go altogether free. Please to look at them, sir.'

'A most vile hand,' said Oliver, as he looked at a sheet or two of our friend Wildrake's poetical miscellanies. 'The very handwriting seems to be drunk, and the very poetry not sober. What have we here ?

"When I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad ;
If e'er I do well, 't is a wonder."

Why, what trash is this ? and then again —

"Now a plague on the poll
Of old politic Noll !
We will drink till we bring
In triumph back the King."

In truth, if it could be done that way, this poet would be a stout champion. Give the poor knave five pieces, Pearson, and bid him go sell his ballads. If he come within twenty miles of our person, though, we will have him flogged till the blood runs down to his heels.'

'There remains only one sentenced person,' said Pearson — 'a noble wolf-hound, finer than any your Excellency saw in Ireland. He belongs to the old knight, Sir Henry Lee. Should your Excellency not desire to keep the fine creature yourself, might I presume to beg that I might have leave?'

'No, Pearson,' said Cromwell; 'the old man, so faithful himself, shall not be deprived of his faithful dog. I would I had any creature, were it but a dog, that followed me because it loved me, not for what it could make of me.'

'Your Excellency is unjust to your faithful soldiers,' said Zerubbabel, bluntly, 'who follow you like dogs, fight for you like dogs, and have the grave of a dog on the spot where they happen to fall.'

'How now, old grumbler,' said the General, 'what means this change of note?'

'Corporal Humgudgeon's remains are left to moulder under the ruins of yonder tower, and Tomkins is thrust into a hole in a thicket like a beast.'

'True — true,' said Cromwell; 'they shall be removed to the churchyard, and every soldier shall attend with cockades of sea-green and blue ribbon. Every one of the non-commissioned officers and adjutators shall have a mourning scarf; we ourselves will lead the procession, and there shall be a proper dole of wine, burnt brandy, and rosemary. See that it is done, Pearson. After the funeral, Woodstock shall be dismantled and destroyed, that its recesses may not again afford shelter to rebels and Malignants.'

The commands of the General were punctually obeyed, and when the other prisoners were dismissed, Albert Lee remained for some time in custody. He went abroad after his liberation, entered in King Charles's guards, where he was promoted by that monarch. But his fate, as we shall see hereafter, only allowed him a short though bright career.

We return to the liberation of the other prisoners from Woodstock. The two divines, completely reconciled to each other, retreated arm-in-arm to the parsonage-house, formerly the residence of Doctor Rochecliffe, but which he now visited as the guest of his successor, Nehemiah Holdenough. The Presbyterian had no sooner installed his friend under his roof than he urged upon him an offer to partake it, and the income annexed to it, as his own. Dr. Rochecliffe was much affected, but wisely rejected the generous offer, considering the dif-

ference of their tenets on church government, which each entertained as religiously as his creed. Another debate, though a light one, on the subject of the office of bishops in the primitive church, confirmed him in his resolution. They parted the next day, and their friendship remained undisturbed by controversy till Mr. Holdenough's death, in 1658—a harmony which might be in some degree owing to their never meeting again after their imprisonment. Doctor Rochecliffe was restored to his living after the Restoration, and ascended from thence to high clerical preferment.

The inferior personages of the grand jail-delivery at Woodstock Lodge easily found themselves temporary accommodations in the town among old acquaintance; but no one ventured to entertain the old knight, understood to be so much under the displeasure of the ruling powers; and even the innkeeper of the George, who had been one of his tenants, scarce dared to admit him to the common privileges of a traveller, who has food and lodging for his money. Everard attended him unrequested, unpermitted, but also unforbidden. The heart of the old man had been turned once more towards him when he learned how he had behaved at the memorable rencontre at the King's Oak, and saw that he was an object of the enmity, rather than the favour, of Cromwell. But there was another secret feeling which tended to reconcile him to his nephew—the consciousness that Everard shared with him the deep anxiety which he experienced on account of his daughter, who had not yet returned from her doubtful and perilous expedition. He felt that he himself would perhaps be unable to discover where Alice had taken refuge during the late events, or to obtain her deliverance if she was taken into custody. He wished Everard to offer him his service in making a search for her, but shame prevented his preferring the request; and Everard, who could not suspect the altered state of his uncle's mind, was afraid to make the proposal of assistance, or even to name the name of Alice.

The sun had already set, they sat looking each other in the face in silence, when the trampling of horses was heard, there was knocking at the door, there was a light step on the stair, and Alice, the subject of their anxiety, stood before them. She threw herself joyfully into her father's arms, who glanced his eye heedfully round the room, as he said in a whisper, 'Is all safe?'

'Safe and out of danger, as I trust,' replied Alice: 'I have a token for you.'

Her eye then rested on Everard, she blushed, was embarrassed, and silent.

'You need not fear your Presbyterian cousin,' said the knight, with a good-humoured smile, 'he has himself proved a confessor at least for loyalty, and ran the risk of being a martyr.'

She pulled from her bosom the royal rescript, written on a small and soiled piece of paper, and tied round with a worsted thread instead of a seal. Such as it was, Sir Henry ere he opened it pressed the little packet with Oriental veneration to his lips, to his heart, to his forehead; and it was not before a tear had dropt on it that he found courage to open and read the billet. It was in these words:—

'LOYAL OUR MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND AND OUR TRUSTY SUBJECT,

'It having become known to us that a purpose of marriage has been entertained betwixt Mrs. Alice Lee, your only daughter, and Markham Everard, Esq., of Eversly Chase, her kinsman, and by affiancy your nephew, and being assured that this match would be highly agreeable to you, had it not been for certain respects to our service, which induced you to refuse your consent thereto—we do therefore acquaint you that, far from our affairs suffering by such an alliance, we do exhort and, so far as we may, require you to consent to the same, as you would wish to do us good pleasure, and greatly to advance our affairs. Leaving to you, nevertheless, as becometh a Christian king, the full exercise of your own discretion concerning other obstacles to such an alliance which may exist independent of those connected with our service. Witness our hand, together with our thankful recollections of your good services to our late royal father as well as ourselves.

C. R.'

Long and steadily did Sir Henry gaze on the letter, so that it might almost seem as if he were getting it by heart. He then placed it carefully in his pocket-book, and asked Alice the account of her adventures of the preceding night. They were briefly told. Their midnight walk through the chase had been speedily and safely accomplished. Nor had the King once made the slightest relapse into the naughty Louis Kerneguy. When she had seen Charles and his attendant set off, she had taken some repose in the cottage where they parted. With the morning came news that Woodstock was occupied by soldiers,

so that return thither might have led to danger, suspicion, and inquiry. Alice therefore did not attempt it, but went to a house in the neighbourhood, inhabited by a lady of established loyalty, whose husband had been major of Sir Henry Lee's regiment, and had fallen at the battle of Naseby. Mrs. Aylmer was a sensible woman, and indeed the necessities of the singular times had sharpened every one's faculties for stratagem and intrigue. She sent a faithful servant to scout about the mansion at Woodstock, who no sooner saw the prisoners dismissed and in safety, and ascertained the knight's destination for the evening, than he carried the news to his mistress, and by her orders attended Alice on horseback to join her father.

There was seldom, perhaps, an evening meal made in such absolute silence as by this embarrassed party, each occupied with their own thoughts, and at a loss how to fathom those of the others. At length the hour came when Alice felt herself at liberty to retire to repose after a day so fatiguing. Everard handed her to the door of her apartment, and was then himself about to take leave, when, to his surprise, his uncle asked him to return, pointed to a chair, and, giving him the King's letter to read, fixed his looks on him steadily during the perusal, determined that, if he could discover aught short of the utmost delight in the reading, the commands of the King himself should be disobeyed, rather than Alice should be sacrificed to one who received not her hand as the greatest blessing earth had to bestow. But the features of Everard indicated joyful hope, even beyond what the father could have anticipated, yet mingled with surprise; and when he raised his eye to the knight's with timidity and doubt, a smile was on Sir Henry's countenance as he broke silence. 'The King,' he said, 'had he no other subject in England, should dispose at will of those of the house of Lee. But methinks the family of Everard have not been so devoted of late to the crown as to comply with a mandate inviting its heir to marry the daughter of a beggar.'

'The daughter of Sir Henry Lee,' said Everard, kneeling to his uncle, and perforce kissing his hand, 'would grace the house of a duke.'

'The girl is well enough,' said the knight, proudly; 'for myself, my poverty shall neither shame nor encroach on my friends. Some few pieces I have by Doctor Rochecliffe's kindness, and Joceline and I will strike out something.'

'Nay, my dear uncle, you are richer than you think for,' said Everard. 'That part of your estate which my father

redeemed for payment of a moderate composition is still your own, and held by trustees in your name, myself being one of them. You are only our debtor for an advance of monies, for which, if it will content you, we will count with you like usurers. My father is incapable of profiting by making a bargain on his own account for the estate of a distressed friend; and all this you would have learned long since, but that you would not—I mean, time did not serve for explanation—I mean——

‘You mean I was too hot to hear reason, Mark, and I believe it is very true. But I think we understand each other *now*. To-morrow I go with my family to Kingston, where is an old house I may still call mine. Come thither at thy leisure, Mark,—or thy best speed, as thou wilt—but come with thy father’s consent.’

‘With my father in person,’ said Everard, ‘if you will permit.’

‘Be that,’ answered the knight, ‘as he and you will. I think Joceline will scarce shut the door in thy face, or Bevis growl as he did after poor Louis Kerneguy. Nay, no more raptures, but good-night, Mark—good-night; and if thou art not tired with the fatigue of yesterday—why, if you appear here at seven in the morning, I think we must bear with your company on the Kingston road.’

Once more Everard pressed the knight’s hand, caressed Bevis, who received his kindness graciously, and went home to dreams of happiness, which were realised, as far as this motley world permits, within a few months afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

My life was of a piece,
Spent in your service — dying at your feet.

Don Sebastian.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

After the marriage of Alice and Markham Everard, the old knight resided near them, in an ancient manor-house, belonging to the redeemed portion of his estate, where Joceline and Phoebe, now man and wife, with one or two domestics, regulated the affairs of his household. When he tired of Shakspeare and solitude, he was ever a welcome guest at his son-in-law's, where he went the more frequently that Markham had given up all concern in public affairs, disapproving of the forcible dismissal of the Parliament, and submitting to Cromwell's subsequent domination rather as that which was the lesser evil than as to a government which he regarded as legal. Cromwell seemed ever willing to show himself his friend; but Everard, resenting highly the proposal to deliver up the King, which he considered as an insult to his honour, never answered such advances, and became, on the contrary, of the opinion, which was now generally prevalent in the nation, that a settled government could not be obtained without the recall of the banished family. There is no doubt that the personal kindness which he had received from Charles rendered him the more readily disposed to such a measure. He was peremptory, however, in declining all engagements during Oliver's life, whose power he considered as too firmly fixed to be shaken by any plots which could be formed against it.

Meantime, Wildrake continued to be Everard's protected dependant as before, though sometimes the connexion tended

not a little to his inconvenience. That respectable person, indeed, while he remained stationary in his patron's house or that of the old knight, discharged many little duties in the family, and won Alice's heart by his attention to the children, teaching the boys, of whom they had three, to ride, fence, toss the pike, and many similar exercises; and, above all, filling up a great blank in her father's existence, with whom he played at chess and backgammon, or read Shakspeare, or was clerk to prayers when any sequestered divine ventured to read the service of the church; or he found game for him while the old gentleman continued to go a-sporting; and, especially, he talked over the storming of Brentford, and the battles of Edgehill, Banbury, Roundway Down, and others — themes which the aged Cavalier delighted in, but which he could not so well enter upon with Colonel Everard, who had gained his laurels in the Parliament service.

The assistance which he received from Wildrake's society became more necessary after Sir Henry was deprived of his gallant and only son, who was slain in the fatal battle of Dunkirk, where, unhappily, English colours were displayed on both the contending sides, the French being then allied with Oliver, who sent to their aid a body of auxiliaries, and the troops of the banished king fighting in behalf of the Spaniards. Sir Henry received the melancholy news like an old man — that is, with more external composure than could have been anticipated. He dwelt for weeks and months on the lines forwarded by the indefatigable Doctor Rochecliffe, superscribed in small letters 'C. R.,' and subscribed 'Louis Kerneguy,' in which the writer conjured him to endure this inestimable loss with the greater firmness that he had still left one son (intimating himself), who would always regard him as a father.

But in spite of this balsam, sorrow, acting imperceptibly, and sucking the blood like a vampire, seemed gradually drying up the springs of life; and, without any formed illness or outward complaint, the old man's strength and vigour gradually abated, and the ministry of Wildrake proved daily more indispensable.

It was not, however, always to be had. The Cavalier was one of those happy persons whom a strong constitution, an unreflecting mind, and exuberant spirits enable to play through their whole lives the part of a schoolboy — happy for the moment and careless of consequences. Once or twice every year, when he had collected a few pieces, the Cavaliero Wild-

rake made a start to London, where, as he described it, he went on the ramble, drank as much wine as he could come by, and led a 'skeldering' life, to use his own phrase, among roystering Cavaliers like himself, till by some rash speech or wild action he got into the Marshalsea, the Fleet, or some other prison, from which he was to be delivered at the expense of interest, money, and sometimes a little reputation.

At length Cromwell died, his son resigned the government, and the various changes which followed induced Everard, as well as many others, to adopt more active measures in the King's behalf. Everard even remitted considerable sums for his service, but with the utmost caution, and corresponding with no intermediate agent, but with the Chancellor himself, to whom he communicated much useful information upon public affairs. With all his prudence, he was very nearly engaged in the ineffectual rising of Booth and Middleton in the west, and with great difficulty escaped from the fatal consequences of that ill-timed attempt. After this, although the estate of the kingdom was trebly unsettled, yet no card seemed to turn up favourable to the Royal cause, until the movement of General Monk from Scotland. Even then, it was when at the point of complete success that the fortunes of Charles seemed at a lower ebb than ever, especially when intelligence had arrived at the little court which he then kept in Brussels that Monk, on arriving in London, had put himself under the orders of the Parliament.

It was at this time, and in the evening, while the King, Buckingham, Wilmot, and some other gallants of his wandering court were engaged in a convivial party, that the Chancellor (Clarendon) suddenly craved audience, and, entering with less ceremony than he would have done at another time, announced extraordinary news. For the messenger, he said, he could say nothing, saving that he appeared to have drunk much and slept little; but that he had brought a sure token of credence from a man for whose faith he would venture his life.

The King demanded to see the messenger himself.

A man entered, with something the manners of a gentleman, and more those of a rakehellly debauchee — his eyes swelled and inflamed, his gait disordered and stumbling, partly through lack of sleep, partly through the means he had taken to support his fatigue. He staggered without ceremony to the head of the table, seized the King's hand, which he mumbled like a piece of gingerbread; while Charles, who began to recollect

him from his mode of salutation, was not very much pleased that their meeting should have taken place before so many witnesses.

'I bring good news,' said the uncouth messenger — 'glorious news! The King shall enjoy his own again! My feet are beautiful on the mountains. Gad, I have lived with Presbyterians till I have caught their language; but we are all one man's children now — all your Majesty's poor babes. The Rump is all ruined in London. Bonfires flaming, music playing, rumps roasting, healths drinking, London in a blaze of light from the Strand to Rotherhithe, tankards clattering —'

'We can guess at that,' said the Duke of Buckingham.

'My old friend Mark Everard sent me off with the news — I'm a villain if I've slept since. Your Majesty recollects me, I am sure. Your Majesty remembers sa — sa — at the King's Oak at Woodstock?

O, we'll dance and sing and play,
For 't will be a joyous day
When the King shall enjoy his own again.'

'Master Wildrake, I remember you well,' said the King. 'I trust the good news is certain?'

'Certain! your Majesty; did I not hear the bells? did I not see the bonfires? did I not drink your Majesty's health so often that my legs would scarce carry me to the wharf? It is as certain as that I am poor Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Lincoln.'

The Duke of Buckingham here whispered to the King, 'I have always suspected your Majesty kept odd company during the escape from Worcester, but this seems a rare sample.'

'Why, pretty much like yourself and other company I have kept here so many years — as stout a heart, as empty a head,' said Charles, 'as much lace, though somewhat tarnished, as much brass on the brow, and nearly as much copper in the pocket.'

'I would your Majesty would entrust this messenger of good news with me, to get the truth out of him,' said Buckingham.

'Thank your Grace,' replied the King; 'but he has a will as well as yourself, and such seldom agree. My Lord Chancellor hath wisdom, and to that we must trust ourselves. Master Wildrake, you will go with my Lord Chancellor who will bring us a report of your tidings; meantime, I assure you that you

shall be no loser for being the first messenger of good news.' So saying, he gave a signal to the Chancellor to take away Wildrake, whom he judged, in his present humour, to be not unlikely to communicate some former passages at Woodstock which might rather entertain than edify the wits of his court.

Corroboration of the joyful intelligence soon arrived, and Wildrake was presented with a handsome gratuity and small pension, which, by the King's special desire, had no duty whatever attached to it.

Shortly afterwards, all England was engaged in chorusing his favourite ditty—

'O, the twenty-ninth of May,
It was a glorious day,
When the King did enjoy his own again.'

On that memorable day, the King prepared to make his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial as made him say gaily, 'It must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy.' On horseback, betwixt his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch trode slowly over roads strewn with flowers, by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry. There were the citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace.

On his progress through Blackheath he passed that army which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. As the King passed the last files of this formidable host, he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to gratulate him as he passed towards the capital.

There was one group, however, which attracted peculiar attention from those around, on account of the respect shown to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation; for

both the elder and younger gentlemen of the party had been distinguished in the Civil War. It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, 'God save King Charles!' His cheek was ashy pale and his long beard bleached like the thistle-down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that its vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grandchildren or asked a question of his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty, or of Colonel Everard, who stood behind. There, too, the stout yeoman, Joceline Joliffe, still in his silvan dress, leaned, like a second Benaiah, on the quarter-staff that had done the King good service in its day, and his wife, a buxom matron as she had been a pretty maiden, laughed at her own consequence, and ever and anon joined her shrill notes to the stentorian halloo which her husband added to the general exclamation.

Three fine boys and two pretty girls prattled around their grandfather, who made them such answers as suited their age, and repeatedly passed his withered hand over the fair locks of the little darlings, while Alice, assisted by Wildrake, blazing in a splendid dress, and his eyes washed with only a single cup of canary, took off the children's attention from time to time, lest they should weary their grandfather. We must not omit one other remarkable figure in the group — a gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, being perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old. But, though exhibiting the ruin only of his former appearance, his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic, hobbling gait, the noble hound had lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master. To lie by Sir Henry's feet in the summer or by the fire in winter, to raise his head to look on him, to lick his withered hand or his shrivelled cheek from time to time, seemed now all that Bevis lived for.

Three or four livery-servants attended to protect this group from the thronging multitude; but it needed not. The high respectability and unpretending simplicity of their appearance gave them, even in the eyes of the coarsest of the people, an air of patriarchal dignity which commanded general regard;

and they sat upon the bank which they had chosen for their station by the wayside as undisturbed as if they had been in their own park.

And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet, onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognised among the spectators, and the shouts of the bystanders applauded a courtesy which seemed so well timed. But when he had gazed 'an instant on the party we have described, it was impossible, if even Alice had been too much changed to be recognised, not instantly to know Bevis and his venerable master. The monarch sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations which rose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat, 'Bless,' he said, 'father — bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.'

'May God bless — and preserve —' muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings. And the King, to give him a few moments' repose, turned to Alice. 'And you,' he said, 'my fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask,' glancing round — 'in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king! Colonel Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall?' Here he nodded to Wildrake. 'And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarter-staff with one hand, sure? Thrust forward the other palm.'

Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the King, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the King filled with gold coins. 'Buy a head-gear for my friend Phoebe with some of these,' said Charles; 'she too has been doing her duty to Old England.'

The King then turned once more to the knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head towards him to catch his accents,

while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation : —

‘Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.’

Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured King said, speaking with unusual distinctness to ensure the old man’s comprehending him, ‘This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational that mischievous lad is become since his travels.’

So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man’s hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew, Sir Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat and muttered the *Nunc dimittis*.

‘Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords,’ said the King, as he mounted his horse. ‘Indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough to little purpose. Move on, sirs.’

The array moved on accordingly ; the sound of trumpets and drums again rose amid the acclamations, which had been silent while the King stopped ; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion was so splendidly dazzling that even Alice’s anxiety about her father’s health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some colour during his conversation with the King, had relapsed into earthy paleness ; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again ; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired in one exhilarating flash.

The rest must be conceived. I have only to add, that his faithful dog did not survive him many days ; and that the image of Bevis¹ lies carved at his master’s feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley.

¹ See Note 13.

APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

No. I

THE WOODSTOCK SCUFFLE

OR

MOST DREADFULL APARITIONS THAT WERE LATELY SEENE IN THE MANNOR-
HOUSE OF WOODSTOCK, NEERE OXFORD, TO THE GREAT TERROR AND
WONDERFULL AMAZEMENT OF ALL THERE THAT DID BEHOLD THEM.

[Printed in the yeere 1649. 4to.]

It were a wonder if one writes,
And not of wonders and strange sights ;
For ev'ry where such things affrights
Poore people,

That men are ev'n at their wits' end.
God judgments ev'ry where doth send,
And yet we don't our lives amend,
But tittle,

And sweare, and lie, and cheat, and —,
Because the world shall drown no more,
As if no judgments were in store
But water.

But by the stories which I tell,
You'll heare of terrors come from hell,
And fires, and shapes most terrible
For matter.

It is not long since that a child
Spake from the ground in a large field,
And made the people almost wild
That heard it,

Of which there is a printed book,
Wherein each man the truth may look ;
If children speak, the matter's took
For verdict.

But this is stranger than that voice,
The wonder's greater, and the noyse ;
And things appeare to men, not boyes,
At Woodstock ;

Where Rosamond had once a bower,
To keep her from Queen Elinour,
And had escap'd her poy's'nous power
By good luck.

But fate had otherwise decreed,
And Woodstock mannor saw a deed,
Which is in Hollinshed or Speed
Chro-nicled ;

But neither Hollinshed nor Stow,
Nor no historians such things shew,
Though in them wonders we well know
Are pickled ;

For nothing else is history
But pickle of antiquity,
Where things are kept in memory
From stincking,

Which otherwaies would have lain dead,
As in oblivion buried,
Which now you may call into head
With thinking.

The dreadfull story, which is true,
And now committed unto view,
By better pen, had it its due,
Should see light ;

But I, contented, doe indite,
Not things of wit, but things of right ;
You can't expect that things that fright
Should delight.

O hearken, therefore, harke and shake !
My very pen and hand doth quake,
While I the true relation make
O' th' wonder,

Which hath long time, and still appeares
Unto the state's Commissioners,
And puts them in their beds to feares
From under.

They came, good men, imploi'd by th'
state,
To sell the lands of Charles the late,
And there they lay, and long did waite
For chapmen.

You may have easy pen'worths, woods,
Lands, ven'son, householdstuf, and goods;
They little thought of dogs that wou'd
There snap men.

But when they 'd sup'd, and fully fed,
They set up remnants and to bed,
Where scarce they had laid down a head
To slumber,

But that their beds were heav'd on high;
They thought some dog under did lie,
And meant i' th' chamber (fie, fie, fie)
To scumber.

Some thought the cunning cur did mean
To eat their mutton (which was lean)
Reserv'd for breakfast, for the men
Were thrifty;

And up one rises in his shirt,
Intending the slie cur to hurt,
And forty thrusts made at him for 't,
Or fifty.

But empty came his sword again,
He found hee thrust but all in vain;
The mutton safe, hee went amain
To 's fellow.

And now (assured all was well)
The bed again began to swell,
The men were frighted, and did smell
O' th' yellow.

From heaving, now the cloaths it pluckt;
The men, for feare, together stuck,
And in their sweat each other duck't.
They wished

A thousand times that it were day.
'T is sure the divell! Let us pray.'
They pray'd amain; and, as they say,
So * *

Approach of day did cleere the doubt,
For all devotions were run out,
They now waxt strong and something
stout.

One peaked

Under the bed, but nought was there;
Hee view'd the chamber ev'ry where,
Nothing appear'd but what, for feare,
They leaked.

Their stomachs then return'd apace,
They found the mutton in the place,
And fell unto it with a grace.
They laughed

Each at the other's pannick feare,
And each his bedfellow did jeere,
And having sent for ale and beere,
They quaffed.

And then abroad the summons went,
Who 'll buy king's-land o' th' Parli'ment?
A paper-book contain'd the rent,
Which lay there;

That did contain the severall farmes,
Quit-rents, knight services, and armes;
But that they came not in by swarmes
To pay there.

Night doth invite to bed again.
The grand Commissioners were lain;
But then the thing did heave amain.
It busied,

And with great clamor fill'd their eares,
The noyse was doubled, and their feares;
Nothing was standing but their haire;,
They nuzled.

Oft were the blankets pul'd, the sheete
Was closely twin'd betwixt their feete;
It seems the spirit was discrete
And civill;

Which makes the poore Commissioners
Feare they shall get but small arrears,
And that there's yet for Cavaliers
One divell.

They cast about what best to doe;
Next day they would to wise men goe,
To neighb'ring towns som cours to know.
For schollars

Come not to Woodstock, as before,
And Allen 's dead as a nayle-doore,
And so 's old John, eclep'd the poore,
His follower.

Rake Oxford o're, there 's not a man
That rayse or lay a spirit can,
Or use the circle, or the wand,
Or conjure,

Or can say boh! unto a divell,
Or to a goose that is uncivill,
Nor where Keimbolton purg'd out evill,
'T is sin sure.

There were two villages hard by,
With teachers of presbytery,
Who knew the house was hidiously
Be-pestred.

But 'lasse! their new divinity
Is not so deep, or not so high;
Their witts doe (as their meanes did) lie
Sequestred.

But Master Joffman was the wight
Which was to exorcise the spright;
Hee 'll preach and pray you day and night
At pleasure.

And by that painfull gainfull trade,
He hath himselfe full wealthy made;
Great store of guilt he hath, 't is said,
And treasure.

But no intreaty of his friends
 Could get him to the house of fiends,
 Hee came not over for such ends
 From Dutch-land;

But worse divinity hee brought,
 And hath us reformation taught,
 And, with our money, he hath bought
 Him much land.

Had the old parsons preached still,
 The div'l should nev'r have had his wil;
 But those that had or art or skill
 Are outed,

And those to whom the pow'r was giv'n
 Of driving spirits are out-driv'n;
 Their colledges dispos'd, and livings,
 To groudheads.

There was a justice who did boast,
 Hee had as great a gift almost,
 Who did desire him to accost
 This evil;

But hee would not employ his gifts,
 But found out many sleights and shifts;
 Hee had no prayers, nor no snifts,
 For th' divell.

Some other way they cast about,
 These brought him in, they throw not out;
 A woman, great with child, will do 't;
 They got one.

And she i' th' room that night must lie;
 But when the thing about did fie,
 And broke the windows furiously,
 And hot one

Of the contractors o're the head,
 Who lay securely in his bed,
 The woman, shee-affrighted, fled,
 While they *

And now they lay the cause on her,
 That e're that night the thing did stir,
 Because her selfe and grandfather
 Were Papists;

They must be barnes-regenerate
 (A *Hans en kelder* of the state,
 Which was in reformation gatt),
 They said, which

Doth make the divell stand in awe,
 Pull in his hornes, his hoof, his claw;
 But having none, they did in draw
 A spay'd bitch.

But in the night there was such worke,
 The spirit swaggered like a Turke;
 The bitch had spi'd where it did lurke,
 And howled

In such a wofull manner, that
 Their very hearts went pit a pat;
 The pore spay'd bitch did not know what,
 And fouled

The stately rooms, where kings once lay;
 But the contractors shew'd the way.
 But mark what now I tell you, pray
 'Tis worth it.

That book I told you of before,
 Wherein were tenants written store,
 A register for many more
 Not forth yet;

That very book, as it did lie,
 Took of a flame, no mortall eye
 Seeing one jot of fire thereby,
 Or taper;

For all the candles about flew,
 And those that burned, burned blew,
 Never kept soldiers such a doe
 Or vaper.

The book thus burnt and none knew how,
 The poore contractors made a vow
 To worke no more; this spoil'd their plow
 In that place.

Some other part o' th' house they 'll find
 To which the devill hath no mind,
 But hee, it seems, is not inclin'd
 With that grace;

But other prancks it plaid elsewhere.
 An oake there was stood many a yeere,
 Of goodly growth as any where,
 Was hewn down,

Which into fewell-wood was cut,
 And some into a wood-pile put,
 But it was hurled all about
 And thrown down.

In sundry formes it doth appeare:
 Now like a grasping claw to teare,
 Now like a dog, anon a beare,
 It tumbles;

And all the windowes batter'd are,
 No man the quarter enter dare;
 All men (except the *glasier*)
 Doe grumble.

Once in the likenesse of a woman,
 Of stature much above the common,
 'T was seene, but spak a word to no man,
 And vanish'd.

'T is thought the ghost of some good wife
 Whose husband was depriv'd of life,
 Her children cheated, land in strife
 Shee banist.

No man can tell the cause of these
 So wondrous dreadfull outrages;
 Yet if upon your sinne you please
 To discant,

You 'le find our actions out-doe hell's.
 O wring your hands and cease the bells,
 Repentance must, or nothing else
 Appease can 't.

No. II

THE JUST DEVIL OF WOODSTOCK

OR

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL APPARITIONS, THE FRIGHTS AND PUNISHMENTS, INFLICTED UPON THE RUMPISH COMMISSIONERS SENT THITHER TO SURVEY THE MANNORS AND HOUSES BELONGING TO HIS MAJESTIE.

[London, printed in the year 1660. 4to.]

The names of the persons in the ensuing Narrative mentioned, with others :—

Captain COCKAINE.
Captain HART.
Captain CROOK.
Captain CARELESSE.
Captain ROE.

Mr. CROOK, the Lawyer.
Mr. BROWNE, the Surveyor.
Their three Servants.
Their Ordinary-keeper, and others.
The Gatekeeper, with the Wife and Servants.

Besides many more, who each night heard the noise, as Sir Gerrard Fleetwood and his lady, with his family; Mr. Hyans, with his family; and several others, who lodged in the outer courts; and during the three last nights, the inhabitants of Woodstock town and other neighbour villages.

And there were many more, both divines and others, who came out of the country, and from Oxford, to see the glass and stones and other stuffe the devil had brought, wherewith to beat out the Commissioners; the marks upon some walls remain, and many, this to testifie.

THE PREFACE TO THE ENSUING NARRATIVE

Since it hath pleased the Almighty God, out of His infinite mercy, so to make us happy, by restoring of our native king to us, and us unto our native liberty through him, that now the good may say, *magna temporum felicitas ubi sentire quæ velis, et dicere licet quæ sentias*, we cannot but esteem ourselves engaged, in the highest of degrees, to render unto Him the highest thanks we can express, although, surpris'd with joy, we become as lost in the performance, when gladness and admiration strikes us silent, as we look back upon the precipice of our late condition, and those miraculous deliverances beyond expression, freed from the slavery and those desperate perils we daily lived in fear of, during the tyrannicall times of that detestable usurper, Oliver Cromwel; he who had raked up such judges as would wrest the most innocent language into high treason, when he had the cruel conscience to take away our lives, upon no other ground of justice or reason (the stones of London streets would rise to witness it, if all their citizens were silent); and with these judges had such councillors as could advise him unto worse, which will less want of witness. For should the many auditors be silent, the press, as God would have it, hath given it us in print, where one of them, and his conscience-keeper, too, speaks out, 'What shall we do with these men?' saith he: *Æger intemperans crude-*

Idem facit medicum, et immedicabile vulnus ense recidendum. Who these men are that should be brought to such Sicilian Vespers, the former page sets forth—those which conceit *utopias*, and have their day-dreams of the return of I know not what golden age, with the old line. What usage, when such a privy councillor had power, could he expect, who then had published this narrative?¹ This, which so plainly shews the devil himself dislik't their doings (so much more bad were they then he would have them be), severer sure then was the devil to their Commissioners at Woodstock; for he warned them, with dreadful noises, to drive them from their work. This councillor, without more ado, would have all who retain'd conceits of allegiance to their sovereign to be absolutely cut off by the usurper's sword. A sad sentence for a loyal party to a lawfull king. But Heaven is always just; the party is reprim'd, and do acknowledge the hand of God in it, as is rightly applied, and as justly sensible of their deliverance, in that the foundation, which this councillor saith was already so well laid, is now turned up, and what he calls day-dreams are come to passe. That old line, which (as with him) there seem'd *aliquid divini* to the contrary, is now restored. And that rock which, as he saith, the prelates and all their adherents, nay, and their master and supporter, too, with all his posterity, have split themselves upon, is nowhere to be heard of. And that posterity are safely arrived in their ports, and masters of that mighty navy, their enemies so much encreased to keep them out with. The eldest sits upon the throne, his place by birthright and descent,

Pacatumque regit patriis virtutibus orbem;

upon which throne long may he sit, and reign in peace, that by his just government the enemies of ours, the true Protestant Church, of that glorious martyr, our late sovereign, and of his royal posterity, may be either absolutely converted or utterly confounded.

If any shall now ask the why this narrative was not sooner published, as neerer to the times wherein the things were acted, he hath the reason for it in the former lines; which will the more clearly appear unto his apprehension, if he shall perpend how much cruelty is requisite to the maintenance of rebellion, and how great care is necessary in the supporters, to obviate and divert the smallest things that tend to the unblinding of the people; so that it needs will follow that they must have accounted this amongst the great obstructions to their sales of his Majestie's lands, the devil not joyning with them in the security; and greater to the pulling down the royal pallaces, when their chapmen should conceit the devil would haunt them in their houses, for building with so ill got materials; as no doubt but that he hath; so numerous and confident are the relations made of the same, though scarce any so totally remarkeable as this (if it be not that others have been more conceal'd), in regard of the strange circumstances as long continuances, but especially the number of the persons together, to whom all things were so visibly both seen and done, so that surely it exceeds any other; for the devils thus manifesting themselves, it appears evidently that there are such things as devils to persecute the wicked in this world as in the next.

Now, if to these were added the diverse real phantasms seen at Whitehall in Cromwell's times, which caused him to keep such nightly guards in and about his bedchamber, and yet so oft to change his lodgings; if those things done at St. James, where the devil so joal'd the centinels against the sides of the queen's chappell doors, that some of them fell sick upon it, and, others not taking warning by it, kill'd one outright, whom they buried in the place, and all other such dreadful things, those that inhabited the royal houses have been affrighted with: and if to these were likewise added a re-

¹ Mr. Nathaniel Fines [Fiennes], his Speech before Oliver Cromwel and his two Houses of Parliament, the 20 of January 1657, he being Cromwel's Seal-keeper.

lation of all those regicides and their abettors the devil hath entred into, as he did the Gadarenes' swine, with so many more of them who hath fallen mad and dyed in hydeous forms of such distractions' — that which hath been of this within these 12 last years in England (should all of this nature our chronicles do tell, with all the superstitious monks have writ, be put together) would make the greater volume, and of more strange occurrents.

And now as to the penman of this narrative, know that he was a divine, and at the time of those things acted, which are here related, the minister and schoolmaster of Woodstock: a person learned and discreet, not byassed with factious humours, his name Widows, who each day put in writing what he heard from their mouthes, and such things as they told to have befallen them the night before, therein keeping to their own words: and, never thinking that what he had writ should happen to be made publick, gave it no better dress to set it forth. And because to do it now shall not be construed to change the story, the reader hath it here accordingly exposed.

THE JUST DEVILL OF WOODSTOCK

The 16 day of *October*, in the year of our Lord 1649, the Commissioners for surveying and valuing his Majestie's mannor house, parks, woods, deer, demesnes, and all things thereunto belonging, by name Captain Crook, Captain Hart, Captain Cockaine, Captain Carelesse, and Captain Roe, their messenger, with Mr. Brown, their secretary, and two or three servants, went from Woodstock town, where they had lain some nights before, and took up their lodgings in his Majestie's house after this manner: — The bed-chamber and withdrawing-room they both lodged in and made their kitchen, the presence-chamber their room for dispatch of their business with all commers, of the councill-hall their brew-house, as of the dining-room their wood-house, where they laid in the clefts of that antient standard in the High Park, for many ages beyond memory known by the name of the King's Oak, which they had chosen out, and caused to be dug up by the roots.

October 17. — About the middle of the night, these new guests were first awaked by a knocking at the presence-chamber door, which they also conceived did open, and something to enter, which came through the room, and also walkt through the withdrawing-room into the bedchamber, and there walkt about that room with a heavy step during half an hour, then crept under the bed where Captain Hart and Captain Carelesse lay, where it did seem (as it were) to bite and gnaw the mat and bed boards, as if it would tear and rend the feather beds; which having done a while, then would heave a while, and rest; then heave them up again in the bed more high than it did before, sometime on the one side, sometime on the other, as if it had tried which captain was heaviest. Thus having heaved some half an hour, from thence it walkt out and went under the servants' bed, and did the like to them; thence it walkt into a withdrawing-room, and there did the same to all who lodged there. Thus, having welcomed them for more than two hours' space, it walkt out as it came in, and shut the outer door again, but with a clap of some mightie force. These guests were in a sweat all this while, but out of it falling into a sleep again, it became morning first before they spake their minds; then would they have it to be a dog, yet they described it more to the likeness of a great bear; so fell to the examining under the beds, where, finding only the mats scracht, but the bed-boards whole, and the quarter of beef which lay on the floor untoucht, they entertained other thoughts.

October 18. — They were all awaked as the night before, and now conceived that they heard all the great clefts of the King's Oak brought into the presence-chamber, and there thumpt down, and after roul about the

¹ St. Matt. viii. 28 and St. Luke viii. 26.

room; they could hear their chairs and stools tost from one side of the room unto the other, and then (as it were) altogether jostled. Thus having done an hour together, it walkt into the withdrawing-room, where lodged the two captains, the secretary, and two servants; here stopt the thing a while, as if it did take breath, but raised a hideous one, then walkt into the bed-chamber, where lay those as before, and under the bed it went, where it did heave and heave again, that now they in bed were put to catch hold upon [the] bed-posts, and sometimes one of the other, to prevent their being tumbled out upon the ground; then coming out as from under the bed, and taking hold upon the bed-posts, it would shake the whole bed, almost as if a cradle rocked. Thus having done here for half an hour, it went into the withdrawing-room, where first it came and stood at the bed's feet, and heaving up the bed's feet, flopt down again a while, until at last it heaved the feet so high that those in bed thought to have been set upon their heads; and having thus for two hours entertained them, went out as in the night before, but with a great noise.

October 19.—This night they awaked not until the midst of the night; they perceived the room to shake with something that walkt about the bed-chamber, which having done so a while, it walkt into a withdrawing-room, where it took up a brasse warming-pan, and returning with it into the bed-chamber, therein made so loud a noise, in these captains' own words, it was as loud and scurvie as a ring of five untuned bells rung backward; but the captains, not to seem afraid, next day made mirth of what had past, and jested at the devil in the pan.

October 20.—These captains and their company, still lodging as before, were awakened in this night, with some things flying about the rooms, and out of one room into the other, as thrown with some great force. Captain Hart, being in a slumber, was taken by the shoulder and shaken until he did sit up in his bed, thinking that it had been one of his fellows, when suddenly he was taken on the pate with a trencher, that it made him shrink down into the bed-clothes, and all of them in both rooms kept their heads at least within their sheets, so fiercely did three dozen of trenchers fly about the rooms; yet Captain Hart ventured again to peep out to see what was the matter, and what it was that threw, but then the trenchers came so fast and neer about his ears, that he was fain quickly to couch again. In the morning they found all their trenchers, pots, and spits upon and about their beds, and all such things as were of common use scattered about the rooms. This night there was also, in several parts of the room and outer rooms, such noises of beating at doors and on the walls, as if that several smiths had been at work; and yet our captain[s] shrunk not from their work, but went on in that, and lodged as they had done before.

October 21st.—About midnight they heard great knocking at every door; after a while the doors flew open, and into the withdrawing-room entred something as of a mighty proportion, the figure of it they knew not how to describe. This walkt awhile about the room shaking the floor at every step, then came it up close to the bedside where lay Captain[s] Crook and Carelesse; and after a little pause, as it were, the bed-curtains, both at sides and feet, were drawn up and down slowly, then faster again for a quarter of an hour, then from end to end as fast as imagination can fandle the running of the rings, then shook it the beds, as if the joints thereof had crackt; then walkt the thing into the bedchamber, and so plaid with those beds there; then took up eight peuter dishes, and bouled them about the room and over the servants in the truckle-beds; then sometimes were the dishes taken up and thrown crosse the high beds and against the walls, and so much battered; but there were more dishes wherein was meat in the same room, that were not at all removed. During this, in the presence-chamber there was stranger noise of weightie things thrown down, and, as they supposed, the clefts of the King's Oak did roul about the room, yet at the wonted hour went away, and left them to take rest such as they could.

October 22. — Hath mist of being set down; the officers, employed in their work farther off, came not that day to Woodstock.

October 23. — Those that lodged in the withdrawing-room, in the midst of the night were awakened with the crackling of fire, as if it had been with thorns and sparks of fire burning, whereupon they supposed that the bed-chamber had taken fire, and hesitating to it farther, they heard their fellows in bed sadly groan, which gave them to suppose they might be suffocated; wherefore they called upon their servants to make all possible hast to help them. When the two servants were come in, they found all asleep, and so brought back word, but that there were no bedclothes upon them; wherefore they were sent back to cover them, and to stir up and mend the fire. When the servants had covered them and were come to the chimney, in the corners they found their wearing-apparel, boots, and stockings, but they had no sooner toucht the embers, when the firebrands flew about their ears so fast, that away ran they into the other room for the shelter of their coverlids; then after them walkt something that stampt about the room as if it had been exceeding angry, and likewise threw about the trenchers, platters, and all such things in the room; after two hours went out, yet stampt again over their heads.

October 24. — They lodged all abroad.

October 25. — This afternoon was come unto them Mr. Richard Crook the lawyer, brother to Captain Crook, and now deputy-steward of the manor unto Captain Parsons and Major Butler, who had put out Mr. Hyans, his Majestie's officer. To entertain this new guest, the Commissioners caused a very great fire to be made, of neer the chimney-fall of wood of the King's Oak, and he was lodged in the withdrawing-room with his brother, and his servant in the same room. About the midst of the night a wonderful knocking was heard, and into the room something did rush, which, coming to the chimney-side, dasht out the fire as with the stamp of some prodigious foot, then threw down such weighty stuffe, what ere it was (they took it to be the residue of the clefts and roots of the King's Oak), close by the bedside, that the house and bed shook with it. Captain Cockaine and his fellow arose, and took their swords to go unto the Crooks. The noise ceased at their rising, so that they came to the door and called. The two brothers, though fully awaked, and heard them call, were so amazed, that they made no answer until Captain Cockaine had recovered the boldness to call very loud, and came unto their bedside; then faintly first, after some more assurance, they came to understand one another, and comforted the lawyer. Whilst this was thus, no noise was heard, which made them think the time was past of that night's troubles, so that, after some little conference, they applied themselves to take some rest. When Captain Cockaine was come to his own bed, which he had left open, he found it closely covered, which he much wondered at; but turning the clothes down, and opening it to get in, he found the lower sheet strewed over with trenchers. Their whole three dozens of trenchers were orderly disposed between the sheets, which he and his fellow endeavouring to cast out, such noise arose about the room, that they were glad to get into bed with some of the trenchers. The noise lasted a full half-hour after this. This entertainment so ill did like the lawyer, and being not so well studied in the point as to resolve this the devil's law case, that he next day resolved to be gone; but having not dispatcht all that he came for, proffit and perswasions prevailed with him to stay the other hearing, so that he lodged as he did the night before.

October 26. — This night each room was better furnished with fire and candle then before; yet about twelve at night came something in that dasht all out, then did walk about the room, making a noise, not to be set forth by the comparison with any other thing; sometimes came it to the bed-sides and drew the curtains to and fro, then twerle them, then walk about again, and return to the bed-posts, shake them with all the bed, so that they in

bed were put to hold one upon the other, then walk about the room again, and come to the servants' bed, and gnaw and [scratch] the wainscot head, and shake altogether in that room; at the time of this being in doing, they in the bedchamber heard such strange dropping down from the roof of the room, that they supposed 't was like the fall of money by the sound. Captain Cockaine, not frightened with so small a noise (and lying near the chimney), stopt out, and made shift to light a candle, by the light of which he perceived the room strewed over with broken glass, green, and some as it were pieces of broken bottles; he had not long been considering what it was, when suddainly his candle was hit out, and glass flew about the room, that he made haste to the protection of the coverlets; the noise of thundering rose more hideous then at any time before; yet, at a certain time, all vanisht into calmness. The morning after was the glass about the room, which the maid that was to make clean the rooms swept up into a corner, and many came to see it. But Mr. Richard Crook would stay no longer, yet as he stopt, going through Woodstock town, he was there heard to say, that he would not lodge amongst them another night for a fee of £500.

October 27. — The Commissioners had not yet done their work, wherefore they must stay; and being all men of the sword, they must not seem afraid to encounter with anything, though it be the devill; therefore, with pistols charged, and drawn swords laied by their bedsides, they applied themselves to take some rest, when something in the midst of night so opened and shut the window casements with such claps, that it awakened all that slept; some of them peeping out to look what was the matter with the windows, stones flew about the rooms as if hurled with many hands; some hit the walls, and some the beds' heads close above the pillows, the dints of which were then, and yet (it is conceived) are to be seen, thus sometime throwing stones, and sometime making thundering noise, for two hours space. It ceast, and all was quiet till the morn. After their rising, and the maid come in to make the fire, they looked about the rooms; they found fourscore stones brought in that night, and going to lay them together in the corner where the glass (before mentioned) had been swept up, they found that every piece of glass had been carried away that night. Many people came next day to see the stones, and all observed that they were not of such kind of stones as are naturall in the countrey thereabout; with these were noise like claps of thunder, or report of cannon planted against the rooms, heard by all that lodged in the outer courts, to their astonishment and at Woodstock town, taken to be thunder.

October 28. — This night, both strange and differing noise from the former, first wakened Captain Hart, who lodged in the bedchamber, who, hearing Roe and Brown to groan, called out to Cockaine and Cocka [Crook] to come and help them, for Hart could not now stir himself; Cockaine would faine have answered, but he could not, or look about; something, he thought, stopt both his breath and held down his eyelids. Amazed thus, he struggles and kickt about, till he had awaked Captain Crook, who, half asleep, grew very angry at his kicks, and multiplied words. It grew to an appointment in the field; but this fully recovered Cockaine to remember that Captain Hart had called for help, wherefore to them he ran in the other room, whom he found sadly groaning, where, scraping in the chimney, he both found a candle and fire to light it; but had not gone two steps, when something blew the candle out, and threw him in the chair by the bedside, when presently cried out Captain Careless, with a most pittiful voice, 'Come hither — O come hither, brother Cockaine, the thing's gone of me.' Cockaine, scarce yet himself, helpt to set him up in his bed, and after Captain Hart, and having scarce done that to them, and also to the other two, they heard Captain Crook crying out, as if something had been killing him. Cockaine snatcht up the sword that lay by their bed, and ran into the room to save Crook, but was in much more likelihood to kill him, for at his coming, the thing that pressed Crook went of him, at which Crook started out of his

bed, whom Cockaine thought a spirit, made at him, at which Crook cried out, 'Lord help—Lord save me.' Cockaine let fall his hand, and Crook, embracing Cockaine, desired his reconciliation, giving him many thanks for his deliverance. Then rose they all and came together, discoursed sometimes godly and sometimes praied, for all this while was there such stamping over the roof of the house, as if 1000 horse had there been trotting; this night all the stones brought in the night before, and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all carried again away by that which brought them in, which at the wonted time left of, and, as it were, went out, and so away.

October 29.—Their businesse having now received so much forwardnesse as to be neer dispatcht, they encouraged one the other, and resolved to try further; therefore, they provided more lights and fires, and further, for their assistance, prevailed with their ordinary-keeper to lodge amongst them, and bring his mastive bitch; and it was so this night with them, that they had no disturbance at all.

October 30.—So well they had past the night before, that this night they went to bed confident and carelesse; untill about twelve of the clock, something knockt at the door as with a smith's great hammer, but with such force as if it had cleft the door; then ent'red something like a bear, but seem'd to swell more big, and walkt about the room, and out of one room into the other, treading so heavily, as the floare had not been strong enough to bear it. When it came into the bedchamber, it dasht against the beds' heads some kind of glass vessell, that broke in sundry pieces, and sometimes would take up those pieces and hurle them about the room, and into the other room; and when it did not hurle the glasse at their heads, it did strike upon the tables, as if many smiths, with their greatest hammers, had been laying on as upon an anvill; sometimes it thumpt against the walls as if it would beat a hole through; then upon their heads, such stamping, as if the roof of the house were beating down upon their heads; and having done thus, during the space (as was conjectured) of two hours, it ceased and vanished, but with a more fierce shutting of the doors then at any time before. In the morning they found the pieces of glass about the room, and observed that it was much differing from that glasse brought in three nights before, this being of a much thicker substance, which severall persons which came in carried away some pieces of. The Commissioners were in debate of lodging there no more; but all their businesse was not done, and some of them were so conceited as to believe, and to attribute the rest they enjoyed, the night before this last, unto the mastive bitch; wherefore, they resolved to get more company, and the mastive bitch, and try another night.

October 31.—This night, the fires and lights prepared, the ordinary-keeper and his bitch, with another man perswaded by him, they all took their beds and fell asleep. But about twelve at night, such rapping was on all sides of them, that it wakened all of them; as the doors did seem to open, the mastive bitch fell fearfully a-yelling, and presently ran fiercely into the bed to them in the truckle-bed; as the thing came by the table, it struck so fierce a blow on that, as that it made the frame to crack, then took the warming-pan from off the table, and stroke it against the walls with so much force as that it was beat flat together, lid and bottom. Now were they hit as they lay covered over head and ears within the bedclothes. Captain Careless was taken a sound blow on the head with the shoulder-blade bone of a dead horse (before they had been but thrown at, when they peept up, and mist); Brown had a shrewd blow on the leg with the back-bone, and another on the head; and every one of them felt severall blows of bones and stones through the bedclothes, for now these things were thrown as from an angry hand that meant further mischief; the stones flew in at window as shot out of a gun, nor was the bursts lesse (as from without) then of a cannon, and all the windows broken down. Now as the hurling of the things did cease, and the thing walkt up and down, Captain Cockaine and Hart cried out, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what

are you? What would you have? What have we done that you disturb us thus?' No voice replied, as the captains said, yet some of their servants have said otherwise, and the noise ceased. Hereupon Captain Hart and Cockain rose, who lay in the bedchamber, renewed the fire and lights, and one great candle, in a candlestick, they placed in the door, that might be seen by them in both the rooms. No sooner were they got to bed, but the noise arose on all sides more loud and hideous than at any time before, inasmuch as (to use the captains' own words) it returned and brought seven devils worse than itself; and presently they saw the candle and candlestick in the passage of the door dash up to the roof of the room by a kick of the hinder parts of a horse, and after with the hoof trode out the snuffe, and so dash out the fire in the chimnies. As this was done, there fell, as from the sieging, upon them in the truckle-beds, such quantities of water, as if it had been poured out of buckets, which stunk worse than any earthly stink could make; and as this was in doing, something crept under the high beds, tost them up to the roof of the house, with the Commissioners in them, until the testers of the beds were beaten down upon them, and the bedstead-frames broke under them; and here some pause being made, they all, as if with one consent, started up, and ran down the stairs until they came into the Council Hall, where two sate up a-brewing, but now were fallen asleep; those they scared much with wakening of them, having been much perplexed before with the strange noise, which commonly was taken by them abroad for thunder, sometimes for rumbling wind. Here the Captains and their company got fire and candle, and every one carrying something of either, they returned into the presence chamber, where some applied themselves to make the fire, whilst others fell to prayers, and having got some clothes about them, they spent the residue of the night in singing psalms and prayers; during which, no noise was in that room, but most hideously round about, as at some distance.

It should have been told before, how that, when Captain Hart first rose this night (who lay in the bedchamber next the fire), he found their book of valuations crosse the embers smoking, which he snatched up and cast upon the table there, which the night before was left upon the table in the presence amongst their other papers. This book was in the morning found a handful burnt, and had burnt the table where it lay; Brown, the clerk, said, he would not for a £100 and a £100 that it had been burnt a handful further.

This night it happened that there were six cony-stealers, who were come with their nets and ferrets to the cony-burrows by Rosamond's Well; but with the noise this night from the mannor-house, they were so terrified, that like men distracted away they ran, and left their haies all ready pitched, ready up, and the ferrets in the cony-burrows.

Now the Commissioners, more sensible of their danger, considered more seriously of their safety, and agreed to go and confer with Mr. Hoffman, the minister of Wotton (a man not of the meanest note for life or learning, by some esteemed more high), to desire his advice, together with his company and prayers. Mr. Hoffman held it too high a point to resolve on suddenly and by himself, wherefore desired time to consider upon it, which being agreed unto, he forthwith rode to Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Wheat, the two next justices of peace, to try what warrant they could give him for it. They both (as 't is said from themselves) encouraged him to be assisting to the Commissioners, according to his calling.

But certain it is that, when they came to fetch him to go with them, Mr. Hoffman answered, that he would not lodge there one night for £500, and being asked to pray with them, he held up his hands and said, that he would not meddle upon any terms.¹

Mr. Hoffman refusing to undertake the quarrel, the Commissioners held

¹ By which is to be noted, that a Presbyterian minister dares not encounter an Independent devil. *Original marginal note.*

it not safe to lodge where they had been thus entertained any longer, but caused all things to be removed into the chambers over the gatehouse, where they staid but one night, and what rest they enjoyed there, we have but an uncertain relation of, for they went away early the next morning. But if it may be held fit to set down what hath been delivered by the report of others, they were also the same night much affrighted with dreadful apparitions, but observing that these passages spread much in discourse, to be also in particulars taken notice of, and that the nature of it made not for their cause, they agreed to the concealing of things for the future; yet this is well-known and certain, that the gate-keeper's wife was in so strange an agony in her bed, and in her bedchamber such noise (whilst her husband was above with the Commissioners), that two maids in the next room to her durst not venture to assist her, but affrighted ran out to call company, and their master, and found the woman (at their coming in) gasping for breath; and the next day said, that she saw and suffered that which for all the world she would not be hired to again.

From Woodstock the Commissioners removed unto Euclme, and some of them returned to Woodstock the Sunday se'nnight after (the book of valuations wanting something that was for haste left imperfect), but lodged not in any of those rooms where they had lain before, and yet were not unvisited (as they confess themselves) by the dévill, whom they called their nightly guest. Captain Crook came not untill Tuesday night, and how he sped that night the gate-keeper's wife can tell if she dareth, but what she hath whispered to her gossips shall not be made a part of this our narrative, nor many more particulars which have fallen from the Commissioners themselves and their servants to other persons. They are all or most of them alive, and may add to it when they please, and surely have not a better way to be revenged of him who troubled them, then according to the proverb, tell truth and shame the devill.

There remains this observation to be added, that on a Wednesday morning all these officers went away; and that since them diverse persons of severall qualities have lodged often and sometimes long in the same rooms, both in the presence, withdrawing-room, and bedchamber belonging unto his sacred Majesty; yet none have had the least disturbance, or heard the smallest noise, for which the cause was not as ordinary as apparent, except the Commissioners and their company, who came in order to the alienating and pulling down the house, which is wellnigh performed.

A SHORT SURVEY OF WOODSTOCK, NOT TAKEN BY ANY OF THE BEFORE-MENTIONED COMMISSIONERS¹

The noble seat called Woodstock is one of the ancient honours belonging to the crown. Severall mannors owe suite and service to the place; but the custom of the country giving it but the title of a mannor, we shall erre with them to be the better understood.

The mannor-house hath been a large fabrick, and accounted amongst his Majestie's standing houses, because there was alwaies kept a standing furniture. This great house was built by King Henry the First, but amplyfied with the gate-house and outsides of the outer court by King Henry the Seventh, the stables by King James.

About a bow-shoot from the gate south-west remain foundation signs of that structure erected by King Henry the Second for the security of Lady Rosamond, daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, which some poets have compared to the Dedalian labyrinth, but the form and circuit both of the place and ruins shew it to have been a house and of one pile, perhaps of strength, according to the fashion of those times; and probably was fitted with secret places of recess, and avenews to hide or convey away such persons as were

¹ This survey of Woodstock is appended to the preceding pamphlet.

not willing to be found if narrowly sought after. About the midst of the place ariseth a spring, called at present Rosamond's Well; it is but shallow, and shews to have been paved and walled about, likely contrived for the use of them within the house, when it should be of danger to go out.

A quarter of a mile distant from the king's house is seated Woodstock town, new and old. This new Woodstock did arise by some buildings which Henry the Second gave leave to be erected (as received by tradition) at the suite of the Lady Rosamond, for the use of out-servants upon the wastes of the manor of Bladon, where is the mother church; this is a hamlet belonging to it, though encreased to a market-town by the advantage of the court residing sometime near, which of late years they have been sensible of the want of; this town was made a corporation in the 11 year of Henry the Sixth, by charter, with power to send two burgesses to parliament or not, as they will themselves.

Old Woodstock is seated on the west side of the brook named Glyme, which also runneth through the park; the town consists not of above four or five houses, but it is to be conceived that it hath been much larger, but very anciently so, for in some old law historians there is mention of the assize at Woodstock, for a law made in a micelgemote (the name of parliaments before the coming of the Norman) in the days of King Ethelred.

And in like manner, that thereabout was a king's house, if not in the same place where Henry the First built the late standing pile before his; for in such days those great counsels were commonly held in the king's pallaces. Some of those lands have belonged to the orders of the Knights Templers, there being records which call them *terras quas rex excambiavit cum Templariis*.

But now this late large manor-house is in a manner almost turned into heaps of rubbish; some seven or eight rooms left for the accommodation of a tenant that should rent the king's meadows (of those who had no power to let them), with several high uncovered walls standing, the prodigious spectacles of malice unto monarchy, which ruins still bear semblance of their state, and yet aspire, in spite of envy or of weather, to shew, what kings do build, subjects may sometimes shake, but utterly can never overthrow.

That part of the park called the High Park hath been lately subdivided by Sir Arthur Haselrig, to make pastures for his breed of colts, and other parts plowed up. Of the whole saith Roffus Warwicensis, in MS. *Hen. I.*, p. 122, *Fecit iste rex parcum de Woodstock, cum palatio infra prædictum parcum, qui parcus erat primus parcus Angliæ, et continet in circuitu septem miliaria; constructus erat anno 14 hujus regis, aut parum post*. Without the park the king's demesne woods were, it cannot well be said now are, the timber being all sold off, and underwoods so cropt and spoiled by that beast the Lord Munson, and other greedy cattel, that they are hardly recoverable. Beyond which lieth Stonefield, and other manors that hold of Woodstock, with other woods, that have been aliened by former kings, but with reservation of liberty for his Majestie's deer, and other beasts of forrest, to harbour in at pleasure, as in due place is to be shewed.

No. III

[THE following extract from a letter is docketed by the Author 'to be inserted as an illustration of *Woodstock*.' It does not seem to have been included in any of the editions previous to that of 1871; but has been invariably printed since.]

OXFORD, Sept. 3.

Having got sight of a letter concerning the sickness and death of old Mr. Lenthal from a person of known worth and integrity, I could not

conceal it from you, being, as I conceive, of publick concern, which letter was as followeth :—

Sir—When I came to his presence he told me ‘he was very glad to see me, for he had two great works to do, and I must assist him in both: to fit his body for the earth, and his soul for heaven,’ to which purpose he desired me to pray with him. I told him the Church had appointed an office at the visitation of the sick, and I must use that. He said, ‘Yes, he chiefly desired the prayers of the Church,’ wherein he joined with a great fervency and devotion. After prayers he desired absolution. I told him I was very ready and willing to pronounce it, but he must first come to Christian contrition for the sins and failings of his life. ‘Well, sir,’ said he, ‘then instruct me to my duty.’

I desired him to examine his life by the ten commandments, and wherein he found his failings to fly to the gospel for mercy. Then I read the ten commandments in order to him, mentioning the principal sins against each commandment. To pass by other things (under the seal of this office), when I came to the fifth commandment, and remembered him that disobedience, rebellion, and schism were the great sins against this commandment—‘Yes, sir,’ he said, ‘there’s my trouble, my disobedience, not against my natural parents, but against the *pater patriæ*, our deceased sovereign. I confess with Saul [Paul] I held their clothes whilst they murdered him, but herein I was not so criminal as Saul was, for God Thou knowest I never consented to his death. I ever prayed and endeavoured what I could against it, but I did too much, Almighty God forgive me.’

I then desired him to deal freely and openly in that business, and if he knew any of those villains that plotted or contrived that horrid murder which were not yet detected, now to discover ‘em. He answered, ‘He was a stranger to that business, his soul never entered into that secret, but what concerns myself,’ said he, ‘I will confess freely. Three things are especially laid to my charge, wherein I am indeed too guilty: that I went from the Parliament to the army, that I proposed the bloody question for trying the King, and that I sat after the King’s death. To the first I may give this in answer, that Cromwell and his agents deceived a wiser man than myself, that excellent King, and then might well deceive me also, and so they did. I knew the Presbyterians would never restore the King to his just rights; these men swore they would.’

‘For the second no excuse can be made; but I have the King’s pardon, and I hope Almighty God will grant me His mercy also. Yet, sir,’ said he, ‘even then, when I put the question, I hoped the very putting the question would have cleared him, because I believed four for one were against it; but they deceived me also.’

‘To the third I make this candid confession, that ‘twas my own baseness, and cowardice and unworthy fear to submit my life and estate to the mercy of those men that murdered the King, that hurried me on against my own conscience to act with them. Yet then I thought I might do some good and hinder some ill. Something I did for the church and universities, something for the King when I broke the oath of abjuration, as that Sir O— B— and yourself knows, something also for his return, as my L. G., and Mr. J— T—, and yourself know, but the ill I did overweighed the little good I would have done. God forgive me for this also.’

After this I remembered him that the Fathers of the Church also had been barbarously murdered and ruined, and asked whether he had any hand or gave any consent therein. He answered, ‘None; for he always did believe that was the primitive and best government of the church,’ and said he died a dutiful son of the Church of England as it was established before these times; for he had not yet seen the alteration of the liturgy.

After this office, wherein he indeed showed himself a very hearty penitent, he again desired the absolution of the church, which I then pronounced, and which he received with much content and satisfaction; for, says he, ‘Now—now indeed do I feel the joy and benefit of that office which Christ hath left in His church.’ Then praying for the King, that he might long and happily reign over us, and for the peace of the church, he again desired prayers. The next day he received the sacrament, and after that work I desired him to express himself to Dr. Dickenson, a learned physician, Fellow of Merton College, who received the sacrament with him, concerning the King’s death, because he had only done it to me in confession; which he did to the same effect as he had spake to me. The rest of his time was spent in devotion and penitential meditations to his last.

‘T were vain to add one word to this letter, yet who can but observe that September the 3d, the day of renowned Montrose’s banishment, of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and of that monster Oliver Cromwell’s death, was also the day when Master Lenthall, Speaker of that long and fatal Parliament, ended his life; the candour and manner of whose departure such as were members (if yet there be any rumps of that rump) will do well to imitate.

NOTES TO WOODSTOCK

NOTE 1.—JOHN'S CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, p. 1

LITTLE remains now of this ancient church, it being rebuilt in 1785, except on the southern side, where a portion of the old structure, with a Norman doorway, is still preserved (*Laing*).

NOTE 2.—VINDICATION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, p. 8

The author of this singular and rare tract indulges in the allegorical style, till he fairly hunts down the allegory.

But as for what you call porridge, who hatched the name I know not, neither is it worth the enquiring after, for I hold porridge good food. It is better to a sick man than meat, for a sick man will sooner eat pottage than meat. Pottage will digest with him when meat will not: pottage will nourish the blood, fill the veins, run into every part of a man, make him warmer; so will these prayers do, set our soul and body in a heat, warm our devotion, work fervency in us, lift up our soul to God. For there be herbs of God's own planting in our pottage as you call it—the Ten Commandments, dainty herbs to season any pottage in the world: there is the Lord's Prayer, and that is a most sweet pot-herb cannot be denied; then there is also David's herbs, his prayers and psalms, helps to make our pottage relish well; the psalm of the blessed Virgin, a good pot-herb. Though they be, as some term them, *cock-crowed* pottage, yet they are as sweet, as good, as dainty, and as fresh as they were at the first. The sun hath not made them sour with its heat, neither hath the cold water taken away their vigour and strength. Compare them with the Scriptures, and see if they be not as well seasoned and crumbed. If you find anything in them that is either too salt, too fresh, or too bitter, that herb shall be taken out and better put in, if it can be got, or none. And as in kitchen pottage there are many good herbs, so there is likewise in this church pottage, as you call it. For first, there is in kitchen pottage good water to make them; so, on the contrary, in the other pottage there is the water of life. 2. There is salt to season them; so in the other is a prayer of grace to season their hearts. 3. There is oatmeal to nourish the body; in the other is the bread of life. 4. There is thyme in them to relish them, and it is very wholesome; in the other is the wholesome exhortation not to harden our heart while it is called to-day. This relisheth well. 5. There is a small onion to give a taste; in the other is a good herb, called Lord have mercy on us. These and many other holy herbs are contained in it, all boiling in the heart of man, will make as good pottage as the world can afford, especially if you use these herbs for digestion—the herb repentance, the herb grace, the herb faith, the herb love, the herb hope, the herb good works, the herb piety, the herb zeal, the herb fervency, the herb ardency, the herb constancy, with many more of this nature, most excellent for digestion.

Ohe! jam satis. In this manner the learned divine hunts his metaphor at a very cold scent, through a pamphlet of six mortal quarto pages.

NOTE 3. — RERE-SUPPERS, p. 183

Rere-suppers (*quasi arrière*) belonged to a species of luxury introduced in the jolly days of King James's extravagance, and continued through the subsequent reign. The supper took place at an early hour, six or seven o'clock at latest; the rere-supper was a postliminary banquet—a *hors d'œuvre*, which made his appearance at ten or eleven, and served as an apology for prolonging the entertainment till midnight.

NOTE 4. — DR. MICHAEL HUDSON, p. 201

Michael Hudson, the 'plain-dealing' chaplain of King Charles I., resembled, in his loyalty to that unfortunate monarch, the fictitious character of Doctor Rochecliffe; and the circumstances of his death were copied in the narrative of the Presbyterian's account of the slaughter of his schoolfellow. He was chosen by Charles I., along with John Ashburnham, as his guide and attendant, when he adopted the ill-advised resolution of surrendering his person to the Scots army.

He was taken prisoner by the Parliament, remained long in their custody, and was treated with great severity. He made his escape for about a year [two months] in 1647, was retaken, and again escaped in 1648; and, heading an insurrection of Cavaliers, seized on a strong mounted house in Lincolnshire [Northamptonshire], called Woodford [Woodcroft] House. He gained the place without resistance; and there are among Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa* several accounts of his death, among which we shall transcribe that of Bishop Kenneth, as the most correct and concise:

'I have been on the spot,' saith his lordship, 'and made all possible enquiries, and find that the relation given by Mr. Wood may be a little rectified and supplied.

'Mr. Hudson and his beaten party did not fly to Woodcroft, but had quietly taken possession of it, and held it for a garrison, with a good party of horse, who made a stout defence, and frequent sallies, against a party of the Parliament at Stanford, till the colonel commanding there sent a stronger detachment, under a captain, his own kinsman, who was shot from the house, upon which the colonel himself came up to renew the attack, and demand surrender, and brought them to capitulate upon terms of safe quarter. But the colonel, in base revenge, commanded they should not spare that rogue Hudson. Upon which Hudson fought his way up to the leads; and when he saw they were pushing in upon him, threw himself over the battlements [another account says he caught hold of a spout or outstone], and hung by the hands as intending to fall into the moat beneath, till they cut off his wrists and let him drop, and then ran down to hunt him in the water, where they found him paddling with his stumps, and barbarously knocked him on the head.' — Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Book ix.

Other accounts mention he was refused the poor charity of coming to die on land, by one Egborough, servant to Mr. Spinks, the intruder into the parsonage. A man called Walker, a chandler or grocer, cut out the tongue of the unfortunate divine, and showed it as a trophy through the country. But it was remarked, with vindictive satisfaction, that Egborough was killed by the bursting of his own gun; and that Walker, obliged to abandon his trade through poverty, became a scorned mendicant.

For some time a grave was not vouchsafed to the remains of this brave and loyal divine, till one of the other party said, 'Since he is dead, let him be buried.'

NOTE 5. — CANNIBALISM IMPUTED TO THE CAVALIERS, p. 244

The terrors preceding the civil wars, which agitated the public mind, rendered the grossest and most exaggerated falsehoods current among the people. When Charles I. appointed Sir Thomas Lunsford to the situation of Lord Lieutenant of the Tower, the celebrated John Lillburn takes to

himself the credit of exciting the public hatred against this officer and Lord Digby, as pitiless bravoos of the most bloody-minded description, from whom the people were to expect nothing but bloodshed and massacre. Of Sir Thomas Lunsford, in particular, it was reported that his favourite food was the flesh of children, and he was painted like an ogre in the act of cutting a child into steaks and broiling them. The colonel fell at the siege of Bristol in 1643, but the same calumny pursued his remains, and the credulous multitude were told,

The post who came from Coventry,
Riding in a red rocket,
Did tidings tell how Lunsford fell,
A child's hand in his pocket.

Many allusions to this report, as well as to the credulity of those who believed it, may be found in the satires and lampoons of the time, although, says Dr. Grey, Lunsford was a man of great sobriety, industry, and courage. Butler says, that the preachers

Made children with their lives to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

But this extraordinary report is chiefly insisted upon in a comedy called *The Old Troop*, written by John Lacy, the comedian. The scene is laid during the civil wars of England, and the persons of the drama are chiefly those who were in arms for the King. They are represented as plundering the country without mercy, which Lacy might draw from the life, having, in fact, begun his career as a lieutenant of cavalry, in the service of Charles I. The troopers find the peasants loth to surrender to them their provisions, on which, in order to compel them, they pretend to be in earnest in the purpose of eating the children. A scene of coarse but humorous comedy is then introduced, which Dean Swift had not, perhaps, forgotten, when he recommended the eating of the children of the poor as a mode of relieving the distresses of their parents.

Lieutenant. Second me, and I'll make them bring out all they have, I warrant you. Do but talk as if we used to eat children. . . . Why, look you, good woman, we do believe you are poor, so we'll make a shift with our old diet; you have children in the town?

Woman. Why do you ask, sir?

Lieutenant. Only have two or three to supper. Flea-flint, you have the best way of cooking children.

Flea-flint. I can powder them to make you taste your liquor. I am never without a dried child's tongue or ham.

Woman. O! bless me!

Flea-flint. Mine's but the ordinary way; but Ferret-farm is the man; he makes you the savouriest pie of a child chaldron that ever was eat.

Lieutenant. A plague! all the world cannot cook a child like Mr. Raggou [a French cook or messman to the troop, and the buffoon of the piece].

Raggou. Begar me tink so; for vat was me bred in de King of Mogul's kitchen for? Tere ve kill twenty shild of a day. Take you one shild by both his two heels, and put his head between your two leg, den take your grent a knife and slice off all de buttock, — so fashion; begar, that make a de best Scots collop in de varle.

Lieutenant. Ah, he makes the best pottage of a child's head and purtenance; but you must boil it with bacon. Woman, you must get bacon.

Ford. And then it must be very young.

Lieutenant. Yes, yes. Good woman, it must be a fine squab child, of half a year old — a man child, dost hear?

Woman. O Lord — yes, sir! — *The Old Troop*, Act iii.

After a good deal more to this purpose, the villagers determine to carry forth their sheep, poultry, etc., to save their children. In the meantime, the Cavaliers are in some danger of being cross-bit, as they then called it; that is, caught in their own snare. A woman enters, who announces herself thus: —

Nurse. By your leaves, your good worships, I have made bold to bring you in some provisions?

Ferret. Provisions! where, where is thy provisions?

Nurse. Here, an't please you, I have brought you a couple of fine fleshy children.

Cornet. Was ever such a horrid woman! what shall we do?

Nurse. Truly, gentlemen, they are fine squab children: shall I turn them up? They have the bravest brawny buttocks.

Lieutenant. No, no; but, woman, art thou not troubled to part with thy children?

Nurse. Alas, they are none of mine, sir, they are but nurse children. . . .

Lieutenant. What a beast is this!—whose children are they?

Nurse. A Londoner's that owes me for a year's nursing; I hope they'll prove excellent meat; they are twins too.

Raggou. Aha, but! but begar we never eat no twin shild, de law forbid that.—
(Act iv.)

In this manner the Cavaliers escape from the embarrassing consequences of their own stratagem, which, as the reader will perceive, has been made use of in chapter xx.

NOTE 6. — WILL D'AVENANT AND SHAKSPEARE, p. 302

This gossiping tale is to be found in the *Variorum Shakspeare*. D'Avenant did not much mind throwing out hints in which he sacrificed his mother's character to his desire of being held a descendant from the admirable Shakspeare.

NOTE 7. — 'BESIDES, BY ALL THE VILLAGE BOYS, p. 302

We observe this couplet in Fielding's farce of *Tumble-down-Dick*, founded on the same classical story. As it was current in the time of the Commonwealth, it must have reached the author of *Tom Jones* by tradition; for no one will suspect the present author of making the anachronism.

NOTE 8. — DR. ROCHECLIFFE'S QUOTATIONS, p. 348

The quotations of the learned doctor and antiquary were often left uninterpreted, though seldom uncommunicated, owing to his contempt for those who did not understand the learned languages, and his dislike to the labour of translation, for the benefit of ladies and of country gentlemen. That fair readers and rural thanes may not on this occasion burst in ignorance, we add the meaning of the passage in the text—'Virtue requires the aid of a governor and a director; vices are learned without a teacher.'

NOTE 9. — THE FAMILISTS, p. 354

The Familists were originally founded by David George of Delft, an enthusiast, who believed himself the Messiah. They branched off into various sects of Grindletonians, Familists of the Mountains, of the Valleys, Familists of Cape Order, etc. etc., of the Scattered Flock, etc. etc. Among doctrines too wild and foul to be quoted, they held the lawfulness of occasional conformity with any predominant sect when it suited their convenience, of complying with the order of any magistrate, or superior power, however sinful. They disowned the principal doctrines of Christianity, as a law which had been superseded by the advent of David George; nay, obeyed the wildest and loosest dictates of evil passions, and are said to have practised among themselves the grossest libertinism. See Edwards's *Gangrana*, Pagitt's *Heresiography*, and a very curious work written by Ludovic Claxton, one of the leaders of the sect, called the *Lost Sheep Pound*, small quarto, London, 1660.

NOTE 10. — PATRICK CAREY, p. 380

'You do not know Patrick Carey,' says King Charles in the novel; and, what is more singular, Patrick Carey has had two editors, each unknown alike to the other, except by name only. In 1771, Mr. John Murray published Carey's *Poems*, from a collection said to be in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Pierrepont Crimp [Crompton]. A very probable conjecture is stated, that the author was only known to private friendship. As late as 1819, the Author of *Waverley*, ignorant of the edition of 1771, published a second quarto from an elaborate manuscript, though in bad order, apparently the autograph of the poet. Of Carey, the second editor, like the first, only knew the name and the spirit of the verses. He has since been enabled to ascertain that the poetic Cavalier was a younger brother of the celebrated Henry Lord Carey, who fell at the battle of Newbury, and escaped the researches of Horace Walpole, to whose list of noble authors he would have been an important addition. So completely has the fame of the great Lord Falkland eclipsed that of his brothers, that this brother Patrick has been overlooked even by genealogists.

NOTE 11. — SIGNAL OF DANGER, p. 390

On a particular occasion, a lady, suspecting, by the passage of a body of guards through her estate, that the arrest of her neighbour, Patrick Home of Polwarth, afterwards first Earl of Marchmont, was designed, sent him a feather by a shepherd boy, whom she dared not trust with a more explicit message. Danger sharpens the intellect, and this hint was the commencement of those romantic adventures which gave Grizzel Lady Murray the materials from which she compiled her account of her grandfather's escape, published by Mr. Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Register of Scotland. The anecdote of the feather does not occur there, but the Author has often heard it from the late Lady Diana Scott, the lineal descendant and representative of Patrick Earl of Marchmont.

NOTE 12. — TREDAGH, p. 433

Tredagh, or Drogheda, was taken by Cromwell in 1649, by storm, and the governor and whole garrison put to the sword.

NOTE 13. — BEVIS, p. 462

It may interest some readers to know, that Bevis, the gallant hound, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient Highland deer-hounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late Chief of Glen-garry to the Author. A beautiful sketch of him was made by Edwin Landseer, and afterwards engraved. I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity when I mention, that a friend, going through Munich, picked up a common snuff-box, such as are sold for one franc, on which was displayed the form of this veteran favourite, simply marked as 'Der Lieblingshund von Walter Scott.' Mr. Landseer's painting is at Blair-Adam, the property of my venerable friend, the Right Honourable Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.



GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

ACCORD, harmony
ACHOR, VALLEY OF (p. 435).
See JOSHUA vii.

ACTUM ATQUE TRACTATUM,
done and treated of

ADJUTATOR, a misconception
for AGITATOR, a
soldier of the Parliamen-
tary forces chosen by his
comrades to look after
their common interests

ADUST, looking as if burned
or scorched

ALGER INTemperans, etc.
(p. 467), an intractable
patient makes the doctor
cruel, and a wound that
will not heal must be cut
out with the knife

AM, to prevent, hinder

A LA MORT, all melancholy,
despondent

ALERT, ALERTE, AN, an
alarm, surprise, sudden
attack

ALICANT, a strong, sweet
Spanish wine, made at
Alicante

ALQUID DIVINI, something of
the divine about it

ALLEN, THOMAS, mathe-
matician (1542-1632),
regarded by the vulgar as
a magician

ALLEYN, EDWARD, actor
(1566-1626), and founder of
Dulwich College, London

AMBAGITORY, circumlocu-
tory

ANDREW FERRARA, a Scot-
tish broadsword

APELLES, a famous painter
of ancient Greece (Asia
Minor)

AREOPAGUS, a court of
ancient Athens, which

safeguarded the purity of
religious faith

ARGALUS. *See* footnote on
p. 51 above

'AS GENTLE AND AS JOVUND,'
etc. (p. 415), *from* Richard
II., Act i. sc. 3

ASTON, SIR JACOB, more
probably it should be Sir
Arthur Aston (d. 1649),
the only general officer of
the Catholic religion in the
Royalist army.

ATHENA, OXONIENSES. *See*
Wood, Anthony a

ATHENODORUS, a Stoic
philosopher, a native of
Tarsus, who possessed
some influence with the
Roman Emperor Augustus

BADENOCH, a wild district
in the south-east of In-
verness-shire

BALLADS, BID HIM GO SELL
HIS. *See* Bid him go, etc.

BARNATYNE, an Edinburgh
literary club, founded in
1823 by Sir Walter Scott
and others, for printing
rare works illustrating
Scottish history, topog-
raphy, literature, etc. It
was dissolved in 1861

BASTINADO, a mode of pun-
ishment by beating the
soles of the feet, in
Turkey and Persia

BAXTER, MASTER, the cele-
brated Presbyterian divine
(1615-1691), author of *The
Saints' Everlasting Rest*

BEDLAM, TOM OF. *See* Tom
of Bedlam

BEVIS OF HAMPTON, or
SOUTHAMPTON, hero of a

medieval romance of
chivalry

BIDE THE BIT AND THE
BUFFET, endure a good
meal as well as a blow

BID HIM GO SELL HIS BALLADS
(p. 449). The origin of
this saying is probably the
anecdote recorded (*Biog.
Brit.*, p. 631) of General
Lesley, when the Cavalier
poet, John Cleveland, was
brought before him with
nothing in his pockets
except political ballads

BILBO, or BILBOA, a sword,
made at Bilboa in
Spain

BILKED, tricked, deceived

BLACK-JACK, a beer-jug,
made of waxed leather

BLAUD, a rough blow

BLenheim, the seat presented
to the great Duke of Marl-
borough by the English
nation, planned by Sir
John Vanburgh (q.v.)

BONADIL, CAPTAIN, a char-
acter in Ben Jonson's
*Every Man in his
Humour*

BON CAMARADO, a good
comrade

BONOS SOCIOS, good com-
rades

BOOTH AND MIDDLETON,
RISING OF, at Chester in
August 1659, the leaders
being George Booth and
Sir Thomas Middleton

BOTTLE, ORACLE OF. The
search for Bacchus, the
oracular bottle that was
to give an answer to the
question, 'Shall Panurge
marry or not?' is de-

- scribed in Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, Books iv. and v.
- BOULTER**, boulder, large stone
- BOW-POT**, or **BOUGH-POT**, a pot or vase for holding boughs or flowers
- BRAMBLETYE HOUSE**, or *Cavaliers and Round-heads*, a historical novel (1826), by Horace Smith
- BREAD OF GUDE**, God's bread, an oath
- BRENTFORD, ATTACK ON**. There in 1642 the Royalist defeated the Parliamentary troops
- BROWN BAKER**, a baker of brown bread
- BROWNIST**, an adherent of Robert Brown (1550-1630), who dissented from the Church of England form of church government
- BUCKPHALUS**, the favourite war-horse of Alexander the Great
- BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF** (rising of), in Surrey in 1648
- BULLA**, an ornament worn by young Romans round the neck, but laid aside on attaining manhood
- BUSLED**, bustled
- BUTLER** (p. 479). See *Hudibras*, Part III. canto ii. lines 1112, 1113
- CAMBYSSES'S VEIN**. See King Cambyses's vein
- CANTED**, tilted, turned in a slanting position
- CAROLUS**, a gold coin struck in the reign of Charles (Lat. *Carolus*) I., and worth 20s. or a little more
- CEBES, EMBLEM OF** (p. 325), a table exhibiting the dangers and temptations of human life, described in a little book by Cebes, a philosopher of Thebes, and a pupil and friend of Socrates
- CENTURY WHITE**. See *Peveril of the Peak*, Note 1, p. 584
- CHALDEON**, or **CHAUDRON**, entrails
- CHEAT, NUBBING**. See Trine to the nubbing cheat
- CHEVERON**, or **CHEVRON**, a glove
- CHOUSED**, cheated, defrauded
- CITY PETITION**, craving the abolition of Episcopacy, presented by Alderman Pennington on 11th Dec. 1641, and said to have been signed by 20,000 citizens of London
- CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF**, minister of Charles II. after the Restoration, and historian
- CLEFTS**, split wood for fuel
- CLOUTERLY**, clumsy, awkward
- COCK-CROWED**, that the cock has crowed over of a morning, *i.e.* no longer fresh, stale
- COLCHESTER WAS REDUCED**, by Fairfax in August 1648; two of the Royalist defenders, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, were executed by the victors. See Defoe, *Tour in the Eastern Counties* (1724)
- COLLET**, the edge round the setting of a precious stone
- COLUVIES OMNIUM GENTIUM**, refuse, off-scourings of all nations
- COMUS**, a poem (1634), by Milton
- CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY, IN A** (p. 123). This phrase is put by Goldsmith into the mouth of one of Tony Lumpkin's boon companions in *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i. sc. 2
- CONFORMABLE**, suitable, becoming to one's rank or condition
- CONSPIRACY, HORRORS OF** (p. 266), an allusion to Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. sc. 1
- CORDOVAN**, made at Cordoba or Cordova in Spain
- CORPS DE GARDE**, the guard or sentinel detachment
- COUTEAU DE CHASSE**, a hanger, hunting-knife
- COWLEY, ABRAHAM**, poet (1618-1667), famous for his ingenuity and versatility of mind
- C. R. (p. 10)**, *Carolus Rex*, *i.e.* King Charles
- CROATS**, a Slav people dwelling between the Adriatic and Hungary, who furnished excellent light cavalry to the Imperial
- armies during the Thirty Years, Seven Years, and other wars
- CROSS** (in purse), money stamped or marked with a cross
- CULVERIN**, an early form of cannon, very long in shape
- CUTTER'S LAW**, that those who have something shall share with those who have nothing; 'cutter' means a ruffian, bravo
- DEAN, FOREST OF**. See Forest of Dean
- DEDALIAN LABYRINTH**, constructed in the island of Crete, to keep the Minotaur, by an Athenian inventor named Dædalos
- DEFENSIO POPULI ANGLICANI**, by Milton, was written (1651) to justify the execution of Charles I., in reply to the Dutch scholar Salmasius
- DEMAS**. See Second Epistle to Timothy iv. 10
- DE QUOI**, the wherewithal, the essential thing
- DER LIEBLINGSHUND VON WALTER SCOTT**, Walter Scott's favourite dog
- DEUS ADJUTOR MEUS**, the Lord is my helper
- DEVINCTUS BENEFICIO**, bound by kindness
- DIGBY, LORD**, first Earl of Bristol (1580-1654), statesman of Charles I., proposed Lunsford for the post of lieutenant of the Tower
- DIVERTISEMENT**, amusement, pastime
- DOG, STORY OF DESERTION BY** (p. 46), is told in Froissart's *Chronicles*, trans. Johnes, vol. iv. chap. cxxxii.
- DORSET KILLED THE LORD BRUCE**. See *The Guardian*, Nos. 129, 133. The duel was fought at Bergen-op-Zoom in Holland in 1613
- DOUNE, JOHN**, poet (1573-1631), famous for his wit and his handsome person
- DOWSETS**, or **DOUCETS**, testicles of the deer
- DRAYTON, MIKE**, poet (1563-1631), author of the geographical account of Great Britain entitled *Polyolbion*, and the dainty

- piece of fancy, the poem
Asaphidia
- DECHIEL**, to be confused, mumble
- DECHMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN**, Scottish poet (1585-1649), a fervent admirer of Charles I.
- DEDEGON-DAGGER**, a small dagger, with an ornamental wooden haft
- DESKING**, was taken by the forces of Cromwell in 1658
- DUNNY**, deaf, dull of apprehension
- DUTCH-LAND**, or **DEUTSCH-LAND**, Germany
- EDWARDS, MASTER**, Thomas Edwards, a fanatical Puritan divine, author of *Gangrana, or a Catalogue of Many of the Errors, Blasphemies and Pernicious Practices of the Sectaries of this Time* (1646)
- ENED** (p. 433). See Judges lii.
- EN BERGER, EN BEROERE**, after the manner of the swains and shepherdesses in pastoral poetry
- ETHNIC**, heathen, non-Christian
- EUTLME**, or **EWELME**, a village 3 miles from Wallingford in Oxfordshire
- EUTALUS**. See Nisus
- FALELAND, LORD**, Lucius Cary, a gallant adherent of Charles I., who fell at Newbury, 20th September, 1643
- FAMILY OF LOVE**. See Love, Family of
- FAUCONBERG, THOMAS BELASTRE, EARL**, son and grandson of Royalists, went over to Cromwell, and in 1667 married his daughter Mary
- FAUSTUS**, Dr. Faust of the well-known German legend
- FECIT ISTE REX**, etc. (p. 475), This king made the park of Woodstock, and the palace there; this was the first park in England, and measured seven miles in circumference; it was laid out in the fourteenth year of this king, or a little later
- FIELDING'S TUMBLE-DOWN DICK**. See Tumble-down-Dick
- FOIN**, to thrust in fencing
- FOREST OF DEAN**, an ancient forest in Gloucestershire
- FORTUNE PLAYHOUSE**, in Aldersgate, London, opened in 1600
- FOX** (BROADSWORD), an old slang expression for a sword
- FRANK**, a pen, pig-sty, used jocularly
- FRAYED**, frightened, terrified
- FUGIT AD SALICES**, fled (for refuge) to the willows (or osiers)
- FULLER, THOMAS**, the shrewd and kindly divine of the Church of England (1630-61)
- GALLOWAY NAG**, a horse of small breed, under fourteen hands high
- GAMASHES**, leggings
- GAMBADE**, a curvet, gambol
- GARDNER, SAUNDERS**. See Know (to) Duke of Norfolk, etc.
- GARN'D**, made, caused, forced
- GATE OF HORN** (p. 230). According to the ancients, dreams come to us through two gates—one of ivory, these are illusory; the other of horn, which alone prove true
- GEAR**, business affair
- 'GENTLE DAUGHTER'**, etc. (p. 20), from *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act II. sc. 3
- GLANVILLE, JOSEPH**, Church of England clergyman, who, though something of a rationaliser, defended the belief in *Witches and Witchcraft* (1666)
- GORING, LORD GEORGE**, Royalist cavalry general in the Civil War
- GOSSPRED**, friendship, good-fellowship
- GRANDFATHER OF NAVARRE**, Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France
- GRAND MONARQUE**, Louis XIV. of France (1643-1715)
- GRAND SEIGNIOR**, or **SIGNIOR**, the Sultan of the Turks
- GREEN'S ARCADIA, or Menaphon** (1599), by Robert Greene, author of *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay*
- GRET, DR. ZACHARY**, edited an edition of *Hudibras* (1744), with copious notes
- GROUTHEAD**, or **GROWTHEAD**, a lout, blockhead
- GUARDIAN, THE**, a periodical issued by Steele in 1713 as successor to *The Spectator*
- GUDGEONED**, cheated, imposed on
- GUY OF WARWICK**, hero of a mediæval romance of chivalry
- HAYZ**, or **Hay**, a snare or net for catching rabbits and other animals
- HAIL**, whole
- HAMMOND, ROBERT**, a Parliamentary officer, upon whose protection Charles I. threw himself after his escape from Hampton Court in November 1647, and from whom he was torn by the army in the November following
- HAMPDEN, JOHN**, champion of liberty, and a leader of the Long Parliament, and an opponent of Charles I.
- HANS' EN KELDER** (p. 465), Jack in the cellar, a favourite Dutch toast to an expected 'little stranger,' drunk in a peculiar cup, out of which, when the wine was poured in, the figure of a tiny infant rose to the surface
- HARO, or HARROW**, a cry for help, of indignation, lamentation
- HARRINGTON'S OCEANA**, a book, written partly as a romance, partly as a philosophical treatise, by James Harrington, to demonstrate the ideally best form of government
- HARRISON'S ROTA CLUB**, more correctly **JAMES HARRINGTON'S**, formed in November 1659 to discuss the political theories laid down in his *Oceana* (1656). See Harrington's *Oceana* above
- HEARNE AT WINDSOR**, a spectral hunter. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 4

- HEBE**, in ancient Greek mythology, cupbearer to the gods in Olympus
- HEMMINGE**, or **HEMING**, **JOHN**, fellow-actor (d. 1630) of Shakespeare, and editor (with Condell) of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays
- HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE AND THE DOG**. See **Dog**, etc.
- HENRY OF FRANCE**, HIS GRANDFATHER. **Charles I.** of England married **Henrietta Maria**, daughter of **Henry IV.** of France
- HENRY QUATRE**, **Henry IV.** of France
- HERTFORD**, **MARQUIS OF**, **William Seymour**, appointed tutor or governor to **Charles (II.)** in 1642
- HIGHGATE OATH**, said to have been formerly exacted from travellers passing over **Highgate Hill**, on the north side of **London**, that they would never eat brown bread when they could get white, etc., but with the proviso, 'unless they preferred it'
- '**HIMSELF HE ON AN EARWIG SET**,' etc. (p. 301), from *Drayton's Nymphidia, the Court of Fairy* (1627)
- HOGS-NORTON**, **NOODLES OF**. See **Noodles**, etc.
- HOLLAND**, **LORD** (rising of), in **Surrey** in 1648
- HOLLINSHED**, or **HOLINSHED**, **RICHARD**, English chronicler of the 16th century
- HOLYROOD**, **PALACE OF**, IN **FLAMES** (p. 174). The abbey and palace of **Holyrood** were burned by the English under the **Earl of Hertford** (Protector **Somerset**) in 1544
- HORN, GATE OF**. See **Gate of horn**
- HOBBS D'ŒUVRE**, an extra dish, meal
- HOT**, hit, struck
- HOUGH**, hock-joint
- HUDIBRAS**, the poem (1662-78) by **Samuel Butler**, satirising the Puritans
- HUDSON**, **DR. MICHAEL**, escaped in November, 1647, and was recaptured in January 1648 (to correct Note 4, p. 478)
- HUNT COUNTER**, to go away from the game, back along the track
- HYDE**. See **Clarendon**, **Earl of**
- '**I'LL SO MAUL YOU**,' etc. (p. 296), from *King John*, Act iv. sc. 3
- IN CUERPO, without upper cloak, with body exposed
- IN VERBO SACERDOTIS, on the word of a priest
- ISEE DIXIT**, the mere statement, simple assertion
- ISIS**, the name given to the **Thames** above **Oxford**
- JACK OF LEYDEN**. See **Leyden**, **Jack of**
- JANUARY**, **THIRTIETH**, date of the beheading of **Charles I.**
- J. B.** (motto to chap. v. p. 56), **James Ballantyne**, the printer. 'Where is this from?' asked **Ballantyne** on the proof-sheet. 'The Devil,' wrote **Scott**; but crossing that out, he substituted 'J. B.'
- JEANNETON**, the typical simoleon of the French pastoral romances
- JOAL'D**, or **JOWLED**, dashed with violence
- JUVENAL**, a Roman satirical poet of the 1st century A. D.
- KEMBOLTON**, or **KIMBOLTON**, **LORD**, earlier title of the Parliamentary general, the **Earl of Manchester**
- KILGREW**, **THOMAS**, groom of the bedchamber to **Charles II.**, a witty reprobat, and manager of the king's players
- KING CAMBYSES'S VEIN**, an allusion to the chief character, a blustering, noisy, ranting, fellow, in *Cambyses, King of Persia*, a play by **Thomas Preston**
- KNIPPERDOLING**, or **KNIPPERDOLLING**, **BERNHARD**, an Anabaptist leader at **Münster** in 1534-35. See further **Leyden**, **Jack of**
- KNOW (TO) DUKE OF NORFOLK FROM SAUNDERS GARDNER** (p. 215). A proverbial expression. 'I believe the genuine reading is to teach a man to know the Lord his God from **Tam Frazer**' (**Scott's** marginal note on proof-sheet)
- LADAN**, 'YOU HAVE,' etc. (p. 356). See **Genesis xxxi. 30**
- LA BELLE GABRIELLE**, **Gabrielle d'Estrées**, mistress of **Henry IV.** of France
- LACY**, **JOHN**. See **Note 5**, p. 479
- LAMBERT**, **JOHN**, republican soldier of the Fifth Monarchy type, and long a supporter of **Cromwell**
- LANCE-PRISADE**, or **LANCE-PESADE**, a sort of temporary corporal
- LATUS CLAVUS**, the broad stripe placed on a young Roman noble's tunic when he became a senator
- LAVING**, lifting up water and pouring it into a utensil, lading out
- LEAGUER**, a fortified camp
- LEAKED**, voided urine
- LEE VICTOR SIO VOLUIT**, such was the will of **Victor Lee**
- LESLIE**, **DAVID**, a soldier under **Gustavus Augustus** of **Sweden**, and later under **Alexander Leslie**, **Earl of Leven**, whom **Cromwell** defeated at **Dunbar** in 1650
- LEVANT**, a signal with a trumpet
- LEYDEN**, **JACK OF**, or **JOHANN BOCKHOLD**, who had himself crowned 'king of the New Zion' that the Anabaptists established at **Münster**, in **Westphalia**, in 1534-35, where they indulged in the wildest excesses
- '**LIKE SWEET BELLS JANGLED**,' etc. (p. 307), *Hamlet*, from Act iii. sc. 1
- LILLBURN**, or **LILBURNE**, **JOHN**, a Leveller or ultrarepublican, a turbulent agitator of the time of **Charles I.** and **Cromwell**
- LINDABRIDES** (p. 339), a woman of easy virtue. The name is borrowed from the heroine of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, a 16th-century translation of a Spanish romance of chivalry

- LONDON**, the literary type of the love-sick swain in Spanish literature
- LOBSTER**, nickname for a soldier, because of his red coat
- LONGSWORD, EARL OF SALISBURY**, son of Henry II. and (according to untenable tradition) Rosamond Clifford
- LOVE, FAMILY OF, OR FAMILISTS**, a division of the Anabaptists, traced to the Dutchman, David Joris or George; they made some stir in England in the times of Elizabeth and James I. See Note 9, p. 480
- LUCRETIUS**, a Roman poet, of the 1st century B.C., a professed disbeliever in religious influences
- LUNSFORD, SIR THOMAS**, a Royalist commander. See further Note 5, p. 478
- 'MADE CHILDREN,'** etc. (p. 479), from *Hudibras*, Part III. canto ii. lines 1112, 1113
- MADRIER**, the plank on which a petard was fixed or mounted
- MAGNA TEMPORUM**, etc. (p. 466), happy are the times in which you are allowed to think what you like, and say what you think
- MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ**, the son of Isaiah the prophet; the name signifies 'The spoil speedeth, the prey hasteth,' and points to the plundering of Damascus and Samaria shortly to take place by the king of Assyria. See Isaiah viii. 1-4
- MAKE, OR MAIK**, a half-penny
- MAKEBATE**, one who stirs up quarrels and dissensions
- MAKKEDAH, CAVE OF** (p. 438). See Joshua x.
- MALLARD**, the wild drake, male of the common wild duck
- MALLEUS HERESIS**, the hammer of heresy
- MANCHER**, a small loaf of fine white bread
- MARAVEDI**, an old Spanish copper coin worth less than a farthing
- MAS JOHN**, any Presbyterian divine (p. 252). The General Assembly ordained, just previous to the battle of Dunbar, that the King should do public penance for the sins of the crown
- MASK, MAN IN THE** (p. 280), the public executioner, who was masked when he performed his gruesome functions
- MATTAN, SLAY** (p. 200). See 2 Kings xi. 18
- MEIKLE**, much, a good deal
- MERMAID**, a tavern in Cheapside, a favourite haunt of Ben Jonson and other wits in the 17th century
- MICELGEMOTE**, great council of the kingdom, national assembly
- MOAB, TYRANT OF** (p. 433). See Judges iii.
- MOGUL, KING OF**, the Great Mogul or Emperor of Delhi in India
- MOHUN**, an actor, was a major in the Royalist army
- MORISCOES**, the descendants of the Moors settled in Spain
- MOTHER REDCAP. Compare Fortunes of Nigel**, Glossary
- MUGGLETONIAN**, a follower of Lodowick Muggleton (1607-97) and John Reeve, who claimed to be prophets and taught peculiar doctrines
- MUSCADINE**, a sweet, strong wine made in Italy and France
- NAYARRE, GRANDFATHER OF**. See Grandfather of Navarre
- NEWCASTLE, DUKE OF, HIS BOOK** (p. 300), entitled *La Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux* (1657), and adorned with very fine engravings, was written by the Duke of Newcastle, Charles I.'s general, who took great delight in training horses
- NICHOLAS, SIR EDWARD**, Secretary of State to Charles II. after the Restoration
- NISI DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS**, unless the difficulty call for such a deliverer
- NISUS AND EURYALUS**, devoted friends, Nisus being a companion of Æneas. See Virgil's *Æneid*, Bk. ix.
- NOBLE**, a gold coin = 6s. 8d.
- NOM DE GUERRE**, pseudonym, nickname
- NOODLES OF HOGS-NORTON**, an old English proverb, pointing to boorishness and stupidity
- NORFOLK, DUKE OF**. See Know (to) Duke of Norfolk, etc.
- NULLIFIDIAN**, one who believes nothing, an unbeliever
- NUNC DIMITTIS**, the well-known canticle of the Prayer Book
- NUZZLED, OR NUZZLED**, hid the nose under the bed-clothes
- ODDS PITLIKINS, OR ODS PITKINS**, a corruption of God's pity! a kind of oath
- OEIL DE BŒUF**, an oval window, small octagonal hall
- OHE, JAM SATIS, Ah!** enough, enough!
- OREESTES AND PYLADES**, cousins and devoted friends; Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra
- OTHER-GUESS, OTHER-GATES, OR OTHER-GUISE**, another sort of fashion
- OVER-RED**, to cover over with red colouring matter, to summon up courage against (*Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 3)
- OWEN, SIR JOHN**, attempted in 1648 to stir up North Wales for the King
- PACATUMQUE REGIT**, etc. (p. 467), he rules over a world at peace through the virtues of his forefathers
- PAGITT, EPHRAIM**, a London clergyman, author of *Heresiography, or Description of the Hereticks and Sectaries of these Latter Times* (1645)
- PARCEL**, partly, to some extent
- PARMA NON BENE RELICTA**, his shield being ingloriously left behind him
- PARTHENIA**. See footnote on p. 54 above

PASCHAL, Easter
 PASSADO, a forward thrust in fencing
 PASSMENTED, laced
 PATER PATRIE, the father of his country
 PAX NASCITUR EX BELLO, peace grows out of war
 PEAKED OR PEEKED, peeped, looked in a prying manner
 PENNY-FEE, wages paid in money
 PERCUSSUM EGYPTIUM, etc. (p. 387), he hid in the sand the Egyptian that he had killed
 PERIAPT, a charm, amulet
 PETRONEL, a horseman's pistol or small carbine
 PHILASTER, a character in a play (1620) with that title by Beaumont and Fletcher
 PHILOMATH, lover of learning
 PHITHOUS. See Theseus
 PIS-ALLER, the last resource
 PLAIS-IL? Your pleasure?
 POINS, a character in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*
 POINT DE CÉRÉMONIE, make no ceremony
 POINT OF WAR, a signal by beat of drum or by trumpet
 PORTUGAL PIECE, a silver coin = 8 reals = 4s., sometimes called a piece of eight
 POTTLE, a measure of wine, a large tankard
 PROMPT AND PROGS (p. 356), an allusion to Revelation xvi. 13
 PROMPTS PROMPTLY FALSELY, etc. (p. 356), from Jeremiah v. 31
 PROTERA QUÆ MARIEUS, the right thing for men
 PRYUNT, MASTER, an intemperate pamphleteer and a bitter opponent of Laud, published in 1627 *The Unbeliever of Love-lace*, an attack upon the Cavaliers
 PULVIS FULMINANS, fulminating powder
 PULCHER, BARTHEL, author of *Puritan. his Pilgrimage: or relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Ages* (1613)
 PULCHER. See Orator
 PWE, JOHN, a champion of liberty and opponent of Charles I., who preached in Nottingham, Stratford, and Lanc.

'QUALIACUNQUE VOLES,' etc. (p. 188). The Jews will sell you whatever dreams you wish for; from Juvenal's *Satires*, vi. 547

QUASI ARRIÈRE, as it were *arrière*, i.e. behind, later
 QUEAN, wench, woman of light reputation

QUESTING HOUND, one that gives tongue when in pursuit of game

QUILLET, a subtlety, nicety, quibble

QUOTT DOWN, to throw, hurl down

RAINSBOROUGH, one of Cromwell's officers, was killed, whilst resisting capture, by a party of Royalists sent from Pontefract, in an inn at Doncaster, on 29th October 1648

RALPHO, the Independent squire of Hudibras (*g. v.*)

RANTER, or FAMILIST. See Note 9, p. 480

'RASH HUMOUR,' etc. (p. 149), from *Julius Caesar*, Act iv. sc. 3

RATIO, reason, conclusion

RECTUS IN CURIA, right with the court, of good character before the court

'RESPECT FOR THY GREAT PLACE,' etc. (p. 418), from *Measure for Measure*, Act v. sc. 1

RICHARD II., DESERTED BY HIS DOG. See Dog, etc.

ROCKET, or ROCHET, a short cloak

RONDELAI, a peculiar form of French verse

ROOD, CROSS

ROQUELAURE, a short cloak worn by both men and women

ROTA. See Harrison's Rota Club

ROUSE, a bumper

ROXBURGH, a book club, instituted in London in 1812, for printing old and rare books

RUSTICA FIDELLE, more correctly PRUDLE to whom Horace addressed the 231 Ode of the Third Book of his *Odes*

SACK-ROCKET, a drink made of Canary wine, milk, etc.
 ST. JOHN, OLIVER (circa 1620-1673), lawyer, ad-

vised Hampden in the Ship Money affair, and was a partisan of Cromwell, whose cousin he married

SALVO, reservation

SANCTUM SANCTORUM, holy of holies, most private apartment

SANHEDRIM, the national council of the Jews

SASINE AND LIVERY, in English law, livery with seisin, an old form of conveying land

SAVIOLLO, VINCENT, an Italian fencing-master, author of *V. Saviolo, his Practice* (1595), a work on the management of the weapons in a duel

SCALD, or SCALLED, scurvy, paltry, contemptible

SCUMBER, to dung

SEDLAY, SIR CHARLES, a profligate wit and poet of the court of Charles II.

SELAH, a word occurring at the end of certain verses in the Psalms and elsewhere in the Old Testament, apparently a musical term, but of unknown meaning

SEVEN SLEEPERS, noble youths of Ephesus, who were shut up in a cave during the persecution of the Christians by the Roman Emperor Decius, about 250; there they slept until the year 417, when they awakened for a short space, and then fell back into their last long sleep

SICILIAN VESPERS, the massacre of their French oppressors by the people of Sicily, on 30th March 1282

SILOE, or SILOAM, TOWER OF, an allusion to St. Luke xiii. 4

SINNING AGAINST OUR MERCIES, being ungrateful for the favours of Providence — a Scotch phrase

SISERARY, a telling blow, vehement attack

SKELDERRING, living by begging, tricking, etc.

SKINK, to pour out wine

SLE, fly

SLOT, the track, footmarks

SMIT, a snivel

SPADROON, a large two-handed sword

SPAY'D, castrated

SPLENDIDA MOLES, a grand work
SQUAB, an unfledged bird, very young animal
STIRLING, LORD, William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Scottish poet (died 1640)
STOW, JOHN, English chronicler (1525-1605)
STRAMAÇON, or **STRAMAZONE**, a wrist-stroke in fencing
SUB FERULA, under the master's rod, under tutelage
SULLY, MAXIMILIAN DE BÉTHUNE, Duke of, minister to Henry IV. of France, and personally a man of surly and imperious temper
SWATTERING, moving rapidly and noisily in water

TANQUAM DEUS EX MACHINA, like the personal interference of a deity
TANTIVY DOXS, roystering fellows, strictly the High Church Tories of James II's time
'TELEPHUS ET PELEUS,' etc. (p. 350), from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 96, 97
TERRAS QUAS REX, etc. (p. 475), lands which the king exchanged with the Templars
TESTER, an old silver coin = 6d.
THEBANS, in ancient Greece, were twitted with being stupid
'THE POST WHO CAME,' etc. (p. 479), altered from John Cleveland's poem, 'Rupertism' (*Works*, 1677)
'THERE'S SUCH DIVINITY,' etc. (p. 270), from *Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 5
'THESE THOUGHTS MAY STABTLE,' etc. (p. 305), from Milton's *Comus* (1634)
THESEUS AND PIRITHOUS, devoted friends; Theseus being an Athenian hero and Pirithous one of the Lapithæ. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. ii.
THIRTIETH JANUARY, the date of the beheading of Charles I.
TIFFANY, a kind of gauze or thin silk
TIKE, or **TYKE**, a dog, cur
TIRE UPON, to seize and tear the quarry

'TIS SPORT TO HAVE THE ENGINEER,' etc. (p. 415), from *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 4
TITUS, BISHOPRIC OF (p. 444), Titus, the companion of St. Paul, was the first bishop of Gortyna (Crete)
TOLEDO, a sword made at Toledo in Spain
TOMKINS AND CHALLONER'S MATTER. In 1643 these gentlemen, with Waller and others, tried to form a party amongst the Londoners to mediate between the King and Parliament. Charles countenanced the movement. Challoner and Tomkins were executed by order of the House of Commons
TOM OF BEDLAM, crazy pauper, an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital (for the Insane) in London
TOPIARY ART, landscape-gardening
'TO WITCH THE WORLD,' etc. (p. 301), from *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iv. sc. 1
TREVISSIS, divisions between the stalls in a stable
TRINE TO THE NUBBING CHEAT, to hang on the gallows
TRINIDADO, Trinidad tobacco
TUCK, a long, narrow sword, rapier
TUMBLE-DOWN-DICK, or *Phaeton in Suds*, by Henry Fielding, was acted at the Haymarket, London, in 1737
TUTBURY BULL-RUNNING. Under a charter granted by John of Gaunt in 1381, the minstrels in the honour of Tutbury, Staffordshire, held a court there every 16th August, and were allowed to chase a maddened bull, which, if they caught it before sunset, they were permitted to keep

UMBLES, or **HUMBLES**, entrails of the deer
UNBEATED (weapon), unblunted, having no button on the point
UNCO, unusually, uncommonly
UTOPIA, an ideal state with an ideal society and an ideal government
VALEAT QUANTUM, so far as is requisite

VANBURGH, more correctly **VANBRUGH**, SIR JOHN, dramatist and architect of the reigns of William III. and Anne
VANE, SIR HENRY, a leader of the Independents and a bitter opponent of the Church of England
VENUS AND ADONIS, Shakespeare's poem
VERDURER, an officer who has charge of the trees and underwood in a forest
VERSTEGAN, RICHARD, an English antiquary, who died in 1635
VERT AND VENISON, the forest trees and the game amongst them
VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. The former, an Etruscan and Roman divinity, assumed various disguises in order to gain access to Pomona, goddess of fruit-trees
VICARS, JOHN, a Presbyterian zealot (1582-1652), who wrote a few poems
VILLIERS, GEORGE, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, a fickle but brilliant courtier of Charles II.
VINDEX, deliverer, liberator
VINTRY, a portion of Thames Street, London, between London and Blackfriars Bridges, where the wine-merchants unshipped their wines

WALLER, EDMUND, poet, who praised both Cromwell and Charles I.
WANION, WITH A, with a vengeance, mischief be to him (it)
WATLING STREET, an old Roman Road, running from Dover, through London (where was a street of this name) and York, to the North of England
WEIRD, destiny, fate
WESTERN RISING. In 1645 the Royalists organised the Western Association of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset, as a counterpoise to the Parliamentary Association of the Eastern counties
WHITTLE, a large knife, usually carried at the girdle
WHO BUT YOU, a peculiar form of emphasis, laying

- stress upon the person indicated
- 'WHY, WHAT AN INTRICATE IMPEACH,' etc. (p. 298), from *Comedy of Errors*, Act v. sc. 1
- WIDOW OF WATLING STREET, an old English *ballad*
- WILL, HONEST OLD, Shakespeare
- WILMOT (p. 59), Henry Earl of Rochester, father of John, second Earl of Rochester, the witty rebornate of Charles II.'s reign
- WILMOT (p. 279), John Earl of Rochester
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- WOODFORD HOUSE, LINCOLNSHIRE (p. 478), should read Woodcroft House, Northamptonshire
- WORD'ST ME, GIRL, a reminiscence of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v. sc. 2
- WUSSING, wishing
- YOUNG MAN (p. 9), Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., was at the time of the opening of this novel a fugitive in England, seeking to escape to the Continent
- 'YOU SAW YOUNG HARRY,' etc. (p. 301), from *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act iv. sc. 1

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THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

VOLUME VI



OLD MORTALITY

Ahora bien, dixo il Cura, traedme, señor huésped, aqueles libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sacó dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano: — DON QUIXOTE, Parte I. Capitulo xxxii.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—
JARVIS'S *Translation*.

INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY

THE remarkable person called by the title of Old Mortality was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and probably a mason by profession — at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family dissensions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandered, like a palmer, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him, and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and favourite, or rather sole, occupation, are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since, or more, that the Author met this singular person in the churchyard of Dunnottar, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman, Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dunnottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighbourhood. Old Mortality chanced to be at the same place, on the usual business of his pilgrimage; for the Castle of Dunnottar, though lying in the anti-covenanting district of the Mearns, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressions sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II.

It was in 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the privy council of Scotland, with cruel precaution, made a general arrest of more than a hundred

advantageous lease of the freestone quarry of Gatelowbrigg, in the parish of Morton. Here he built a house, and had as much land as kept a horse and cow. My informant cannot say with certainty the year in which his father took up his residence at Gatelowbrigg, but he is sure it must have been only a short time prior to the year 1746, as, during the memorable frost in 1740, he says his mother still resided in the service of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to Glasgow, in the year 1745-46, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gatelowbrigg, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he said to one of the straggling army that their retreat might have been easily foreseen, as the strong arm of the Lord was evidently raised, not only against the bloody and wicked house of Stewart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterwards became so much distinguished.

'The religious sect called Hill-men, or Cameronians, was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their founder, of whose tenets Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally carried with him gravestones from his quarry at Gatelowbrigg, to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other steadfastly fixed on some sub-lunary object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758, he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gatelowbrigg, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the Nick of Bennecorie to the Fell of Barhullion, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments, in the old kirkyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the Dee, opposite the town of Kirkeudbright. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson sent even some of her female children into

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some similar instrument, which was to Old Mortality the abomination of abominations. Perhaps, after all, he did not feel himself at ease with his company; he might suspect the questions asked by a north-country minister and a young barrister to savour more of idle curiosity than profit. At any rate, in the phrase of John Bunyan, Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The remarkable figure and occupation of this ancient pilgrim was recalled to my memory by an account transmitted by my friend, Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whom I owe many obligations of a similar nature. From this, besides some other circumstances, among which are those of the old man's death, I learned the particulars described in the text. I am also informed that the old palmer's family, in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth.

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received the following communication from Mr. Train, whose undeviating kindness had, during the intervals of laborious duty, collected its materials from an indubitable source:—

‘In the course of my periodical visits to the Glenkens, I have become intimately acquainted with Robert Paterson, a son of Old Mortality, who lives in the little village of Balmaclellan; and although he is now in the seventieth year of his age, preserves all the vivacity of youth—has a most retentive memory, and a mind stored with information far above what could be expected from a person in his station of life. To him I am indebted for the following particulars relative to his father and his descendants down to the present time.

‘Robert Paterson, *alias* Old Mortality, was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied the farm of Haggisha, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the 18th century. Here Robert was born, in the memorable year 1715.

‘Being the youngest son of a numerous family, he, at an early age, went to serve with an elder brother, named Francis, who rented, from Sir John Jardine of Applegarth, a small tract in Corncockle Moor, near Lochmaben. During his residence there he became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, daughter of Robert Gray, gardener to Sir John Jardine, whom he afterwards married. His wife had been for a considerable time a cook-maid to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who procured for her husband, from the Duke of Queensberry, an

'This statement shows the religious wanderer to have been very poor in his old age; but he was so more by choice than through necessity, as at the period here alluded to his children were all comfortably situated, and were most anxious to keep their father at home, but no entreaty could induce him to alter his erratic way of life. He travelled from one churchyard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till the last day of his existence, and died, as you have described, at Bankhill, near Lockerby, on the 14th February 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. As soon as his body was found, intimation was sent to his sons at Balmaclellan; but, from the great depth of the snow at that time, the letter communicating the particulars of his death was so long detained by the way that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive at Bankhill.

'The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses, the original of which I have in my possession:—

Memorandum of the Funral Charges of Robert Paterson, who dyed at Bankhill on the 14th day of February 1801

To a Coffon	£0 12 0
To Munting for do	0 2 8
To a Shirt for him	0 5 0
To a pair of Cotton Stockings	0 2 0
To Bread at the Founral	0 2 6
To Chise at ditto	0 3 0
To 1 pint Rume	0 4 6
To 1 pint Whiskie	0 4 6
To a man going to Annan	0 2 0
To the grave diger	0 1 0
To Linnen for a sheet to him	0 2 8
	<hr/>
	£2 1 10
Taken off him when dead	1 7 6
	<hr/>
	£0 14 4

'The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased.

'My friend was prevented by indisposition from even going to Bankhill to attend the funeral of his father, which I regret very much, as he is not aware in what churchyard he was interred.

'For the purpose of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry, wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was

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laid; but I have done so in vain, as his death is not registered in the session-book of any of the neighbouring parishes.¹ I am sorry to think that in all probability this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his chisel and mallet to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains.

‘Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbours. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in the year 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore.’

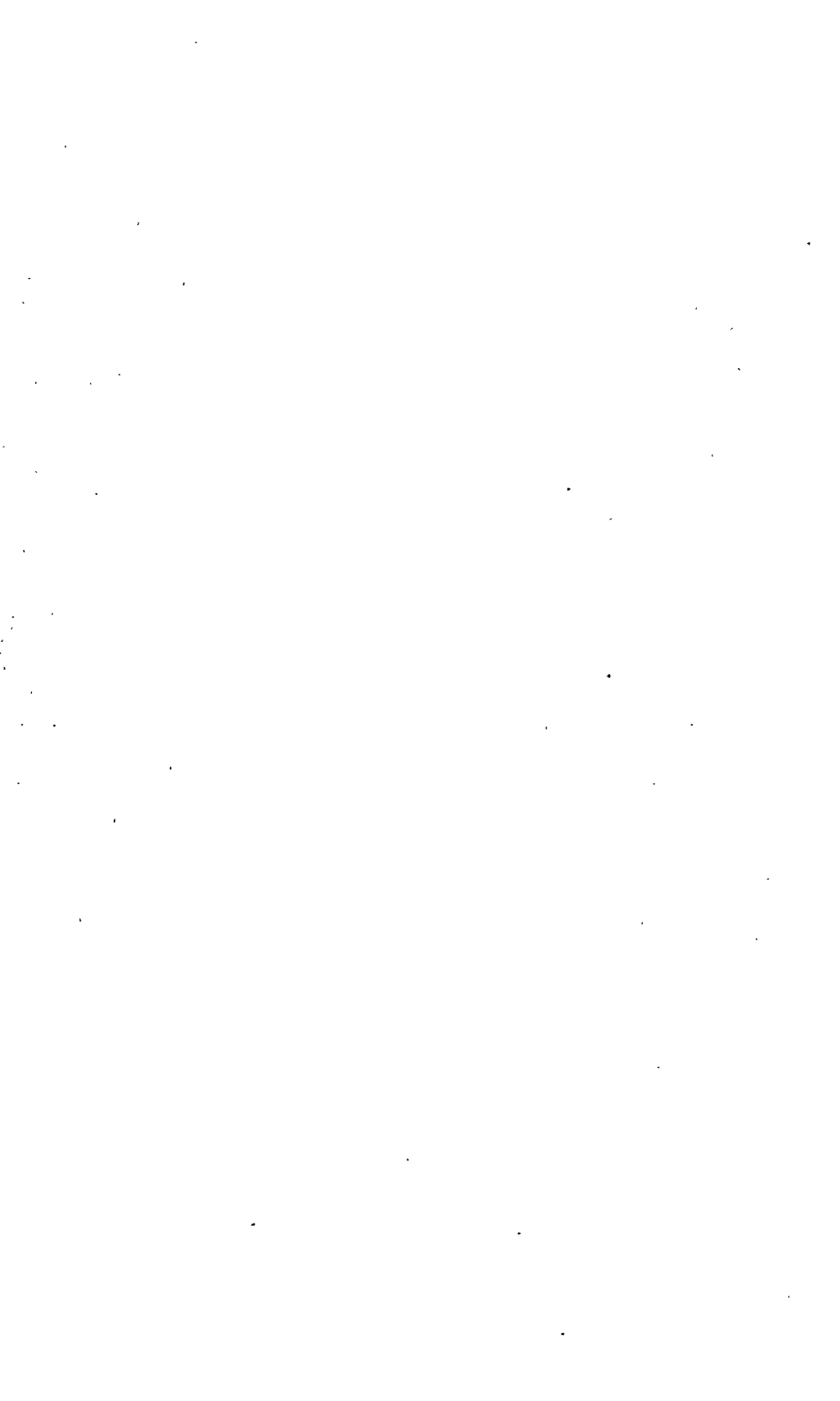
Old Nol himself is said to have loved an innocent jest (see Captain Hodgson's *Memoirs*). Old Mortality somewhat resembled the Protector in this turn to festivity. Like Master Silence, he had been merry twice and thrice in his time; but even his jests were of a melancholy and sepulchral nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following anecdote:—

The old man was at one time following his wonted occupation of repairing the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighbouring parishes for making and selling ladles, caups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cogues, and trenchers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed that, notwithstanding the excellence of the cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in like cases.

The grandchildren of this dealer² in wooden work took it into their head to ask the sexton what use he could possibly

¹ This good intention was, however, carried out. A headstone was erected, November 1869, to the memory of Old Mortality in the churchyard of Caerlaverock, where there is satisfactory proof of his having been interred in the month of February 1801. Mr. Train seems to have been misled in his information respecting the name of the village where Robert Paterson died. There is now strong evidence that not Bankhill, but Bankend, about fifteen miles from Bankhill, was the place where Old Mortality breathed his last (*Laing*).

make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. 'Do you not know,' said Old Mortality, 'that he sells them to your grandfather, who makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowies, and so forth?' At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of witches or of ghouls. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted; for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the reddish tinge which, even in the days of the cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason, by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded, a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a colour to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration that he had no other purpose in making the assertion than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.



OLD MORTALITY

CHAPTER I

Preliminary

Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day?

LANGHORNE.

MOST readers,' says the Manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, 'must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismissal, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his schoolroom, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded in his imagination by their connexion with tears;

with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues* of Virgil and *Odes* of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering schoolboy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk in the cool of a fine summer evening affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

'To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

'My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream which, winding through a "lone vale of green bracken," passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleugh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations in order to return the scrape or doffed bonnet of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild flowers by its margin. But beyond the space I have mentioned the juvenile anglers do not after sunset voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.¹

'It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in

¹ See Peter Pattieson's Grave. Note 1.

the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the harebell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall at some future period undergo the same transformation.

‘Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decipherer, *Dns. Johan de Hamel*, or *Johan de Lamel*. And it is also true that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside may still be read in rude prose and ruder rhyme the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.¹ In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the king’s troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render

¹ James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name, and Second according to the numeration of the Kings of England. — J. C.

to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

‘Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering zeal of a Hooper or Latimer. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

‘One summer evening as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.¹ As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was

¹ See A March-Dike Boundary. Note 2.

seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription which, announcing in Scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematised the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called "hodden-grey," usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and "gramashes" or "leggings," made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a "sunk," or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

'Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

'During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner;

during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stewart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries ; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful, devotion induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

‘In all his wanderings the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few ; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

The character of such a man could have in it little connexion even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and

sententions, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which schoolboys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child. But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then, replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"We," he said, in a tone of exultation — "*we* are the only true Whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hillside to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shamena to take upon themselfs the persecuting name of bluidthirsty Tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Peden — that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground — that the French monzies sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr and the Kens of Galloway as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the

spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken Covenant."

'Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the "prophet's chamber,"¹ as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.

'The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand, and said, "The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his Master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people."

'I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in

¹ See Note 3.

youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair are fast covering those stones to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerbie, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay.

My readers will of course understand that in embodying into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavoured to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition, afforded by the representatives of either party.

On the part of the Presbyterians, I have consulted such moorland farmers from the western districts as, by the kindness of their landlords, or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the grazings on which their grandsires fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that of late days, I have found this a limited source of information. I have, therefore, called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors denominated travelling merchants, but whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars, to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbours, we have learned to call packmen or

peddlars. To countryweavers travelling in hope- to get rid of their winter web, but more especially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity in our country of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narratives of *Old Mortality*, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

‘I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded those stores of traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and at the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narratives of *Old Mortality* and his Cameronian friends by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honourable families, who, themselves decayed into the humble vale of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the exiled house of Stewart. I may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one nonjuring bishop, whose authority and income were upon as apostolical a scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a laird or two who, though they shrug their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

‘Upon the whole, I can hardly fear that at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God’s house did not eat up the Conventiclers, it devoured at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope that the souls of the brave and sincere on

either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire : —

O rake not up the ashes of our fathers !
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.'

CHAPTER II

Summon an hundred horse by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.

Douglas.

UNDER the reign of the last Stewarts there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference in the latter case was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance from the proud consciousness that they were at the same time resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority has rarely succeeded even on board of slave-ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed; a Judaical observance of the Sabbath, a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing—that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party, for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately—distinguishing those who professed a more than

ordinary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient 'wappenschaws,' as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of those assemblies, as the lord-lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown-vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappenschaw. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears at which they were rated; and it frequently happened that, notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappenschaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale,

on a haugh or level plain near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay,¹ an ancient game formerly practised with archery, but at this period with fire-arms. This was the figure of a bird decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will, of course, be supposed that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of Puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight 'insides' and six 'outsides.' The insides were their Graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equerry to his Grace ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have

¹ See Note 4.

attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity sometimes brought against blondes and blue-eyed beauties, — these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horse, and harness, on these occasions. At last, their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed Episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them in return the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

‘For,’ said Harrison to himself, ‘the carles have little enough gear at ony rate, and if I call in the redcoats and take

away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times ?'

So he armed the fowler and falconer, the footman and the ploughman, at the home farm, with an old drunken Cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsyth and Tippermuir, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black-fishers, Mr. Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe dorée* before the iron gate of the Tower, the mother of Cuddie Headrigg, the ploughman, appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward, demurely assuring him that, 'whether it were the colic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna tak upon her to decide, but sure it was, Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven,' she said, 'was in it, and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands.' Pains, penalties, and threats of dismissal were denounced in vain : the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an expedient.

'He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Guse Gibbie, fight bravly under Montrose. What for no tak Guse Gibbie ?'

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old henwife ; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This urchin, being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him.

Thus accoutred he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the quietest horse of the party; and prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler as his front file he passed muster tolerably enough, the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two lacqueys, with which diminished train she would on any other occasion have been much ashamed to appear in public. But for the cause of royalty she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, on his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tillietudlem; an incident which formed from that moment an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his Majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two buxom serving-wenches who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed Royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honours enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stewarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's zeal had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same severities of fortune should their scale once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full extent, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stifled as well as she could the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon

the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence ; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect biting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young Cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demanded ; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-winded romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first-rate, such as the romances of *Cyrus*, *Cleopatra*, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time, as the little cock-boat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III

Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with heavy clang.

Pleasures of Hopc.

WHEN the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticised the appearance of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his laced ruff and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer it was difficult to discover.

'Ewhow, sirs, to see his father's son at the like o' thae fearless follies!' was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid Puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the playground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased Presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his grey cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles, who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half a minute young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half uncloaked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, 'Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were any other day, I could hae wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best.'

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and, with a downcast look, he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognised. The green *chasseur* next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the popinjay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of, 'The good old cause for ever!'

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and motioning with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carabine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice, which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

'I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well bitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise, as yours,' said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

'Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?' said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept his courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet, unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added, 'that although he renounced all pretensions to the honour of the day (which he said somewhat scornfully), yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him for the purpose of trying a shot for love.'

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young *tirailleur* travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule

which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Having made this speech in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Evandale were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

'Who is he? what is his name?' ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her grand-daughter. The Captain of the Popinjay and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the saddle-bow, in passing her.

'Do you know that young person?' said Lady Margaret.

'I—I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—elsewhere occasionally,' stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

'I hear them say around me,' said Lady Margaret, 'that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood.'

'The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing,' said a gentleman who sate on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

'Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh,' said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

'Your ladyship's memory is just,' said the gentleman, smiling, 'but it were well all that were forgot now.'

'He ought to remember it, Gilbertsleugh,' returned Lady Margaret, 'and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasant recollections.'

'You forget, my dear lady,' said her nomenclator, 'that the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow.'

'His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a Roundhead, I presume,' said Lady Margaret.

'He is an old miser,' said Gilbertsleugh, 'with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions; and, therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the muster to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favourite housekeeper.'

'Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?' said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

'Two horsemen with complete harness,' answered Gilbertsleugh.

'Our land,' said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, 'has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertsleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in inquiring——'

'I see the Duke's carriage in motion,' said Gilbertsleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion — 'I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convoy your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home? Parties of the wild Whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers.'

'We thank you, cousin Gilbertsleugh,' said Lady Margaret; 'but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession.'

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear-file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the 'Gallant Græmes,' which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides at once, which had the happy

effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and by their ponderous weight kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and weighty greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellen-den, not perfectly aware that it was one of her own warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide — of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the *gensdarmierie* of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV

At fairs he play'd before the spearmen,
And gaily graithed in their gear then,
Steel bonnets, pikes, and swords shone clear then

As ony bead ;

Now wha sall play before sic weir-men,
Since Habbie's dead ?

Elegy on Habbie Simpson.

THE cavalcade of horsemen on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a chanter streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well-timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of — by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof; namely, the piper's croft, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent, five merks, and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal or professional accomplishments won the heart of a jolly widow who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict Presbyterian, of such note that he usually went among his sect by the name of Gaius the Publican, many of the more rigid were scandalised by the profession of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second helpmate. As the 'browst' or brewing of the Howff retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new

landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirk-yard.

'Jenny,' said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, 'this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Whig and Tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for, be sure he maun hae 't, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsell, as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle. The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Grahame. Be eident and civil to them baith; clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they wunna want it, and maunna want it; they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some gate or other. I gat the humlie-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Bothwell for ten pund Scots, and they drank out the price at ae downsitting.'

'But, father,' interrupted Jenny, 'they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's Moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon.'

'Whislt! ye silly tawpie,' said her father, 'we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell; be that atween them and their consciences. Aweel, take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the redcoats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden by, but his horse —

it's a gude gelding — was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsell, they wad say we were hiding him. For yoursell, Jenny, ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t' ye. Folk in the hostler line maun pit up wi' muckle. Your mither, rest her saul, could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women, but aff hands is fair play; and if ony body be uncivil ye may gie me a cry. Aweel, when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel. Let them be doing: anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi' a pint o' the sma' browst, it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference.'

'But, father,' said Jenny, 'if they come to lounder ilk ither, as they did the last time, suldna I cry on you?'

'At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard. If the country folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers. But in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence. And, now I think on't, the Laird of Lickitup — that's him that was the laird — was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring. Gie him a pu' be the sleeve, and round into his lug I wad be blythe o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer anes in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane again: he likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony puir body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock; we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa' and serve the folk; but first bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy.'

Having thus devolved his whole cares on Jenny as prime minister, Niel Blane and the *ci-devant* laird, once his patron, but now glad to be his trencher-companion, sate down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jenny's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertain-

ment of their captain, who, though he spared the cup himself, took care it should go round with due celerity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragoons whom Niel Blane had mentioned, a sergeant and a private in the celebrated John Grahame of Claverhouse's regiment of Life Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mousquetaires, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stewart; but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last earl of that name, not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this earl had sued to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates; but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unclenched. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, had passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James V.¹ Great personal strength, and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the licentiousness and oppressive disposition which the habit of acting as agents for government in levying fines, exacting free

¹ See Sergeant Bothwell. Note 5.

quarters, and otherwise oppressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to such missions, that they conceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of license with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet but for respect to the presence of their cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

'Is it not a strange thing, Halliday,' he said to his comrade, 'to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening without having drunk the king's health?'

'They have drank the king's health,' said Halliday. 'I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his Majesty's health.'

'Did he?' said Bothwell. 'Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too.'

'So we will, by G—,' said Halliday; 'and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady.'

'Right, Tom,' continued Bothwell; 'and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook.'

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by Niel Blane, in his admonitions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill-folk, or refractory Presbyterians.

'I make so bold as to request of your precision, beloved,' said the trooper, in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the snuffle of a country preacher, 'that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and, having bent your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this measure, called by the profane a gill, of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate brandy, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland.'

All waited for the stranger's answer. His features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

'And what is the consequence,' said he, 'if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?'

'The consequence thereof, beloved,' said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, 'will be, firstly, that I will tweak thy proboscis or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant.'

'Is it even so?' said the stranger; 'then give me the cup'; and, taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, 'The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds; may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharp!'

'He has taken the test,' said Halliday exultingly.

'But with a qualification,' said Bothwell; 'I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared Whig means.'

'Come, gentlemen,' said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, 'we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion.'

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, 'Well, Mr. Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night. Is it not an odd thing, Halliday,' he continued, addressing his companion, 'that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first-drawn blood, there would be some soul in it; or, zounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axletree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his

toe) they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw.'

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Bothwell's insolent observations when the stranger stepped forward.

'This is my quarrel,' he said, 'and in the name of the good cause I will see it out myself. Hark thee, friend (to Bothwell), wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?'

'With my whole spirit, beloved,' answered Bothwell; 'yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both.'

'Then, as my trust is in Him that can help,' retorted his antagonist, 'I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshakehs.'

With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor and hurled him to the ground with such violence that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade Halliday immediately drew his sword: 'You have killed my sergeant,' he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler; 'and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!'

'Stand back!' cried Morton and his companions. 'It was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it.'

'That is true enough,' said Bothwell, as he slowly rose; 'put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, friend, give me your hand.' The stranger held out his hand. 'I promise you,' said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, 'that the time will come when we shall meet again and try this game over in a more earnest manner.'

'And I'll promise you,' said the stranger, returning the

grasp with equal firmness, 'that when we next meet I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again.'

'Well, beloved,' answered Bothwell, 'if thou be'st a Whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee. Hadst best take thy nag before the Cornet makes the round; for I promise thee he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons.'

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, 'I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?'

'Certainly,' said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Howff, as Blane's public-house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The troopers got under arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and earnestness, Cornet Grahame, a kinsman of Claverhouse, and the provost of the borough, followed by half a dozen soldiers and town-officers with halberts, entered the apartment of Niel Blane.

'Guard the doors!' were the first words which the Cornet spoke; 'let no man leave the house. So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did you not hear them sound boot and saddle?'

'He was just going to quarters, sir,' said his comrade; 'he has had a bad fall.'

'In a fray, I suppose?' said Grahame. 'If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you.'

'How have I neglected duty?' said Bothwell, sulkily.

'You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell,' replied the officer; 'you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been strangely and foully assassinated by a body of the rebel Whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriage on Magus Muir, near the town of St. Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers.'¹

¹ See Assassination of Archbishop Sharp. Note 6.
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All stood aghast at the intelligence.

'Here are their descriptions,' continued the Cornet, pulling out a proclamation; 'the reward of a thousand merks is on each of their heads.'

'The test, the test, and the qualification!' said Bothwell to Halliday; 'I know the meaning now. Zounds, that we should not have stopt him! Go, saddle our horses, Halliday. Was there one of the men, Cornet, very stout and square-made, double-chested, thin in the flanks, hawk-nosed?'

'Stay, stay,' said Cornet Grahame, 'let me look at the paper. Hackston of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired.'

'That is not my man,' said Bothwell.

'John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height——'

'It is he—it is the very man!' said Bothwell; 'skellies fearfully with one eye?'

'Right,' continued Grahame; 'rode a strong black horse, taken from the primate at the time of the murder.'

'The very man,' exclaimed Bothwell, 'and the very horse! He was in this room not a quarter of an hour since.'

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion that the reserved and stern stranger was Balfour of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate whom they accidentally met as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity.¹ In their excited imagination the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands.²

'Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads!' exclaimed Cornet Grahame; 'the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold.'

¹ See Sheriff-Depute Carmichael. Note 7.

² See Murderers of Archbishop Sharp. Note 8.

CHAPTER V

Arouse thee, youth! It is no human call :
God's church is leaguer'd, haste to man the wall ;
Haste where the red-cross banners wave on high,
Signal of honour'd death or victory !

JAMES DUFF.

MORTON and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, 'What has your father's son to do with such profane mummeries as I find you this day engaged in ?'

'I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure,' replied Morton, somewhat offended.

'Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water ? Or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with His fan in His hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff ?'

'I suppose from your style of conversation,' said Morton, 'that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it.'

'Thou canst not help it, Henry Morton,' said his companion ; 'thy Master has His uses for thee, and when He calls, thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true

preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become.'

'We are of the Presbyterian persuasion, like yourself,' said Morton; for his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous Presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. This 'indulgence,' as it was called, made a great schism among the Presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms.

The stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith. 'That is but an equivocation — a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the false prelates, and ye call that hearing the Word! Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains, an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light!'

'My uncle,' said Morton, 'is of opinion that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergymen, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family.'

'Your uncle,' said the horseman, 'is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Milnwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp.'

'My father,' replied Morton, 'was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms.'

'Ay, and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause; but more of this hereafter. I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there.'

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of

dreary and desolate hills ; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path which led from the highroad in that direction, an old woman wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, arose, and approaching him said, in a mysterious tone of voice, ' If ye be of our ain folk, gangna up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers hae beset the pass to hae the lives of ony of our puir wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall.'

' Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves ? ' demanded the stranger.

' About sixty or seventy horse and foot,' said the old dame ; ' but, ewhow ! they are puirly armed, and warse fended wi' victual.'

' God will help His own,' said the horseman. ' Which way shall I take to join them ? '

' It's a mere impossibility this night,' said the woman, ' the troopers keep sae strict a guard ; and they say there's strange news come frae the east that makes them rage in their cruelty mair fierce than ever. Ye maun take shelter somegate for the night before ye get to the muirs, and keep yoursell in hiding till the grey o' the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' threatenings o' the oppressors, I e'en took my cloak about me and sate down by the wayside to warn ony of our puir scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers.'

' Have you a house near this ? ' said the stranger ; ' and can you give me hiding there ? '

' I have,' said the old woman, ' a hut by the wayside, it may be a mile from hence ; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the thowless, thriftless, fissenless ministry of that carnal man, John Halftext, the curate.'

' Good-night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel,' said the stranger as he rode away.

' The blessings of the promise upon you,' returned the old dame ; ' may He keep you that can keep you.'

' Amen ! ' said the traveller ; ' for where to hide my head this night mortal skill cannot direct me.'

' I am very sorry for your distress,' said Morton ; ' and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I

almost think I would risk the utmost rigour of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with intercommuned persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them.'

'It is no less than I expected,' said the stranger; 'nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge. A barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed, any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar.'

'I assure you,' said Morton, much embarrassed, 'that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates.'

'Well,' said the traveller, 'I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?'

'His ancient friend and comrade who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Long Marston Moor? Often, very often.'

'I am that Balfour,' said his companion. 'Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I see the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man; to shrink from the side of thy father's friend like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril as in this perverse generation attends those who give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man when perishing for lack of refreshment!'

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he idolised, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted that, after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Resolutions and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II., after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protesters inclined rather to a union with the triumphant republicans. The stern fanaticism of Burley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again. These circumstances the deceased Colonel Morton had often mentioned to his son; and

always with an expression of deep regret that he had never, in any manner, been enabled to repay the assistance which on more than one occasion he had received from Burley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the sullen sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

'It must be Claverhouse with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on you fall into their hands; if you turn back towards the borough-town you are in no less danger from Cornet Grahame's party. The path to the hill is beset. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death; but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle. Follow me.'

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

'I must leave you here for a little while,' he whispered, 'until I can provide a bed for you in the house.'

'I care little for such delicacy,' said Burley; 'for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the next grey stone, than upon either wool or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table.'

It occurred to Morton at the same moment that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Burley for his place of repose a wooden bed, placed in a loft half-full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied until dismissed by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be

able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humour in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidante, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the sordid parsimony which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door, by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Milnwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney-corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, paced across the stone passage, and repeated a careful 'Wha's there at this time o' night?' more than once before she undid the bolts and bars and cautiously opened the door.

'This is a fine time o' night, Mr. Henry,' said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoilt and favourite domestic; 'a braw time o' night and a bonny to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folk out o' their beds waiting for you. Your uncle's been in his maist three hours syne, and Robin's ill o' the rheumatize, and he's to his bed too, and sae I had to sit up for ye mysell, for as sair a hoast as I hae.'

Here she coughed once or twice in further evidence of the egregious inconvenience which she had sustained.

'Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks.'

'Heh, sirs, sae fair-fashioned as we are! Mony folk ca' me Mistress Wilson, and Milnwood himsell is the only ane about this town thinks o' ca'ing me Alison, and indeed he as often says Mrs. Alison as ony other thing.'

'Well, then, Mistress Alison,' said Morton, 'I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in.'

'And now that you are come in, Mr. Henry,' said the cross old woman, 'what for do you no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang along the wainscot parlour, and haud a' the house scouring to get out the grease again.'

'But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed.'

'Eat! and ale, Mr. Henry! My certie, ye're ill to serve. Do ye think we havena heard o' your grand popinjay wark yonder, and how ye bleezed away as muckle pouter as wad hae shot a' the wild-fowl that we'll want atween this and Candlemas; and then ganging majoring to the piper's Howff wi' a' the idle loons in the country, and sitting there birling at your poor uncle's cost, nae doubt, wi' a' the scaff and raff o' the water-side till sun-down, and then coming hame and crying for ale as if ye were maister and mair!'

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton suppressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs. Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; 'and as for the shooting at the popinjay, I have heard you say you have been there yourself, Mrs. Wilson. I wish you had come to look at us.'

'Ah, Maister Henry,' said the old dame, 'I wish ye binna beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's lug wi' a' your whilly-wha's! Aweel, sae ye dinna practise them but on auld wives like me the less matter. But tak heed o' the young queans, lad. Popinjay — ye think yoursell a braw fellow enow; and troth! (surveying him with the candle) there's nae fault to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I mind when I was a gilpy of a lassock seeing the Duke — that was him that lost his head at London; folk said it wasna a very gude ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman. Aweel, he wan the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head. Weel, he had a comely presence, and when a' the gentles mounted to show their capers, his Grace was as near to me as I am to you, and he said to me, "Tak tent o' yoursell, my bonny lassie — these were his very words — for my horse is not very chancy." And now, as ye say ye had sae little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I havena been sae unmindfu' o' you; for I dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stomach.'

To do Mrs. Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this sage apothegm, which always prefaced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her 'maundering' was to display her consequence and love of power; for Mrs. Wilson was not at the bottom an ill-tempered woman, and

certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tormented extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency as he partook of her good cheer.

‘Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye dinna get sic a skirl-in-the-pan as that at Niel Blane’s. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very weel for ane in her line o’ business, but no like a gentleman’s housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter’s a silly thing; an unco cockernony she had busked on her head at the kirk last Sunday. I am doubting that there will be news o’ a’ thae braws. But my auld e’en’s drawing thegither; dinna hurry yoursell, my bonny man. ‘Tak mind about the putting out the candle, and there’s a horn of ale and a glass of clow-gillie-flower water. I dinna gie ilka body that; I keep it for a pain I hae whiles in my ain stomach, and it’s better for your young blood than brandy. Sae gude-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o’ the candle.’

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse and arrange him for the night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest when the nodding head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door with an admonition to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics,¹ once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manor-houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and, as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismissal to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

¹ See Old Family Servants. Note 9.

CHAPTER VI

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him and prepared to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy trampling of horses announced that the body of cavalry, whose kettle-drums¹ they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the highroad which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding officer distinctly give the word 'Halt.' A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger. 'Whose house is this?' said a voice in a tone of authority and command.

'Milnwood, if it like your honour,' was the reply.

'Is the owner well affected?' said the inquirer.

'He complies with the orders of government, and frequents an indulged minister,' was the response.

'Hum! ay! indulged! A mere mask for treason, very impolitically allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced. Had we not better send up a party and search the house in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?'

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him a third speaker rejoined, 'I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac

¹ See Military Music at Night. Note 10.

old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappenschaw to-day, and gained the popinjay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man.'

'Well,' rejoined the leader, 'if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life Guards, forward. March!'

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drum to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded and showed indistinctly the glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill and sweep over the top of it in such long succession as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'ermastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

'I perceive,' said Morton, looking at his sword, 'that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes.'

'I scarcely heeded them,' said Balfour; 'my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands and be honourably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man,

that the hour were come ; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth I must not do His labour grudgingly.'

'Eat and refresh yourself,' said Morton ; 'to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place in order to gain the hills so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses.'

'Young man,' returned Balfour, 'you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and continue to retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another ? And think you that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves ? Must they not sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under ? Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy ?'

'These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill-qualified to converse with you,' answered Morton ; 'but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct.'

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself and answered coolly, 'It is natural you should think so ; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malcaiah the son of Hamel-melech, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous who resisted to blood, where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye that in this day of bitterness and calamity nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as

far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our conquests must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No; we are called upon, when we have girded up our loins, to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword we are enjoined to smite the ungodly though he be our neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty though he were of our own kindred and the friend of our own bosom.

'These are the sentiments,' said Morton, 'that your enemies impute to you, and which palliate, if they do not vindicate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you.'

'They do us wrong,' answered the Covenanter; 'it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few Popish malignants, have sworn in former days, yet which they now burn in the market-places, and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stewart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand, but they failed, I trow. Could James Grahame of Montrose and his Highland caterans have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work, the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, "We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble. The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it."'

'Mr. Balfour,' answered Morton, 'I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable.'

'But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning ere I depart? I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections, that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled.'

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance which he had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

'I have slept too long,' he exclaimed to himself, 'and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive.'

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanters. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and showed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated from time to time by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow 'like bubbles in a late disturbed stream,' and these marks of emotion were accom-

panied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals — ‘Thou art taken, Judas — thou art taken. Cling not to my knees — cling not to my knees; hew him down! A priest! Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon. Firearms will not prevail against him. Strike — thrust with the cold iron — put him out of pain — put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his grey hairs.’

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, ‘Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed!’

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees before speaking to Morton poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name’s sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance, speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors, was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer (to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood and direct him to the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half a mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them, until at length Burley suddenly asked Morton, ‘Whether the words he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in his mind?’

Morton answered, ‘That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as

far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject.'

'In other words,' replied Burley, 'you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things? Think ye,' he continued, 'to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papa-prelatists, latitudinarians, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, which are like the meat offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood. Think you, I say, to do all these things and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you that all communication with the enemies of the church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not, taste not, handle not! And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet. I say to you, that the Son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole generation of mankind.'

He then mounted his horse, and, turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, 'An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb till the day that they return to the mother of all things, from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown even to him who weareth simple linen,—wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigour, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest.'

Having uttered these words he set his horse in motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

'Farewell, stern enthusiast,' said Morton, looking after him; 'in some moods of my mind how dangerous would be the society of such a companion! If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship (such was the purport of his reflections), can I be a man and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought; and shall I do well to remain inactive or to take the part of an oppressive government if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected? And yet, who shall

warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree of moderation or of mercy can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings of remorse which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me — now assuming the mask of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal. I am sick of my country, of myself, of my dependent situation, of my repressed feelings, of these woods, of that river, of that house, of all but Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks? Why encourage my own delusion, and perhaps hers? She can never be mine. Her grandmother's pride, the opposite principles of our families, my wretched state of dependence — a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant; all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

'But I am no slave,' he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature, — 'no slave in one respect surely. I can change my abode, my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Lesleys, our Monros, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus, or, if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave.'

When he had formed this determination he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

'Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, therefore, and then see her for the last time.'

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of buttermilk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture betwixt freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree that at a meeting, where

there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a considerable brook, a facetious neighbour proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alleging that he would sell anything that belonged to him. Splay feet of unusual size, long thin hands garnished with nails which seldom felt the steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bargain-making grey eyes that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr. Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it — that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and into his stomach inflamed the ill-humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman.

‘The deil take them that made them!’ was his first ejaculation, apostrophising his mess of porridge.

‘They’re gude parritch enough,’ said Mrs. Wilson, ‘if ye wad but take time to sup them. I made them mysell; but if folk winna hae patience they should get their thrapples causewayed.’

‘Haud your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my nevoy. How is this, sir? And what sort o’ scampering gates are these o’ going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight.’

‘Thereabouts, sir, I believe,’ answered Morton in an indifferent tone.

‘Thereabouts, sir! What sort of an answer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other folk left the grund?’

‘I suppose you know the reason very well, sir,’ said Morton; ‘I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day, and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men.’

‘The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? You pretend to gie entertainments that canna come by a dinner except by sorning on a carefu’ man like me? But if ye put me to charges I’s’e work it out o’ ye. I seena why ye

shouldna haud the pleugh now that the pleughman has left us; it wad set ye better than wearing thae green duds and wasting your siller on powther and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being be-hadden to ony ane.'

'I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough.'

'And what for no? It's easier than your gunning and archery that ye like sae weel. Auld Davie is ca'ing it e'en now, and ye may be goadsman for the first twa or three days; and tak tent ye dinna o'erdrive the owsen, and then ye will be fit to gang between the stilts. Ye'll ne'er learn younger, I'll be your caution. Haggie Holm is heavy land, and Davie is ower auld to keep the coulter down now.'

'I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company.'

'Ay! Indeed! a scheme o' yours! that must be a denty ane!' said the uncle with a very peculiar sneer. 'Let's hear about it, lad.'

'It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country and serve abroad as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier.'

'Gude be gracious to us!' exclaimed the housekeeper; 'our young Mr. Harry gang abroad? Na, na! eh, na! that maun never be.'

Milnwood, entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

'And wha do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-geese chase? Not I, I am sure. I can hardly support you at hame. And ye wad be marrying, I'se warrant, as your father did afore ye, too, and sending your uncle hame a pack o' weans to be fighting and skirling through the house in my auld days, and to take wing and flee aff like yoursell whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town?'

'I have no thoughts of ever marrying,' answered Henry.

'Hear till him now!' said the housekeeper. 'It's a shame

to hear a douce young lad speak in that way, since a' the world kens that they maun either marry or do waur.'

'Haud your peace, Alison,' said her master; 'and you, Harry (he added more mildly), put this nonsense out o' your head. This comes o' letting ye gang a-sodgering for a day; mind, ye hae nae siller, lad, for ony sic nonsense plans.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain which the margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen——'

'Mercy on us! the gowd chain!' exclaimed his uncle; 'The chain of gowd!' re-echoed the housekeeper—both aghast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

'I will keep a few links, to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it,' continued Morton; 'the rest shall furnish me the means of following the same career in which my father obtained that mark of distinction.'

'Mercifu' powers!' exclaimed the governante, 'my master wears it every Sunday.'

'Sunday and Saturday,' added old Milnwood, 'whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Mactricket is partly of opinion it's a kind of heirloom that rather belongs to the head of the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling.'

'That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money and five links of the chain it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to.'

'The laddie's in a creel!' exclaimed his uncle. 'O, sirs, what will become o' the rigs o' Milnwood when I am dead and gane! He would fling the crown of Scotland awa if he had it.'

'Hout, sir,' said the old housekeeper, 'I maun e'en say it's partly your ain' faut. Ye maunna curb his head ower sair in neither; and, to be sure, since he *has* gane down to the Howff, ye maun just e'en pay the lawing.'

'If it be not abune twa dollars, Alison,' said the old gentleman very reluctantly.

'I'll settle it, mysell wi' Niel Blane the first time I gang down to the clachan,' said Alison, 'cheaper than your honour or Mr. Harry can do'; and then whispered to Henry, 'Dinna vex him ony mair; I'll pay the lave out o' the butter siller, and nae mair words about it.' Then proceeding aloud, 'And ye

mannna speak o' the young gentleman hauding the pleugh; there's puir distressed Whigs enow about the country will be glad to do that for a bite and a soup; it sets them far better than the like o' him.'

'And then we'll hae the dragoons on us,' said Milnwood, 'for comforting and entertaining intercommuned rebels; a bonny strait ye wad put us in! But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat and put on your raploch-grey, it's a mair mensfu' and thrifty dress, and a mair seemly sight than thae dangling slops and ribbands.'

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and perhaps not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighbourhood of Tillietudlem. The housekeeper followed him into the next room, patting him on the back and bidding him 'be a gude bairn and pit by his braw things.'

'And I'll loop down your hat and lay by the band and ribband,' said the officious dame; 'and ye maun never at no hand speak o' leaving the land or of selling the gowd chain, for your unclè has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chainzie; and ye ken auld folk canna last for ever, sae the chain and the lands and a' will be your ain ae day; and ye may marry ony ledly in the country-side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood, for there's enow o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?'

There was something in the latter part of the prognostic which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged by her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.

As You Like It.

WE must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillietudlem, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phrase, malcontent and full of heaviness at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indelible affront which had been brought upon her dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady by appearing in her presence while the sense of the affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harrison and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the recusancy of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the abetment which he had received from his mother — these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillietudlem. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprits in person, and, if she found them impenitent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say anything in behalf of the accused; but her countenance did not profit them, as it might have done on any other occasion. For so soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritated, as usual, by restraint, had broke out repeatedly on her return

homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed risibility, upbraided her in very bitter terms with being insensible to the honour of her family. Miss Bellenden's intercession, therefore, had on this occasion little or no chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret on this solemn occasion exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of on occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Margaret Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, not with the cordial alertness of visage which used on other occasions to express the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is nevertheless determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primmed into an expression of respect mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best courtesy to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair which on former occasions Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the county and of the borough.

But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such condescension. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and, drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the culprit. 'Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you hae taen it upon you, contrary to the faith you owe to God and the king and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappenschaw, held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armour and abulyements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonour as hasna befa'en the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?'

Mause's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme; she hesitated, and one or two short coughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself. 'I am sure, my leddy — hem, hem! I am sure I am sorry, very sorry, that ony cause of displeasure should hae occurred; but my son's illness —'

'Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would hae been at the Tower by daylight to get something that wad do him gude; there are few ailments that I havena medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel.'

'O ay, my leddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie, when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm.'

'Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was ony real need? But there was none, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are!'

'Your leddyship never ca'd me sic a word as that before. Ohon! that I suld live to be ca'd sae,' she continued, bursting into tears, 'and me a born servant o' the house o' Tillietudlem! I am sure they belie baith Cuddie and me sair, if they said he wadna fight ower the boots in bluid for your leddyship and Miss Edith and the auld Tower — ay suld he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it than he suld gie way; but thir ridings and wappenschawings, my leddy, I hae nae broo o' them ava. I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever.'

'Nae warrant for them!' cried the high-born dame. 'Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to be liege vassals in all hunting, hosting, watching and warding, when lawfully summoned thereto in my name? Your service is not gratuitous. I trow ye hae land for it. Ye're kindly tenants, hae a cot-house, a kale-yard, and a cow's grass on the common. Few hae been brought farther ben, and ye grudge your son suld gie me a day's service in the field?'

'Na, my leddy — na, my leddy, it's no that!' exclaimed Mause, greatly embarrassed, 'but ane canna serve twa maisters; and, if the truth maun e'en come out, there's Ane abune whase commands I maun obey before your leddyship's. I am sure I would put neither king's nor kaisar's nor ony earthly creature's afore them.'

'How mean ye by that, ye auld fule woman? D'ye think that I order onything against conscience?'

'I dinna pretend to say that, my leddy, in regard o' your

leddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, wi' prelatie principles; but ilka ane maun walk by the light o' their ain, and mine,' said Mause, waxing bolder as the conference became animated, 'tells me that I suld leave a'—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause.'

'Unlawfu'!' exclaimed her mistress; 'the cause to which you are called by your lawful leddy and mistress, by the command of the king, by the writ of the privy council, by the order of the lord-lieutenant, by the warrant of the sheriff!'

'Ay, my leddy, nae doubt; but, no to displeasure your leddyship, ye'll mind that there was ance a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday, and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themsells, forbye the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music.'

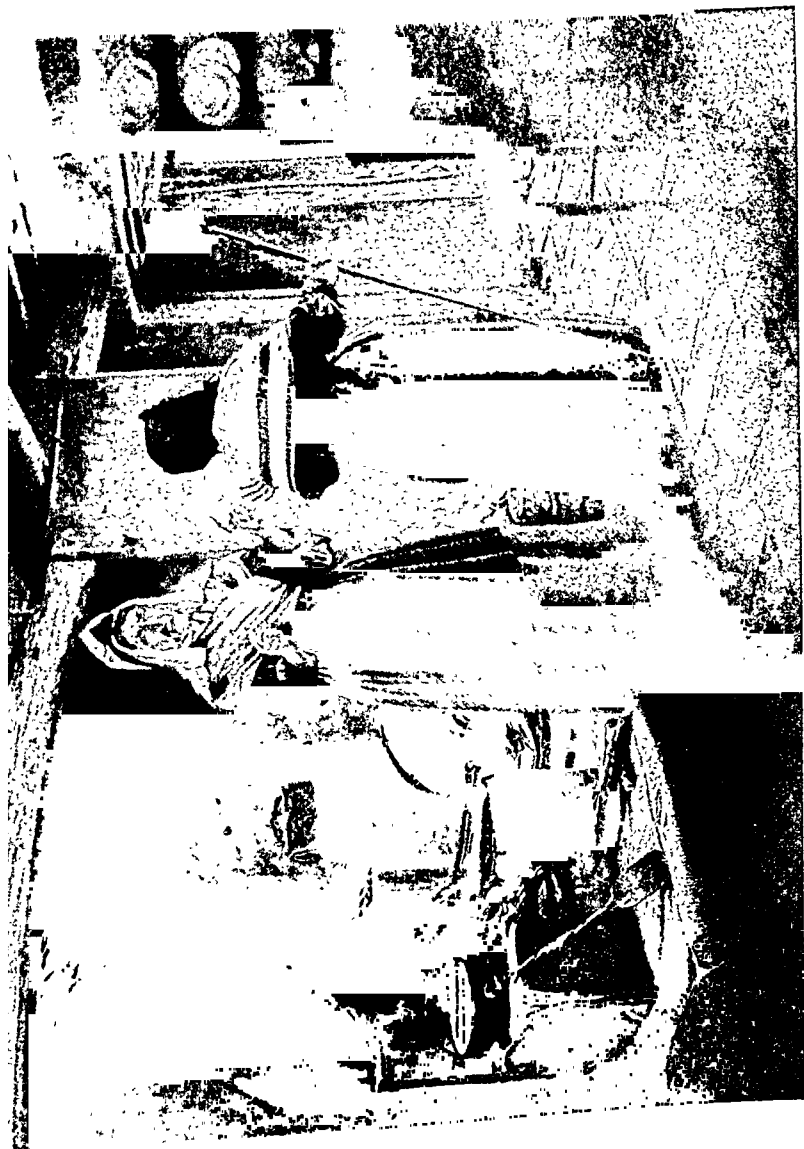
'And what o' a' this, ye fule wife? Or what had Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappenschaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?'

'Only just thus far, my leddy,' continued Mause, firmly, 'that prelacy is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddie Headrigg, your leddyship's poor pleughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgeons or jenny-flections, as they ca' them, in the house of the prelates and curates, nor gird him wi' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or ony other kind of music whatever.'

Lady Margaret Bellenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation as well as surprise.

'I see which way the wind blaws,' she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; 'the evil spirit of the year 1642 is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuk will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church.'

'If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And



"IT IS VERY WELL," SAID LADY MARGARET, TURNING HER BACK IN GREAT DISPLEASURE,
"YE KEN MY WILL."

From a painting by William Douglas, R.S.A.



since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us; I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi' a newfangled machine¹ for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy —

'The woman would drive any reasonable being daft!' said Lady Margaret; then resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I suld hae begun. Ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say — either Cuddie must attend musters when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner he and you flit and quit my bounds the better. There's nae scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but if there were, I had rather that the rigs of Tillietudlem bare naething but windlestraes and sandy lavrocks than that they were ploughed by rebels to the king.'

'Aweel, my leddy,' said Mause, 'I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for you and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error of your ways. But still —'

'The error of my ways!' interrupted Lady Margaret, much incensed — 'the error of *my* ways, ye uncivil woman!'

'Ou, ay, my leddy, we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony errors, grit folks as weel as sma'; but, as I said, my puir bennison will rest wi' you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction and blythe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I canna prefer the commands of an earthly mistress to those of a Heavenly Master, and sae I am e'en ready to suffer for righteousness' sake.'

'It is very well,' said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great displeasure; 'ye ken my will, Mause, in the matter. I'll hae nae Whiggery in the barony of Tillietudlem; the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very withdrawing-room.'

Having said this she departed with an air of great dignity;

¹ See Winnowing Machine. Note 11.

and Mause, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed during the interview — for she like her mistress had her own feeling of pride — now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay perdue during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing he bounced up in his nest.

‘The foul fa’ ye, that I suld say sae,’ he cried out to his mother, ‘for a lang-tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca’d ye! Couldna ye let the led dy alane wi’ your Whiggery? And I was e’en as great a gomerall to let ye persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon instead o’ gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk. Odd, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa on’t. I cheated the led dy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my jo. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I’m clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frae Mr. Gudyill when ye garr’d me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Yule Eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens.’

‘O, whisht, my bairn, whisht,’ replied Mause; ‘thou kensna about thae things. It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians.’

‘And now,’ continued her son, ‘ye hae brought the led dy hersell on our hands! An I could but hae gotten some decent claes in, I wad hae spanged out o’ bed and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, an she wad but leave us the free house and the yaird, that grew the best early kale in the haill country, and the cow’s grass.’

‘O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie,’ continued the old dame, ‘murmur not at the dispensation; never grudge suffering in the gude cause.’

‘But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mither,’ rejoined Cuddie, ‘for a’ ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It’s clean beyond my comprehension a’thegither. I see nae sae muckle difference atween the twa ways o’t as a’ the

folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no? A gude tale's no the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursell, mith'er.'

'O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a,' said the anxious mother. 'O, how often have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine and ane that's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my grey hairs——'

'Weel, mith'er,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, 'what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for ye now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can plough ony place but the mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors will daur to take us after being turned aff thae bounds for non-enormity.'

'Non-conformity, hinnie,' sighed Mause, 'is the name that thae warldly men gie us.'

'Weel, aweel, we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs.' Here Mause's exclamations became extreme. 'Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides, ye're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage-waggon wi' Eppie Dumblane, the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o' us I canna weel see. I doubt I'll hae to tak the hills wi' the wild Whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike-side, or to be sent to heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippit about my hause.'

'O, my bonnie Cuddie,' said the zealous Mause, 'forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence. I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread, sae says the text; and your father was a douce, honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, e'en like yoursell, my jo!'

'Aweel,' said Cuddie, after a little consideration, 'I see but ae gate for 't, and that's a cauld coal to blaw at, mith'er. Howsomever, mith'er, ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness

that's atween Miss Edith and young Mr. Henry Morton, that suld be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I kenn'd brawly. There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid; and I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood burn; but naebody ever kend a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm gay thick in the head; but I'm as honest as our auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair. I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been. But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr. Harry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain. I am sure Mr. Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman. I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himsell. But we'll aye win a bit bread and a drap kale, and a fireside and theeking ower our heads, and that's a' we'll want for a season. Sae get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away; for since sae it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn.'

CHAPTER VIII

The devil a puritan, or anything else he is, but a time-server.

Twelfth Night.

IT was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived an old woman wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow in hodden-grey, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her courtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mother that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and filially submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, 'For getting a service or getting forward in the warld he could somegate gar the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than hers, though she could crack like ony minister o' them a'.'

Accordingly, he thus opened the conversation with young Morton: 'A braw night this for the rye, your honour; the west park will be breering bravely this e'en.'

'I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not? (Cuddie nodded)—what can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?'

'Troth, stir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neshessity, stir. I'm seeking for service, stir.'

'For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year? how comes that?'

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, 'It has pleased Heaven, an it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation——'

'Deil's in the wife and nae gude!' whispered Cuddie to his mother, 'an ye come out wi' your Whiggery they'll no daur open a door to us through the haill country!' Then aloud and

addressing Morton, 'My mother's auld, stir, and she has rather forgotten hersell in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit — as I ken naeboddy likes it if they could help themsells — especially by her ain folk; and Mr. Harrison the steward, and Gudyill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope. Sae I thought it best to flit before ill came to waur; and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it.'

Morton took the billet, and, crimsoning up to the ears between joy and surprise, read these words: 'If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B.'

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, 'And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?'

'Wark, stir, wark and a service is my object, a bit beild for my mither and mysell; we hae gude plenishing o' our ain, if we had the cast o' a cart to bring it down, and milk and meal and greens enow, for I'm gay gleg at meal-time, and sae is my mither, lang may it be sae! And for the penny-fee and a' that I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged if ye can help it.'

Morton shook his head. 'For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something; but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt.'

'I'll tak my chance o't, stir,' replied the candidate for service, 'rather than gang down about Hamilton or ony sic far country.'

'Well, step into the kitchen, Cuddie, and I'll do what I can for you.'

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being besought and entreated; but when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant whose wages were to be in his own option. An out-house was therefore assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddie such a present, under the name of 'arles,' as might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

'And now we're settled ance mair,' said Cuddie to his mother, 'and if we're no sae bien and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk-ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mither; there will be nae quarrelling about that.'

'Of *my* persuasion, hinnie!' said the too-enlightened Mause; 'wae's me for thy blindness and theirs. O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the Prelatists themselfs. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor that has, for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strict path and gane astray after the Black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen of Bengonnar frae the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth who suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say that Erastianism was as bad as Prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?'

'Heard ever onybody the like o' this!' interrupted Cuddie. 'We'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursells. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair. An I hear ony mair o' your din — afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysell, they aye set me sleeping — but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysell, or maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the deil thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a sour fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the ledgy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery; mair by token, an she had kenn'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to mend it.'

Although groaning in spirit over the obdurate and impenitent state, as she thought it, of her son Cuddie, Mause durst neither urge him farther on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered that, although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be

seized with fits of obstinacy, which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Cuddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue, and even when Poundtext was commended in her presence as an able and fructifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more pathetic parts of his homilies. How long she could have repressed her feelings it is difficult to say. An unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was therefore still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board and partook of the share which was assigned to them in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, *valet-de-chambre*, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid were indistinctly discovered by close observers two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would nowadays have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland that, instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock — a cheese, that is, made with ewe-milk mixed with cow's milk — and a jar of salt butter were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer was placed at the head of

the table the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt, of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exertations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson. A barnsman, a white-headed cowherd boy, with Cuddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could eat their fill unwatched by the sharp, envious grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who sustained much prejudice in his new master's opinion by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

'Pay thee wages, quotha!' said Milnwood to himself. 'Thou wilt eat in a week the value of mair than thou canst work for in a month.'

These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland that, when the family was at dinner, the outer gate of the courtyard, if there was one, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time.¹ The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish doorways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, 'The redcoats! the redcoats!'

¹ See Locking the Door during Dinner. Note 12.

'Robin — ploughman, what ca' they ye? — barnsman — nevoy Harry — open the door — open the door!' exclaimed old Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, those beneath the salt being of goodly horn. 'Speak them fair, sirs — Lord love ye, speak them fair; they winna bide thrawing; we're a' harried — we're a' harried!'

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, 'Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yoursell deaf — ye hae made us a' deaf ere now — and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mither.'

'O hinny, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill,' was the corresponding whisper of Mause; 'but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny —'

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life Guardsmen, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow, Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself amid the confusion to a sevenfold portion.

'What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?' said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

'We come in behalf of the King,' answered Bothwell. 'Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?'

'We were at dinner,' answered Milnwood, 'and the door was

locked, as is usual in landwart towns¹ in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude King had stood at the door—— But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?' making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loth to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

'Claret for me,' said one fellow.

'I like ale better,' said another, 'provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn.'

'Better never was malted,' said Milnwood. 'I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret; it's thin and cauld, gentlemen.'

'Brandy will cure that,' said a third fellow; 'a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach.'

'Brandy, ale, sack, and claret—we'll try them all,' said Bothwell, 'and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that if the damn'dest Whig in Scotland had said it.'

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the governante.

'The housekeeper,' said Bothwell, taking a seat and throwing himself upon it, 'is neither so young nor so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntrees, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place. What's this? meat?' searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton. 'I think I could eat a bit; why, it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it.'

'If there is anything better in the house, sir,' said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation——

'No, no,' said Bothwell, 'it's not worth while; I must proceed to business. You attend Poundtext, the Presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr. Morton?'

Mr. Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology.

'By the indulgence of his gracious Majesty and the government, for I wad do nothing out of law. I hae nae objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country-bred man and the ministers are a hamelier kind of folk, and I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a mair frugal establishment for the country.'

'Well, I care nothing about that,' said Bothwell; 'they are

¹ See Landward Town. Note 13.

indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a crop-ear'd cur of the whole pack should bark in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am to obey commands. There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady.'

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

'You did your good wine injustice, my friend; it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the King's health?'

'With pleasure,' said Milnwood, 'in ale; but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honoured friends.'

'Like me, I suppose,' said Bothwell; and then pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, 'Here, young man, pledge you the King's health.'

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

'Well,' said Bothwell, 'have ye all drank the toast? What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy; she shall drink the King's health, by——'

'If your honour pleases,' said Cuddie with great stolidity of aspect, 'this is my mither, stir; and she's as deaf as Corra Linn. We canna mak her hear day nor door; but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the King's health for her in as many glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary.'

'I dare swear you are,' answered Bothwell; 'you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy. Help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come. Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more. Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse! What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a Whig as ever sate on a hillside. Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?'

'Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works or the Covenant of Grace?' said Cuddie, interposing.

'Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched,' answered the trooper.

'Mither,' cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, 'the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works?'

'With all my heart, Cuddie,' said Mause, 'and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof.'

‘Come,’ said Bothwell, ‘the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we’ll proceed to business. You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?’

All started and looked at each other; at length Milnwood himself answered, ‘They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true.’

‘There is the relation published by government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?’

‘Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it,’ stammered Milnwood.

‘I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend,’ said the dragoon authoritatively.

Milnwood’s eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in gleaning which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics. ‘I think it a — bloody and execrable — murder and parricide — devised by hellish and implacable cruelty — utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land.’

‘Well said, old gentleman!’ said the querist. ‘Here’s to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack, sour ale sits ill upon a loyal stomach. Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?’

‘I should have little objection to answer you,’ said Henry, ‘if I knew what right you had to put the question.’

‘The Lord preserve us!’ said the old housekeeper, ‘to ask the like o’ that at a trooper, when a’ folk ken they do whatever they like through the hail country wi’ man and woman, beast and body.’

The old gentleman exclaimed in the same horror at his nephew’s audacity, ‘Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the King’s authority in the person of a sergeant of the Life Guards?’

‘Silence, all of you!’ exclaimed Bothwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table — ‘silence, every one of you, and hear me! You ask me for my right to examine you, sir (to Henry). My cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Nol gave to his Roundheads; and if you want to know more about it you may look at the act of council empowering his Majesty’s officers and soldiers to search for,

examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and therefore once more I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharp. It's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's metal.'

Henry had by this time reflected upon the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied composedly, 'I have no hesitation to say that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed and as far from approving it as myself.'

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bothwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features. 'Aha! my friend, Captain Popenjay, I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company.'

'I saw you once,' answered Henry, 'in the public-house of the town of——'

'And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster? Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?'

'I did leave the house with the person you have named,' answered Henry, 'I scorn to deny it; but so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed.'

'Lord have mercy on me, I am ruined! — utterly ruined and undone!' exclaimed Milnwood. 'That callant's tongue will rin the head aff his ain shoulders, and waste my gudes to the very grey cloak on my back!'

'But you knew Burley,' continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, 'to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You knew that as a loyal subject you were prohibited to reset, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, house, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains — you knew all this, and yet you broke the law. (Henry was silent.) Where did you part from him?' continued Bothwell; 'was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?'

'In this house!' said his uncle; 'he dared not for his neck bring ony traitor into a house of mine.'

'Dare he deny that he did so?' said Bothwell.

'As you charge it to me as a crime,' said Henry, 'you will excuse my saying anything that will criminate myself.'

'O, the lands of Milnwood! the bonny lands of Milnwood, that have been in the name of Morton twa hundred years!' exclaimed his uncle. 'They are barking and fleeing, outfield and infield, haugh and holme!'

'No, sir,' said Henry, 'you shall not suffer on my account. I own,' he continued, addressing Bothwell, 'I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence.'

'Come, young man,' said the soldier in a somewhat milder tone, 'you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan, kinder, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own thin ale. Tell me all you know about this Burley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand merks on the murdering Whigamore's head an I could but light on it. Come, out with it; where did you part with him?'

'You will excuse my answering that question, sir,' said Morton. 'The same cogent reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends would command me to respect his secret, if indeed he had trusted me with any.'

'So you refuse to give me an answer?' said Bothwell.

'I have none to give,' returned Henry.

'Perhaps I could teach you to find one by tying a piece of lighted match betwixt your fingers,' answered Bothwell.

'O, for pity's sake, sir,' said old Alison apart to her master, 'gie them siller; it's siller they're seeking. They'll murder Mr. Henry, and yoursell next!'

Milnwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, 'If twenty p—p—punds would make up this unhappy matter——'

'My master,' insinuated Alison to the sergeant, 'would gie twenty pounds sterling——'

'Punds Scotch, ye b—h!' interrupted Milnwood; for the

agony of his avarice overcame alike his Puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

'Punds sterling,' insisted the housekeeper, 'if ye wad hae the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct. He's that dour ye might tear him to pieces and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little gude, I'm sure, to burn his bonny finger-ends.'

'Why,' said Bothwell, hesitating, 'I don't know. Most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but——'

'O ay, ay, sir,' cried Mrs. Wilson, 'ony test, ony oaths ye please!' And then aside to her master, 'Haste ye away, sir, and get the siller, or they will burn the house about our lugs.'

Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off like a piece of Dutch clockwork to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's custom-house.

'You — what's your name, woman?'

'Alison Wilson, sir.'

'You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare that you judge it unlawful for subjects, under pretext of reformation or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants——'

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

'Oh, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon a communing. Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel enough e'enow.'

'I will not whisht, Cuddie,' replied his mother; 'I will uplift my voice and spare not. I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the fowler.'

'She has her leg ower the harrows now,' said Cuddie, 'stop her wha can. I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the tolbooth. I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly. Ay, she has just mustered up her sermon, and there, wi' that grane, out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!'

'And div ye think to come here,' said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen though wrinkled visage; animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated, by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition — 'div ye think to come here wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths and tests and bands, your snares and your traps and your gins? Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird.'

'Eh! what, good dame?' said the soldier. 'Here's a Whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn. Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot.'

'Whae do I talk to! Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey and burdens to the earth.'

'Upon my soul,' said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, 'this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?'

'Gie ye some mair o't?' said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough. 'I will take up my testimony against you ance and again. Philistines ye are, and Edomites; leopards are ye, and foxes; evening wolves that gnaw not the bones till the morrow; wicked dogs that compass about the chosen; thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan; piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon — Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses.'

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

'Curse the old hag!' said one of the dragoons; 'gag her and take her to headquarters.'

'For shame, Andrews!' said Bothwell; 'remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privilege of her tongue. But hark ye, good woman, every bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the meantime I must necessarily carry off this young man to headquarters. I cannot answer to my commanding officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism.'

'See now, mither, what ye hae dune,' whispered Cuddie;

'there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gann to whirry awa' Mr. Henry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, deil be on't!'

'Haud yere tongue, ye cowardly loon,' said the mother, 'and layna the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons, that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity.'

While this dialogue passed the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milnwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head and said, 'There's many a merry night in this nest of yellow boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them; that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men too. Hark ye, old gentleman,' to Milnwood, 'I must take your nephew to headquarters, so I cannot in conscience keep more than is my due as civility-money'; then opening the purse he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers and took three to himself. 'Now,' said he, 'you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used; and the rest of the money I return to you.'

Milnwood eagerly extended his hand.

'Only you know,' said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, 'that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old Puritan in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council.'

'Good sergeant! worthy captain!' exclaimed the terrified miser, 'I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence.'

'Nay,' answered Bothwell, 'you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself. You, fellow (to Cuddie), stand back and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge.'

'Lord! noble sir,' said Cuddie, 'an auld wife's tongue's but a feckless matter to mak sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said.'

'Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well,' said Bothwell; 'I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed. Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony.'

Mause's zeal did not require this spur to set her again on full career. 'Woe to the compilers and carnal self-seekers,' she said, 'that daub over and drown their consciences by complying with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the Enemy. It is the evil that Menahan did in the sight of the Lord when he gave a thousand talents to Peel, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him—Second Kings, feifteen chapter, nineteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab when he sent money to Tiglath-Peleser—see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money and offering to bear that which was put upon him—see the saame Second Kings, aughteen chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses—even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates—dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber—and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They are all like the casters of a lot with them, like the preparing of a table for the troop and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number.'

'There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr. Morton! How like you that?' said Bothwell; 'or how do you think the council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a keelyvine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. She denies paying cess, I think, Andrews?'

'Yes, by G—,' said Andrew; 'and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down to a table.'

'You hear,' said Bothwell, addressing Milnwood; 'but it's your own affair'; and he proffered back the purse with its diminished contents with an air of indifference.

Milnwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the purse.

'Are ye mad?' said his housekeeper in a whisper. 'Tell them to keep it; they *will* keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet.'

'I canna do it, Ailie, — I canna do it,' said Milnwood in the bitterness of his heart. 'I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower to thae blackguards.'

'Then I maun do it mysell, Milnwood,' said the housekeeper, 'or see a' gang wrang thegither. My master, sir,' she said, addressing Bothwell, 'canna think o' taking back onything at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the siller and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud (here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers), a daft auld Whig randy, that ne'er was in the house, foul fa' her! till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the door-stane again an anes I had her out o't.'

'Ay, ay,' whispered Cuddie to his parent, 'e'en sae! I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er ye suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither.'

'Whisht, my bairn,' said she, 'and dinna murmur at the cross. Cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back-cast o' his hand yet that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the Creator; sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken Covenant; sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture; sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forbye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret.'

'She's at the Covenant now, sergeant, shall we not have her away?' said one of the soldiers.

'You be d—d!' said Bothwell aside to him; 'cannot you see she's better where she is, so long as there is a respectable,

sponsible, money-broking heritor like Mr. Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of atoning her trespasses? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood, she's too tough to be made anything of herself. Here,' he cried, 'one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him, which I think will not be far distant if he keeps such a fanatical family.'

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Milnwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bothwell and his troopers in other respects kept their promise and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contented themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then mounted and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milnwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leathern easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation of 'Ruined on a' sides — ruined on a' sides; harried and undone — harried and undone, body and gudes — body and gudes!'

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Mause and Cuddie's expulsion from Milnwood. 'Ill luck be in the graning corse o' thee! The prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day maun be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft Whiggery!'

'Gae wa', replied Mause; 'I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae. I promise I hae dune as muckle for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grass-market——'

'And there's gude hope o't,' said Alison, 'unless you and he change your courses.'

'And if,' continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, 'the bloody Doegs and the flattering Ziphites were to seek to ensnare me with a proffer of his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, natheless, in lifting my testimony against Popery, Prelacy, Antinomianism, Erastianism, Laps-

'Are ye mad?' said his housekeeper in a whisper. 'Tell them to keep it; they *will* keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet.'

'I canna do it, Ailie, — I canna do it,' said Milnwood in the bitterness of his heart. 'I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower to thae blackguards.'

'Then I maun do it mysell, Milnwood,' said the housekeeper, 'or see a' gang wrang thegither. My master, sir,' she said, addressing Bothwell, 'canna think o' taking back onything at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the siller and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud (here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers), a daft auld Whig randy, that ne'er was in the house, foul fa' her! till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the door-stane again an anes I had her out o't.'

'Ay, ay,' whispered Cuddie to his parent, 'e'en sae! I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er ye suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither.'

'Whisht, my bairn,' said she, 'and dinna murmur at the cross. Cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back-cast o' his hand yet that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the Creator; sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a broken Covenant; sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture; sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forbye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret.'

'She's at the Covenant now, sergeant, shall we not have her away?' said one of the soldiers.

'You be d—d!' said Bothwell aside to him; 'cannot you see she's better where she is, so long as there is a respectable,

sponsible, money-broking heritor like Mr. Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of atoning her trespasses? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood, she's too tough to be made anything of herself. Here,' he cried, 'one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him, which I think will not be far distant if he keeps such a fanatical family.'

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arianism, Sublapsarianism, and the sins and snares of the times; I wad cry as a woman in labour against the Black Indulgence that has been a stumbling-block to professors; I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher.'

'Hout tout, mither,' cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, 'dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for sax days. Ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was weel hafted in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty pund's out o' the Laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sae come awa — come awa; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while.'

So saying he dragged off Mause, the words 'Testimony, Covenant, malignants, indulgence' still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly renewing their travels in quest of an asylum.

'Ill-faur'd, crazy, crack-brained gowk that she is!' exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, 'to set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the auld besom, and to bring sae muckle distress on a douce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wizen'd hide o' her!'

CHAPTER IX

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

BURNS.

DON'T be too much cast down,' said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner as they journeyed on towards the headquarters ; 'you are a smart pretty lad, and well connected ; the worst that will happen will be strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate ; he can well afford it.'

'That vexes me more than the rest,' said Henry. 'He parts with his money with regret ; and, as he had no concern whatever with my having given this person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person.'

'Why, perhaps,' said Bothwell, 'they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service ; if your friends are active, and there are any knocks going, you may soon get a commission.'

'I am by no means sure,' answered Morton, 'that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me.'

'Why, then, you are no real Whig after all?' said the sergeant.

'I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state,' said Henry, 'but have remained quietly at home ; and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments.'

'Have you ?' replied Bothwell. 'Why, I honour you for it ; I have served in the Scotch French guards myself many a long day ; it's the place for learning discipline, d—n me. They never mind what you do when you are off duty ; but miss you

the roll-call, and see how they'll arrange you. D—n me, if old Captain Montgomery did n't make me mount guard upon the arsenal in my steel back and breast, plate-sleeves and head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun that gad I was baked like a turtle at Port Royal. I swore never to miss answering to Francis Stewart again, though I should leave my hand of cards upon the drum-head. Ah! discipline is a capital thing.'

'In other respects you liked the service?' said Morton.

'*Par excellence*,' said Bothwell; 'women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, gad he'll help you to these comforts himself, just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a crop-eared Whig parson will be so civil?'

'Why, nowhere, I agree with you,' said Henry; 'but what was your chief duty?'

'To guard the king's person,' said Bothwell, 'to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots—Protestants, that is. And there we had fine scope; it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a *bon camarado*, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in cash with some of your old uncle's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law: we must not see a pretty fellow want if we have cash ourselves.'

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and not judging it prudent to acquaint the sergeant, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

'Well,' said Bothwell, 'in that case these yellow rascals must serve to ballast my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern—unless ordered on duty—while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post. When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle, we must fall on some way of replenishing. But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank out of the woods that surround it on every side?'

'It is the Tower of Tillietudlem,' said one of the soldiers.

¹ See Throwing the Purse over the Gate. Note 14.

'Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d Whig dogs that shot at me from behind a fauld-dike, I lay a month there, and would stand such another wound to be in as good quarters again.'

'If that be the case,' said Bothwell, 'I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times,' he continued, addressing himself to Henry, 'that the king's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillie—— what d'ye call it? you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics you help yourself by force; and among the moderate Presbyterians and other suspicious persons you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other.'

'And you propose,' said Henry, anxiously, 'to go upon that errand up to the Tower yonder?'

'To be sure I do,' answered Bothwell. 'How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce, that I take for granted; it is the favourite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country laird.'

'Then, for Heaven's sake,' said Henry, 'if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be muffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge.'

'With all my heart,' said Bothwell; 'I promised to use you civilly, and I scorn to break my word. Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood.'¹

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the Civil War, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue,

¹ See Wooden Mare. Note 15.

very steep and narrow, and causewayed with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing, now hiding a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength as induced Bothwell to exclaim, 'It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old Whigamore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragoons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milnwood. Upon my life,' he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and flankers, 'it is a superb place, founded, says the worn inscription over the gate — unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip — by Sir Ralph de Bellenden in 1350, a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company.'

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitred the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, announced to his lady that a commanded party of dragoons, or, as he thought, Life Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

'I am certain,' said Gudyill, 'and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carabines out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the Great Marquis.'

'King's soldiers!' said the lady; 'probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyill, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and forage the Tower can afford. And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and manteau. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show the King's Life Guards too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear, Gudyill, let Jenny Dennison slip on her pearlys to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly.'

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the courtyard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance



TILLIETUDLEM CASTLE.
From a recent photograph.

which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion ; though the truth was that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them he answered, with a suitable bow, 'That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' answered Lady Margaret ; 'and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment.'

'We are well aware, madam,' continued Bothwell, 'that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillietudlem, of those who served the king.'

'We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir,' answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, 'both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred Majesty now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Sergeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall show you ; we still call it the King's room.'

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party and committed the horses to the charge of one file and the prisoner to that of another ; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

'Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his Majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate.'

'Indeed, sir ? Probably,' said Lady Margaret, 'you have belonged to his household ?'

'Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his *house* ; a connexion through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillietudlem.'

'Sir!' said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an impertinent jest, 'I do not understand you.'

'It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam,' answered the trooper; 'but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James I., his cousin-german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not in the long-run more advantageous to him than it is to me.'

'Indeed!' said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise. 'I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last earl was in necessitous circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connexions, what ill-fortune could have reduced you——'

'Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam,' said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. 'I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours, have drunk my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry main with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions. Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware,' he continued, with some bitterness, 'how much the descendant of the Scottish Stewarts was honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers.'

'But your Scottish friends, Mr. Stewart, your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?'

'Why, ay, my lady,' replied the sergeant, 'I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot; some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well; and here and there was one who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine. But I don't know how it is, between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, although the pay is but poor and the livery far from splendid.'

'It is a shame, it is a burning scandal!' said Lady Margaret. 'Why do you not apply to his most sacred Majesty? He cannot but be surprised to hear that a scion of his august family——'

'I beg your pardon, madam,' interrupted the sergeant, 'I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred Majesty is more busy in grafting scions of

his own than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather.'

'Well, Mr. Stewart,' said Lady Margaret, 'one thing you must promise me, remain at Tillietudlem to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding officer, the gallant Claverhouse, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion; and I am certain he feels too much both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred Majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received.'

'I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Grahame and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark.'

'Who is your prisoner, pray you?' said Lady Margaret.

'A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so incautious as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the primate, and to facilitate the dog's escape.'

'O, fie upon him!' said Lady Margaret; 'I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr. Stewart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison or Gudyill look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been open since the week after the victory of Kilsyth, when my poor Sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty Whigs into it; but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I rather believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air.'

'I beg your pardon, madam,' answered the sergeant; 'I daresay the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the thumbikins.'

'Well, Mr. Stewart,' rejoined the lady, 'you best know your

CHAPTER X

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

PRIOR.

WHILE Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood royal, did not honour Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person and a set of hardy weatherbeaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

'I wish,' she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person — 'I wish we knew who that poor fellow is.'

'I was just thinking sae mysell, Miss Edith,' said the waiting woman; 'but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and no sae stout.'

'Yet,' continued Miss Bellenden, 'it may be some poor neighbour for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves.'

'I can sune learn wha he is,' said the enterprising Jenny, 'if the sodgers were anes settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel — the best-looking and the youngest o' them.'

'I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country,' answered her mistress.

'Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that,' answered the *fille-de-chambre*. 'To be sure, folk canna

help kenning the folk by head-mark that they see aye glowing and looking at them at kirk and market ; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steinsons and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheils, and lang Tam Gilry, and ——'

'Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier,' said Miss Bellenden.

'Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him onything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him.'

'Try, then,' said Miss Edith, 'if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says.'

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

'What is the matter?' said Edith, anxiously ; 'does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?'

'Cuddie, Miss Edith! Na! na! it's nae Cuddie,' blubbered out the faithful *fille-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. 'O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himsell!'

'Young Milnwood!' exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn ; 'it is impossible — totally impossible! His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connexion whatever with the refractory people ; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy dissension. He must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right.'

'O, my dear Miss Edith,' said her attendant, 'these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrang ; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty if they liked ; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld carle of an archbishop.'

'His life!' exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent ; 'they cannot, they shall not ; I will speak for him ; they shall not hurt him!'

'O, my dear young leddy, think on your grandmother ; think on the danger and the difficulty,' added Jenny ; 'for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the

own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep ourselves company, but a — a — a —

‘O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V.’

‘Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be reconciled.’

‘I believe, madam,’ said Bothwell, ‘your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison.’

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a sergeant of the Life Guards, again assuring Mr. Stewart that whatever was in the Tower of Tillietudlem was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended in a joyous carousal, during which Mr. Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry by that seducing example which, in matters of conviviality, goes farther than precept. Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy, in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck to ransack some private catacomb known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king’s friend.

‘When the Duke dined here,’ said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell’s genealogy, but yet hitching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of his speech, ‘my leddy was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy (here he advanced his seat a little); but I dinna ken how it was, Mr. Stewart, I misdoubted him. I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to government he pretends: the family are not to lippen to. That auld Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wersh parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor sup

cauld.' With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table. 'Sae, sir, the faster my leddy cried, "Burgundy to his Grace — the auld Burgundy — the choice Burgundy — the Burgundy that came ower in the thirty-nine," the mair did I say to mysell, "Deil a drap gangs down his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles : sack and claret may serve him." Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I hae the trust o' butler in this house o' Tillietudlem, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtfu' person is the better o' our binns. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy ; when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by Church and Crown as I did mysell in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there's naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him.'

By this time he had completed a lodgment in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

'And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your gude health and a commission t'ye, and much luck may ye have in raking this country clear o' Whigs and Roundheads, fanatics and Covenanters.'

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine ; and Mr. Gudyill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

morning, and if he doesna gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief wark wi' him. Kneel down — mak ready — present — fire — just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar that never understood a single question they pat till him, and sae lost his life for lack o' hearing.'

'Jenny,' said the young lady, 'if he should die I will die with him. There is no time to talk of danger or difficulty; I will put on a plaid and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him; I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved —'

'Eh, guide us!' interrupted the maid, 'our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the puir chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it! That will never do; but what maun be maun be, and I'll never desert a true-love cause. And sae if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken nae gude it will do but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk o't, and try to manage Tam Halliday. But ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak ae word; he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the Tower.'

'Go, go, fetch me a plaid,' said Edith. 'Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger. Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands.'

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.¹ Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet in one of the turrets, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanour, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore,

¹ See Concealing the Face. Note 16.

with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air—

‘Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
I’ll gar ye be fain to follow me.’

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

‘I can manage the trooper weel enough,’ she said, ‘for as rough as he is; I ken their nature weel; but ye maunna say a single word.’

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery—

‘If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad;
A laird, or a lord, they were fitter for me,
Sae I’ll never be fain to follow thee.’

‘A fair challenge, by Jove,’ cried the sentinel, turning round, ‘and from two at once. But it’s not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers’; then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt—

‘To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
I’ll gar ye be fain to follow me.’

Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song.’

‘I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday,’ answered Jenny with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, ‘and, I’ll assure ye, ye’ll hae but little o’ my company unless ye show gentler havings. It wasna to hear that sort o’ nonsense that brought me here wi’ my friend, and ye should think shame o’ yoursell, ’at should ye.’

‘Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here then, Mrs. Dennison?’

‘My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I am come wi’ her to speak till him.’

‘The devil you are!’ answered the sentinel; ‘and pray, Mrs. Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in?’

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mony honest folk. He can hit a mark brawly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of ee and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours. But it's a' ane to me. Come, cousin, we'll awa'.

'Stay, Jenny; d—n me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing,' said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. 'Where is the sergeant?'

'Drinking and driving ower,' quoth Jenny, 'wi' the steward and John Gudyill.'

'So, so, he's safe enough; and where are my comrades?' asked Halliday.

'Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer and some o' the serving folk.'

'Have they plenty of ale?'

'Sax gallons as gude as e'er was masked,' said the maid.

'Well, then, my pretty Jenny,' said the relenting sentinel, 'they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so if you will promise to come alone the next time——'

'Maybe I will and maybe I winna,' said Jenny; 'but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel.'

'I'll be d—n'd if I do,' said Halliday, taking the money, however; 'but it's always something for my risk, for if Claverhouse hears what I have done he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of Tillietudlem. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bothwell and his blood royal shows us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow,' looking at the piece, 'will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young Whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start as if they were sounding "Horse and away."'

So speaking, Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled

You are rather too plump to whisk through a keyhole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of.'

'It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be dune,' replied the persevering damsel.

'We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny'; and the soldier resumed his march, humming as he walked to and fro along the gallery —

' Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet,
Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
My jo Janet.'

'So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel; gude e'en to you; ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny die too,' said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

'Give him gold, give him gold,' whispered the agitated young lady.

'Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him,' replied Jenny, 'that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee; and what's waur, he wad think there was something mair in 't than a kinswoman o' mine. My certy! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd.' Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said, 'My cousin winna stay ony langer, Mr. Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t' ye.'

'Halt a bit — halt a bit,' said the trooper; 'rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be well pleased, you know.'

'The fiend be in my feet then,' said Jenny; 'd'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' crackling clavers wi' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Heigh, heigh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folks' promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it.'

'D—n Cuddie!' retorted the dragoon, 'he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old Puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail; we had law enough to bear us out.'

'Very weel — very weel. See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gar him tak the muir wi' sae

kinsman, Milnwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?’

‘Be what it will,’ answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his clasp — ‘be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith — forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges, — to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering.’

‘But is it even thus, Mr. Morton?’ said Miss Bellenden. ‘Have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy feuds, become so suddenly and deeply implicated that nothing short of ——’ She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

‘Nothing short of my life, you would say?’ replied Morton, in a calm but melancholy tone; ‘I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since I have seen you once more I feel that exile would be more galling than death.’

‘And is it then true,’ said Edith, ‘that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?’

‘I knew not even that such a crime had been committed,’ replied Morton, ‘when I gave unhappily a night’s lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the ancient friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Bellenden, save you will believe it? And what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive.’

‘And by whom,’ said Edith, anxiously, ‘or under what authority will the investigation of your conduct take place?’

‘Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand,’ said Morton; ‘one of the military commission, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives.’

'To Claverhouse?' said Edith, faintly; 'merciful Heaven, you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate men, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors in the primate's murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand against the government. His expressions made me shudder even when I could not guess that — that — a friend —'

'Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith,' said Henry, as he supported her in his arms; 'Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unvarnished defence than a truckling and time-serving judge might do. And, indeed, in a time when justice is in all its branches so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence than be conjured out of it by the hocus-pocus of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes, made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction.'

'You are lost — you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!' sighed Edith; 'root and branch-work is the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. "No excuse, no subterfuge," said his letter, "shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder as the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head." There is neither ruth nor favour to be found with him.'

Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

'Wi' your leddyship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr. Morton's, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner if he'll promise no to look about, and he may walk past Tam Halliday who is half blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quietly to your ain room, and I'll row mysell in his grey cloak and pit on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday and gar him let me out.'

‘Let you out!’ said Morton; ‘they’ll make your life answer it.’

‘Ne’er a bit,’ replied Jenny. ‘Tam daurna tell he let onybody in, for his ain sake; and I’ll gar him find some other gate to account for the escape.’

‘Will you, by G—?’ said the sentinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; ‘if I am half blind I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs. Janet—march, troop,—quick time—trot, d—n me! And you, madam kinswoman; I won’t ask your real name, though you were going to play me so rascally a trick, but I must make a clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard.’

‘I hope,’ said Morton, very anxiously, ‘you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl.’

‘Oh, devilish good-natured to be sure,’ said Halliday. ‘As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice or tell tales as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-little chit face.’

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain: she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

‘And now,’ continued the soldier, somewhat mollified, ‘if you have anything to say, say it in two minutes and let me see your backs turned; for, if Bothwell take it into his drunken head to make the rounds half an hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all.’

‘Farewell, Edith,’ whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; ‘do not remain here; leave me to my fate; it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it. Good-night—good-night! Do not remain here till you are discovered.’

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was partly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

'Every one has his taste, to be sure,' said Halliday; 'but d—n me if I would have vexed so sweet a girl as that is for all the Whigs that ever swore the Covenant.'

When Edith had regained her apartment she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

'Dinna vex yoursell sae muckle, Miss Edith,' said that faithful attendant; 'wha kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave lad and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they winna string the like o' him up as they do the puir Whig bodies that they catch in the muirs like straps o' onions. Maybe his uncle will bring him aff, or maybe your ain grand-uncle will speak a gude word for him; he's weel acquent wi' a' the red-coat gentlemen.'

'You are right, Jenny — you are right,' said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; 'this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter.'

'To Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's sax miles an' a bittock down the water; I doubt if we can find man and horse the night, mair especially as they hae mounted a sentinel before the gate. Puir Cuddie! he's gane, puir fallow, that wad hae dune aught in the warld I bade him, and ne'er asked a reason; an' I've had nae time to draw up wi' the new pleugh-lad yet; forbye that, they say he's gaun to be married to Meg Murdieson, ill-faur'd cuttie as she is.'

'You *must* find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it.'

'I wad gang mysell, my leddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speel down by the auld yew-tree weel eneugh; I hae played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony redcoats about, forbye the Whigs, that are no muckle better — the young lads o' them — if they meet a fraim body their lane in the muirs. I wadna stand for the walk; I can walk ten miles by moonlight weel eneugh.'

'Is there no one you can think of that, for money or favour, would serve me so far?' asked Edith in great anxiety.

'I dinna ken,' said Jenny after a moment's consideration, 'unless it be Guse Gibbie; and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit if he keep the horse-road and mind the turn at the Cappercleugh, and dinna drown himsell in the Whomlekirn pule, or fa' ower the scaur at the Deil's Loaning,

or miss ony o' the kittle steps at the Pass o' Walkwary, or be carried to the hills by the Whigs, or be taen to the tolbooth by the redcoats.'

'All ventures must be run,' said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage — 'all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger. Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets any one, let him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any names.'

'I understand, madam,' said Jenny Dennison. 'I warrant the callant will do weel enough, and Tib the hen-wife will tak care o' the geese for a word o' my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your leddyship will mak his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and we'll gie him a dollar.'

'Two if he does his errand well,' said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Goose Gibbie out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sundown or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence Edith took her writing materials and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed —

For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These :

'MY DEAR UNCLE — This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappen-schaw, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who probably will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Care-for't, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed paduasoy with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the *Grand Cyrus*, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your pacing nag is so good, you may well do with-

out rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

EDITH BELLENDEN.

Postscriptum. — A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and, therefore, let you know this in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family.'

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidante hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the garrison through the pantry window into the branchy yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cuddie, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap rather than his good management which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough between Tillietudlem and Charnwood, placed him about daybreak before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles — for the bittock, as usual, amounted to four — in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER XI

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand !

SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bedside, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillietudlem.

'From Tillietudlem ?' said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed and sitting bolt upright. 'Open the shutters, Pike. I hope my sister-in-law is well ; • furl up the bed-curtain. What have we all here ? (glancing at Edith's note). The gout ! why, she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas. The wappenschaw ! I told her a month since I was not to be there. Paduasoy and hanging sleeves ! why, hang the gipsy herself ! *Grand Cyrus* and Philipdastus ! Philip Devil ! is the wench gone crazy all at once ? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash ? But what says her postscriptum ? Mercy on us !' he exclaimed on perusing it. 'Pike, saddle old Kilsyth instantly, and another horse for yourself.'

'I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir ?' said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

'Yes — no — yes — that is, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business ; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. O Lord ! what times are these ! The poor lad, my old cronie's son ! and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances !'

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped ; and, having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to Presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

'Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a Cavalier as I am,' said the veteran to himself; 'and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws — though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe — may be a thousand times better entrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen.'

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tillietudlem.

'Why, John,' said the veteran, 'what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print¹ this morning already.'

'I have been reading the Litany,' said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the Major's address to him. 'Life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir — hiccup — and lilies of the valley.'

'Flowers and lilies! Why, man, such carles as thou and I can hardly be called better than old hemlocks, decayed nettles, or withered ragweed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering.'

'I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven — hiccup —'

'An old skinker, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad.'

John Gudyill led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgeting about, superintending, arranging, and re-forming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a bloodthirsty oppressor.

'Did I not tell you,' said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant — 'did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when

¹ The Geneva Book of Discipline, adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians (*Laing*).

his most sacred Majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem ?'

'Doubtless such were your leddyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance ——' was Mysie answering, when her ladyship broke in with, 'Then wherefore is the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred Majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted ?'

'I mind that weel, madam,' said Mysie ; 'and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin' syne ; but I thought everything was to be placed just as it was when his Majesty, God bless him ! came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man if he hadna been sae black-a-vised.'

'Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie ; for in whatever way his most sacred Majesty ordered the position of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem.'

'Weel, madam,' said Mysie, making the alterations required, 'it's easy mending the error ; but if everything is just to be as his Majesty left it there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty.'

At this moment the door opened.

'Who is that, John Gudyill ?' exclaimed the old lady. 'I can speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother ?' she continued in some surprise as the Major entered ; 'this is a right early visit.'

'Not more early than welcome, I hope,' replied Major Bellen-den, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother ; 'but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books that you were to have Claver's here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsyth, and here we both are.'

'And most kindly welcome you are,' said the old lady ; 'it is just what I should have prayed you to do if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when ——'

'The King breakfasted at Tillietudlem,' said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of

that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short. 'I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his Majesty.'

'You were, brother,' said Lady Margaret; 'and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment.'

'Nay, good sooth,' said the Major, 'the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards drove all your good cheer out of my memory. But how's this? you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair with the tapestry cushions placed in state.'

'The throne, brother, if you please,' said Lady Margaret gravely.

'Well, the throne be it, then,' continued the Major. 'Is that to be Claver's post in the attack upon the pasty?'

'No, brother,' said the lady; 'as these cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight.'

'You should not then,' said the old soldier, 'put them in the way of an honest old Cavalier who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?'

'On the battlements of the warder's turret,' answered the old lady, 'looking out for the approach of our guests.'

'Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march.'

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood House before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and evincing by her countenance that sleep had not during the preceding night been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

'What is come over you, you silly girl?' he said; 'why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the news-letter



UPON THE BARTIZAN OF THE TURRET THEY FOUND EDITH.
From a painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.



after an action and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason; you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew anybody that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I daresay you would think very little of Raddlebanes if he were alongside of Artamines. I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making.'¹

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

'Monsieur Scuderi,' she said, 'is a soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one, and so is the Sieur d'Urfé.'

'More shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part I have not read a book these twenty years, except my Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and of late days, Turner's *Pallas Armata*, or *Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise*,² and I don't like his discipline much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsyth, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders. But I hear the kettledrums.'

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde.³ There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been in times of war a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is

¹ See *Romances of the Seventeenth Century*. Note 17.

² See Sir James Turner. Note 18.

³ See Tillietudlem Castle. Note 19.

more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character ; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow trees and copses, the inclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies in unbroken masses the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland the peasants have in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks ; the trees were few and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public highroad which winded up the vale and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettledrums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of those chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

'It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger,' said the

old cavalier ; 'and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry "Quarter," and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out "*Miséricorde*." So there they come through the Netherwood haugh ; upon my word, fine-looking fellows and capitably mounted. He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself ; ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes.'

At the bridge beneath the tower the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm-offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guests, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard, amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse¹ himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body, a circumstance which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the Presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them that the steed had been presented to his rider by the

¹ See John Grahame of Claverhouse. Note 20.

great Enemy of Mankind in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologised for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier and so loyal a servant of his sacred Majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, 'What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a marvedi about into the postscript!'

'I did not know,' said Edith, hesitating very much, 'whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to——'

'I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a Presbyterian. But I knew this lad's father well. He was a brave soldier; and if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother; you may rely on it I shall not. I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver'se. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them.'

CHAPTER XII

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern *dejeune* than the great stone hall at Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands — the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation — no piddling, no boy's play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise with respect to any of the company, saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard without reply many courtly speeches addressed to her in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation and rise amid the din of battle 'loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.' The sense that she was in the presence of the dreadful chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must

depend, the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed at first sight rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of facing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion

that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

'Edith Bellenden,' said the old lady, 'has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Grahame, that, unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?'

'Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us,' answered the leader, 'but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels, who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my headquarters.'

'Indeed!' said the old lady; 'that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappenschaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?'

'I think I could find one,' said Claverhouse with great composure, 'if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit.'

'His name,' said Lady Margaret, 'is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no severe bodily injury; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy; although,' continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the wall was hung, and heaving at the same time a deep sigh, 'I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred Sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me

of lands and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may mount to well-nigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant.'

'I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's permission,' answered Claverhouse; 'it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley.'

'The house of Tillietudlem,' answered the lady, 'hath ever been open to the servants of his Majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that anything would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity.'

'Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stewart, whom we call Bothwell?' said Claverhouse, smiling. 'The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden is to lay down the law to me. Bothwell,' he continued, addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, 'go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy.'

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance, and when he had done so, said aloud, 'To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the king's, to be made a general.'

'You hear him,' said Claverhouse, smiling, 'there's the rock he splits upon : he cannot forget his pedigree.'

'I know, my noble colonel,' said Bothwell in the same tone, 'that *you* will not forget your promise ; and then perhaps you may permit *Cornet* Stewart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *Sergeant* must forget him.'

'Enough of this, sir,' said Claverhouse in the tone of command which was familiar to him, 'and let me know what you came to report to me just now.'

'My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the high-road with some prisoners,' said Bothwell.

'My Lord Evandale?' said Lady Margaret. 'Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor disjune here, especially considering that even his most sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment.'

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the farther progress of the narrative, by saying, 'We are already too numerous a party of guests ; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer (looking towards Edith) if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality. Bothwell, let Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company.'

'And let Harrison take care,' added Lady Margaret, 'that the people and their horses are suitably seen to.'

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation ; for it instantly occurred to her that, through her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger, in case her uncle's intercession with Claverhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time she would have been much averse to exert this influence ; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the farther disinclined to request any favour of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the gossips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was

necessary to realise conjectures which had hitherto no foundation. This was the more to be dreaded that, in the case of Lord Evandale's making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a predilection, to avow which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Evandale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward, as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity

of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, 'It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in anything else I am heartily desirous to oblige you. And here comes Evandale with news, as I think. What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?' he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered and his boots spattered, as if by riding hard.

'Unpleasant news, sir,' was his reply. 'A large body of Whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy, that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation.'

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and painful surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

'Unpleasant news call you them?' replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire; 'they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the scoundrels are drawn into a body, we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight,' he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, 'I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or morass. Where are these knaves?' he continued, addressing Lord Evandale.

'About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called Loudon Hill,' was the young nobleman's reply. 'I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion—an intercommuned minister, that is to say—who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and scouts I learned what I now tell you.'

'What may be their strength?' asked his commander.

'Probably a thousand men; but accounts differ widely.'

'Then,' said Claverhouse, 'it is time for us to be up and be doing also. Bothwell, bid them sound to horse.'

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of Scripture, snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes in white dresses richly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These sable functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

'Must you then leave us?' said Lady Margaret, her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy times; 'had ye not better send to learn the force of the rebels? O, how many a fair face hae I heard these fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of Tillietudlem that my auld een were ne'er to see return to it!'

'It is impossible for me to stop,' said Claverhouse; 'there are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength if they are not checked at once.'

'Many,' said Evandale, 'are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged Presbyterians, headed by young Milnwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old Roundhead, Colonel Silas Morton.'

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply, 'You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for.'

'It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics,' said the Major, hastily. 'I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church principles as any gentleman in the Life Guards. I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read on the same Prayer-Book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself.'

'There can be no harm in that,' said Claverhouse, 'whether he be innocent or guilty. Major Allan,' he said, turning to the officer next in command, 'take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon Hill by the best and shortest

road. Move steadily, and do not let the men blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners.'

Allan bowed and left the apartment with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to soothe the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

'We are to leave you,' he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion — 'to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden; let me say for the first and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one whom I have known so long and whom I — respect so highly.'

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

'I hope — I sincerely trust,' she said, 'there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial; that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle.'

'Of *all*?' he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. 'But be it so; whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few that I dare

not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. 'These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have.'

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover whose heart was as open before her as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realise? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

'I will but dispose of this young fellow,' said Claverhouse from the other side of the hall, 'and then, Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt again your conversation,—but then we must mount. Bothwell, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines.'

In these words Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

'My Lord Evandale,' she said, 'this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's; your interest must be great with your Colonel; let me request your intercession in his favour; it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation.'

'You overrate my interest, Miss Bellenden,' said Lord Evandale; 'I have been often unsuccessful in such applications when I have made them on the mere score of humanity.'

'Yet try once again for my uncle's sake.'

'And why not for your own?' said Lord Evandale. 'Will you not allow me to think I am obliging *you* personally in this matter? Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?'

'Surely, surely,' replied Edith; 'you will oblige me in-

finitely. I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account. Lose no time, for God's sake !'

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

'By heaven ! then,' said Evandale, 'he shall not die if I should die in his place ! But will not you,' he said, resuming the hand, which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withdraw, 'will not you grant me one suit in return for my zeal in your service ?'

'Anything you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give.'

'And is this all,' he continued, 'all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead ?'

'Do not speak thus, my lord,' said Edith, 'you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard — providing — but —'

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly ere she had well uttered the last word; and as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard and altogether misinterpreted the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment some singular and uncommon connexion. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

'This,' he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, 'is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match.'

'I am not sure,' hesitated Edith; 'yet — I rather think not,' scarce knowing what she replied.

'It is he,' said Evandale, decidedly; 'I know him well. A

victor,' he continued, somewhat haughtily, 'ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply.'

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned, spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy !

Othello.

TO explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatic zeal, and unleavened by the sourness of the Puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education ; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from all but very intimate friends the extent of talent and the firmness of character which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference ; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed

for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government, the misrule, license, and brutality of the soldiery, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathise, he would long ere this have left Scotland had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company, without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her [grand] mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these *rencontres* ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission given or executed gave rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been con-

tinued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connexions, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which in fact arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord; moreover, and if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand she would become a baron's lady, and, what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful housekeeper at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs. Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes

extremely tormenting to Morton ; being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea that sooner or later his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune. Edith herself unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it ; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions ; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or at most to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

'And to what do I owe it,' he said, 'that I cannot stand up like a man and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it? to what but to the all-pervading and accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections? And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to

Edith Bellenden? I will not, by Heaven! It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne.'

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

'You must follow me, young man,' said he, 'but first we must put you in trim.'

'In trim!' said Morton. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I durst not — nay, d—n it, I *durst* do anything — but I *would* not for three hours' plunder of a stormed town bring a Whig before my Colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, don't look sulky about it.'

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

'I could manage you in a moment, my youngster,' said Bothwell, 'but I had rather you would strike sail quietly.'

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

'You had better be prudent,' he continued in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, 'and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him that on my soul — But what the devil's the matter with you? You are as pale as a sheet. Will you have some brandy?'

'Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale!' said the prisoner, faintly.

'Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women; their interest carries all in court and camp. Come, you are reasonable now. Ay, I thought you would come round.'

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against

which Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

‘My life begged of him, and by her! Ay, ay, put on the irons; my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul. My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!’

‘Ay, and he has power to grant it too,’ said Bothwell. ‘He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment.’

And as he spoke he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared to stand, the transference of Edith’s affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but at the same time awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

‘By what right is it, sir,’ said he firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned, — ‘by what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?’

‘By my commands,’ answered Claverhouse; ‘and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions.’

‘I will not,’ replied Morton in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. ‘I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person.’

‘A pretty springald this, upon my honour!’ said Claverhouse.

'Are you mad?' said Major Bellenden to his young friend. 'For God's sake, Henry Morton,' he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, 'remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers high in the service.'

'It is for that very reason, sir,' returned Henry, firmly, 'that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission.'

'Your friend here,' said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, 'is one of those scrupulous gentlemen who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr. Justice Overdo; but I will let him see before we part that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary. So, waving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley.'

'As I know no right you have to ask such a question,' replied Morton, 'I decline replying to it.'

'You confessed to my sergeant,' said Claverhouse, 'that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an intercommuned traitor; why are you not so frank with me?'

'Because,' replied the prisoner, 'I presume you are from education taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample; and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland.'

'And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?' said Colonel Grahame.

'Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hillside, you should not ask me the question twice.'

'It is quite enough,' answered Claverhouse, calmly; 'your language corresponds with all I have heard of you; but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity.'

'Die in what manner I may,' replied Morton, 'I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood.'

'Make your peace, then, with Heaven in five minutes' space. Bothwell, lead him down to the courtyard and draw up your party.'

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its result, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamour and

expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

‘O, Colonel Grahame,’ she exclaimed, ‘spare his young blood ! Leave him to the law ; do not repay my hospitality by shedding men’s blood on the threshold of my doors !’

‘Colonel Grahame,’ said Major Bellenden, ‘you must answer this violence. Don’t think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend’s son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it.’

‘Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I *will* answer it,’ replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved ; ‘and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is.’

‘Colonel Grahame,’ answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, ‘I leave vengeance to God, who calls it His own. The shedding of this young man’s blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me ; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like myself, by a deed done at my very door-stane !’

‘This is stark madness,’ said Claverhouse ; ‘I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze ! It cannot be. Remove him, Bothwell.’

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her ; her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprung up and attempted to rush forward ; but her strength gave way and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

‘Help !’ cried Jenny — ‘help, for God’s sake ! my young lady is dying.’

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding officer, ‘Colonel Grahame, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private ?’

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, where the following brief dialogue passed between them : —

'I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that, when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?'

'Certainly, my dear Evandale,' answered Claverhouse, 'I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by showing how I can evince my gratitude.'

'I will hold the debt cancelled,' said Lord Evandale, 'if you will spare this young man's life.'

'Evandale,' replied Grahame, in great surprise, 'you are mad — absolutely mad; what interest can you have in this young spawn of an old Roundhead? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland — cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I know mankind, Evandale; were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education; and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences. I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation; if you ask his life he shall have it.'

'Keep him close prisoner,' answered Evandale, 'but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask.'

'Be it so, then,' replied Grahame; 'but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest and to the discharge of your duty your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards or the tears of silly women the measures of salutary severity which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that, if I now yield this point in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature.'

He then stepped forward to the table and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness which nothing

but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope could have supported at such a crisis.

'You see him?' said Claverhouse in a half whisper to Lord Evandale. 'He is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblenched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale. If that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work.' He then said aloud, 'Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends. Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded and brought along with the other prisoners.'

'If my life,' said Morton, stung with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession of a favoured rival — 'if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request —'

'Take the prisoner away, Bothwell,' said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; 'I have neither time to make nor to hear fine speeches.'

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the courtyard, 'Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, egad, you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So come along to your companions in bondage.'

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who in his rude manner did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the courtyard, where three other prisoners, two men and a woman, who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meantime Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

'I have thought till now,' she said, 'that the Tower of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succour to those that are ready to perish, even if they werena sae deserving as they should have been; but I see auld fruit has little savour; our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date.'

'They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship,' said Claverhouse. 'Nothing but what seemed my

sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and as I return to-night I will bring a drove of two hundred Whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."

'I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel,' said Major Bellenden; 'but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over; and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton.'

'We will settle that when I return,' said Claverhouse. 'Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe.'

During this conversation Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the courtyard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in little more than two hours.

CHAPTER XIV

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be !

Old Ballad.

WE left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rearguard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Sergeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent Presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

'King's blood must keep word,' said the dragoon. 'I promised you should be civilly treated as far as rested with me. Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner ; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out. You cannot call that using you uncivilly,' he continued, addressing himself to Morton ; 'it's the rules of war, you know. And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman ; they are fittest company for each other, d—n me ; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical nonsense, let them have a strapping with a shoulder-belt. There's some hope of choking a silenced parson ; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him.'

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at

the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed love. The eminence which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it; and it is needless to add that there he was wont to pause and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy on the part of the captive was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognised the stolid countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion.

'Heh, sirs!' was the expression of the *ci-devant* ploughman of the mains of Tillietudlem; 'it's an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate as if they were a warld's wonder.'

'I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie,' said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

'And sae am I, Mr. Henry,' answered Cuddie, 'baith for mysell and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude that I can see. To be sure, for me,' continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose — 'to be sure, for my part, I hae nae

right to be here ava', for I never did nor said a word against either king or curate; but my mither, puir body, couldna haud the auld tongue o' her, and we maun baith pay for 't, it's like.'

'Your mother is their prisoner likewise?' said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

'In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride, wi' that auld carle o' a minister that they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle. Deil that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye sec, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and barring them ahint us as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, "What are we to do neist? for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood." Sae she says to me, "Binna cast down, but gird yoursell up to the great task o' the day, and gie your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant."'

'And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?' said Morton.

'Ye sall hear,' continued Cuddie. 'Aweel, I kendna muckle better what to do, sae I e'en gaed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersell, and we got some water-broo and bannocks; and mony a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sang, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had me up in the grey o' the morning, and I behoved to whig awa wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Miry Sikes; and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa to them on the hillside about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging down to the battle of Roman Gilead; or some sic place. Eh, Mr. Henry, but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind. He routed like a cow in a fremd loaning. "Weel," thinks I, "there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead; it will be some gate in the west muir-lands; and or we win there I'll see to slip awa wi' this mither o' mine, for I winna rin my neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country-side." Aweel,' continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, 'just as I was wearying for the tail of the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us. Some ran, and some cried, "Stand!" and some cried, "Down wi' the Philistines!" I was at my mither to get her awa sting

and ling or the redcoats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad — deil a step wad she budge. Weel, after a', the cleugh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was good hope the dragoons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our tongues ; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsell hadna made din enough to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm that ye wad hae heard as far as Lanrick ! Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty redcoats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand and the Bible in the tother, and they got their crouns weel cloured ; but there wasna muckle skaith dune, for Evandale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life.'

'And did you not resist?' said Morton, who probably felt that at that moment he himself would have encountered Lord Evandale on much slighter grounds.

'Na, truly,' answered Cuddie, 'I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb ; but twa o' the redcoats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mither wi' the side o' his broadsword. So I got up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gie them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me wi' their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evandale came up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem — ye ken yoursell he was aye judged to hae a look after the young leddy, — and he bade me fling down my kent ; and sae me and my mither yielded ousells prisoners. I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa ; but Kettledrummle was taen near us, for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragoon lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa, the readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up. Aweel, when my mither and him forgathered they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek ! Bastards o' the hure o' Babylon was the best words in their wame. Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three on wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't.'

'It is most infamous and intolerable oppression !' said Morton, half speaking to himself. 'Here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of

a formal trial, which our laws indulge to the worst malefactor. Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him.'

'To be sure,' said Cuddie, hearing, and partly understanding, what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, 'it is no right to speak evil o' dignities. My auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a gude right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersell; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a soup-kale, or something to us, after she had gien us a hearing on our duties. But deil a dram, or kale, or ony thing else, no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water, do thae lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae black-guard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands.'

'It would be very strange if you did,' answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

'And what I like warst o' a,' continued poor Cuddie, 'is thae ranting redcoats coming amang the lasses and taking awa our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritch-time, and saw the reek comin' out at my ain lum-head, and kenn'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the redcoats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper mysell, when I thought naething else wad gae down wi' Jenny; and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate.'

'For your sake?' said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

'E'en sae, Milnwood,' replied Cuddie; 'for the puir quean gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair—d—n him, that I suld say sae!—and sae she bade me Godspeed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand; I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the ither half on pinnars and pearlins to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay.'

'And did you take it, Cuddie?' said Morton.

'Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her; my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her when I had seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mither and me some gude, and she 'll ware 't a' on duds and nonsense.'

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had construed her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realise? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

'Nothing that she could refuse him! Was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly and for ever, and nothing remains for me now but vengeance for my own wrongs and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country.'

Apparently Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas, for he suddenly asked Morton in a low whisper, 'Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands an ane could compass it?'

'None in the world,' said Morton; 'and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip.'

'I'm blythe to hear ye say sae,' answered Cuddie. 'I'm but a puir silly fallow, but I canna think there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand if ye could mak it ony thing feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority.'

'I will resist any authority on earth,' said Morton, 'that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or

perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force.'

'Weel, that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o' you that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear me through that am but a husbandman.'

'The charter that I speak of,' said Morton, 'is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free born is called upon to defend for his own sake and that of his countrymen.'

'Heh, sirs!' replied Cuddie, 'it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae fund out sic, a wise-like doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Caesar, and the tither is as daft wi' her Whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying if ye were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your ain wally-de-shamble.'

'My valet, Cuddie!' answered Morton. 'Alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty.'

'I ken what ye're thinking — that because I am landward-bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the uptak: there was never ony thing dune wi' hand but I learned gay readily, 'septing reading, writing, and ciphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fit ba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as he's riding ahint us. And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in this country?' said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

'Probably not,' replied Morton.

'Weel, I carena a boddle. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, Auntie Meg, in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' fude, or hang her up for an auld Whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardfu' o' sic puir bodies. And then you and me wad gang and pouss our fortunes like the folk i' the daft auld

tales about Jock the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn sic furs on the bonny rigs o' Milnwood holmes that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them.'

'I fear,' said Morton, 'there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation.'

'Hout, stir — hout, stir,' replied Cuddie, 'it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart, as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear? Never stir, if my auld mither is na at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark too. Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry they'll murder them baith, and us for company!'

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaming of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

'Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!' exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle. 'Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!'

'Ay, ay; a black cast to a' their ill-faur'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!' echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

'I tell you,' continued the divine, 'that your rankings and your ridings, your neighings and your prancings, your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties, your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the conscience of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come — hugh! hugh! hugh!'

'And I say,' cried Mause in the same tune, and nearly at

the same time, 'that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair taen down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot——',

'Deil gin they would gallop,' said Cuddie, 'wad it but gar her haud her tongue!'

'— Wi' this auld and brief breath,' continued Mause, 'will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land — against the grievances and the causes of wrath!'

'Peace, I pr'ythee — peace, good woman,' said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind — 'peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar. I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out — ay, before this very sun gaes down — ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharp that's gane to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Sergeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, surcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!'

'That shall they never, I trow,' echoed Mause. 'Castaways are they ilk ane o' them; besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple; whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the deil's brogues.'

'Fiend hae me,' said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, 'if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too. Deil an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and then he wad hae't a' to answer for himsell. It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but an we were anes on saft grund we'll hear news o' a' this.'

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now

entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greensward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, 'Also I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness ——',

'And I mine,' had issued from Mause, 'like a sparrow on the housetops ——',

When 'Hollo, ho!' cried the corporal from the rear; 'rein up your tongues; the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martin-gale on them.'

'I will not peace at the commands of the profane,' said Gabriel.

'Nor I neither,' said Mause, 'for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsell a corporal.'

'Halliday,' cried the corporal, 'hast got never a gag about thee, man? We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead.'

Ere any answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon galloped towards Sergeant Bothwell, who was considerably ahead of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER XV

*Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows.*

BUTLER.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had for some time accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing, and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies, being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man, and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes that they

impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers, so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially and at different points among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of horses and men, which, showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

‘Surely,’ said Morton to himself, ‘a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm.’

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse’s column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body in many instances poached up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummy and of Mause Headrigg were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers by whom they were guarded compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

'Through the help of the Lord I have luppen ower a wall,' cried poor Mause, as her horse was by her rude attendants brought up to leap the turf inclosure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

'I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing ; I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me !' exclaimed Kettledrummy, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a 'well-head,' as the springs are called which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants ; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard who had acted as a patrol, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill on observing the approach of the Life Guards. One or two who had carabines dismounted, and taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently showed that, on the one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry ; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy's horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance ; and in a few minutes the first lines stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also

the rear-guard with the prisoners ; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the farther progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill, on which the Royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with firearms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the

advanced guard of the Royalists might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettledrums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The Wanderers, in answer, united their voices and sent forth in solemn modulation the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk —

In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Isr'el great :
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Sion is his seat.
There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and after a dead pause the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetic of the issue of their own impending contest—

Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.
When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a deep sleep cast.

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground and on the order of battle which the Wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

'The churls,' he said, 'must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground.'

'Burley is said to be with them for certain,' answered Lord Evandale, 'and also Hackston of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill.'

'I judged as much,' said Claverhouse, 'from the style in which these detached horsemen leapt their horses over the ditch as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few Roundheaded troopers amongst them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll.'

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of 'Officers to the front' soon brought them around their commander.

'I do not call you around me, gentlemen,' said Claverhouse, 'in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own. What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bellowing yonder? You are

youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no.'

'Then,' said Cornet Grahame, 'while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life Guards it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the king's!'

'And what say you, Allan?' continued Claverhouse, 'for Evandale is so modest we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say.'

'These fellows,' said Major Allan, an old Cavalier officer of experience, 'are three or four to one; I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their stronghold and give us battle on fair terms, or if they remain here we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires.'

'Pshaw!' said the young Cornet, 'what signifies strong ground when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?'

'A man may fight never the worse,' retorted Major Allan, 'for honouring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old.'

'Their nasal psalmody,' said the Cornet, 'reminds our Major of the race of Dunbar.'

'Had you been at that race, young man,' retorted Allan, 'you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live.'

'Hush, hush, gentlemen,' said Claverhouse, 'these are untimely repartees. I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patrols — whom I will see duly punished — brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life Guards would argue gross timidity and be the general signal for insurrection throughout the west; in which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or he us. A retreat would

have quite the same fatal effect upon the king's cause as the loss of a battle ; and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way ; and were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns. What say you, my Lord Evandale ?

'I humbly think,' said Lord Evandale, 'that go the day how it will it must be a bloody one ; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles as well as we are.'

'Rebels ! rebels ! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects,' said Claverhouse ; 'but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at ?'

'To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men,' said the young nobleman.

'A treaty ! and with rebels having arms in their hands ! Never while I live,' answered his commander.

'At least send a trumpet and flag of truce summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse,' said Lord Evandale, 'upon promise of a free pardon. I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pentland Hills much blood might have been saved.'

'Well,' said Claverhouse, 'and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics ? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves.'

'I will go myself,' said Evandale, 'if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others ; let me do so now in order to save human lives.'

'You shall not go on such an errand, my lord,' said Claverhouse ; 'your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare. Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof

against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle. He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse.'

'With all my soul, Colonel,' answered the Cornet; 'and I'll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag; the rascals never saw such a pennon of Flanders lace in their lives before.'

'Colonel Grabame,' said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, 'this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk.'

'Were he my only son,' said Claverhouse, 'this is no cause and no time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grabame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the king and country would be the sufferers. Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavourably received we will instantly attack; and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, "God shaw the right"!'

CHAPTER XVI

With many a stout thwack and many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

Hudibras.

CORNET RICHARD GRAHAME descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extempore flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies ; and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

‘To summon you in the king’s name and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland,’ answered the Cornet, ‘to lay down your arms and dismiss the followers whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the king, and of the country.’

‘Return to them that sent thee,’ said the insurgent leader, ‘and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk ; tell them that we renounce the

licentious and perjured Charles Stewart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous, faithful preachers, thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foisonless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates.'

'I did not come to hear you preach,' answered the officer, 'but to know in one word if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews, or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you.'

'In one word, then,' answered the spokesman, 'we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!'

'Is not your name,' said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, 'John Balfour of Burley?'

'And if it be,' said the spokesman, 'hast thou aught to say against it?'

'Only,' said the Cornet, 'that, as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the king and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat.'

'Thou art a young soldier, friend,' said Burley, 'and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe conduct.'

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine and held it in readiness.

‘I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer,’ said Cornet Grahame. ‘Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the king and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting ——’

‘I give thee fair warning,’ said Burley, presenting his piece.

‘A free pardon to all,’ continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents — ‘to all but ——’

‘Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul. Amen!’ said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, ‘My poor mother!’ when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

‘What have you done?’ said one of Balfour’s brother officers.

‘My duty,’ said Balfour, firmly. ‘Is it not written, “Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying”? Let those who dare now venture to speak of truce or pardon!’¹

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed for a second’s space the serenity of his features, and briefly said, ‘You see the event.’

‘I will avenge him, or die!’ exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without orders; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the Royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, ‘Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us.’ It was all that he could accomplish by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

‘Allan,’ he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, ‘lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much. Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow ——’

¹ See Cornet Grahame. Note 21.

'Ay,' muttered Bothwell, 'you can remember that in a moment like this.'

'Lead ten file up the hollow to the right,' continued his commanding officer, 'and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear while they are engaged with us in front.'

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Meantime the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, 'Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!'

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink; and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the morass. But, notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where

both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points and renew the battle on firm ground and fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, foiled his attempts in every point.

'We must retreat,' he said to Evandale, 'unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the meantime draw the men out of fire and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check.'

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

'Follow me, my lads!' he called to his men; 'never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting Round-heads!'

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, 'Bothwell! Bothwell!' and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers on either side instantly paused and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to

prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

'You are the murdering villain, Burley,' said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close; 'you escaped me once, but (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down) thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

'Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, 'I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word!'

'Then a bed of heather or a thousand merks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to uncloze the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming with the inveteracy of thoroughbred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the *mêlée* without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle, and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling; it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but,

looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed, 'Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!'

'Die, wretch! die!' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword. 'Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived! die, like the beasts that perish, hoping nothing, believing nothing——'

'And FEARING nothing!' said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was with Burley the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain long undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute. He now put his troop in order with the view of attacking the right wing of the Royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccessful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with firearms, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders, which in some places covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy and concealed their own deficiency of numbers, — Claverhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

'What is the matter, Halliday?' said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name. 'Where is Bothwell?'

'Bothwell is down,' replied Halliday, 'and many a pretty fellow with him.'

'Then the king,' said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, 'has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?'

'With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell,' answered the terrified soldier.

'Hush! hush!' said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips, 'not a word to any one but me. Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand and facing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time.'

'Where is Bothwell with his party?' said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

'Fairly disposed of,' said Claverhouse, in his ear; 'the king has lost a servant and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale; ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round another day.'

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed in person while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van, being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. Never did man, however, better maintain the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity to arrest the progress of the pursuers and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred

that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff-coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a Whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

'Try him with the cold steel,' was the cry at every renewed charge; 'powder is wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the Auld Enemy himsell.'¹

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' minds was such that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and at every successive movement Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form line regularly; while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became by degrees much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed — amid all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his

¹ See Proof against Shot given by Satan. Note 22.

demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

‘If this bout lasts five minutes longer,’ he said in a whisper, ‘our rogues will leave you, my lord, old Allan, and myself the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musketeers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don’t attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God’s name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty!’

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head as cut through his steel headpiece and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing, it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man to appearance so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse had in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse’s disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him, most halted and stood uncertain, many ran away. With those who followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance just came in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press they looked round them. Allan’s division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer’s authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale’s troop was scattered and in total confusion.

‘What is to be done, Colonel?’ said Lord Evandale.

‘We are the last men in the field, I think,’ said Claverhouse;

'and when men fight as long as they can there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, "Devil take the hindmost," when there are but twenty against a thousand. Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can. Come, my lord, we must e'en ride for it.'

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse; and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood.¹ A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers who yet offered desultory resistance to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

¹ See Claverhouse's Charger. Note 23.

CHAPTER XVII

But see ! through the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?

CAMPBELL.

DURING the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

‘If yon lads stand to their tackle,’ said Cuddie, ‘we’ll hae some chance o’ getting our necks out o’ the brecham again ; but I misdoubt them ; they hae little skeel o’ arms.’

‘Much is not necessary, Cuddie,’ answered Morton ; ‘they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever.’

‘O, sirs,’ exclaimed Mause, ‘here’s a goodly spectacle, indeed ! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu : it burns within me ; my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent, they are ready to burst like new bottles. O that He may look after His ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance ! And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr. Gabriel Kettledrummle ? I say, what ailest thou that wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur (meaning, perhaps, sapphires) — I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd ? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the puir lads

that are yonder testifying with their ain bluid and that of their enemies.

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr. Kettledrummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges or son of thunder in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly—was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of Presbytery as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the Word.

‘Hold your peace, woman!’ he said, ‘and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle. But of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase; peradventure some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn, as behind a strong wall of defence.’

‘He’s but a coward body after a’,’ said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; ‘he’s but a daidling coward body. He’ll never fill Rumbleberry’s bonnet. Odd! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, puir man, he couldna cheat the woodie. But they say he gaed singing and rejoicing till’t, just as I wad gang to a bicker o’ brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a good chance to be. Eh, sirs! yon’s an awfu’ sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!’

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the Presbyterians defended themselves stoutly was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley and hid the contending parties in its sulphureous shade. On the other hand, the

continued firing from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack, that the affair was fiercely disputed, and that everything was to be apprehended from a continued contest in which undisciplined rustics had to repel the assaults of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict and straggling over the side of the hill in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hillside, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

'They hae dune the job for anes,' said Cuddie, 'an they ne'er do 't again.'

'They flee! they flee!' exclaimed Mause, in ecstasy. 'O, the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O, the false Egyptians, the proud Assyrians, the Philistines, the Moabites, the Edomites, the Ishmaelites! The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll and the fire flashes abint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people of Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly!'

'Lord save us, mither,' said Cuddie, 'haud the claverin tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettledrummy, honest man! The Whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns o' a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon.'

'Fear naething for me, Cuddie,' said the old dame, transported to ecstasy by the success of her party; 'fear naething for me! I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Harosheth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing.'

The enthusiastic old woman would, in fact, have accomplished her purpose of mounting on the cairn and becoming,

as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

‘Eh, sirs!’ he said, having accomplished this task, ‘look out yonder, Milnwood; saw ye ever mortal fight like the deevil Claver’s e? Yonder he’s been thrice down amang them, and thrice cam free aff. But I think we’ll soon be free oursells, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look ower their shouthers very often, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore.’

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause’s zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered and her grey hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, ‘Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blythe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conventicle. Wilt thou not tarry now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching? Wae betide ye!’ she said, suddenly changing her tone, ‘and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in! Sheugh, sheugh! awa wi’ ye that hae spilled sae

muckle bluid, and now wad save your ain — awa wi' ye for a railing Rabshakeh, a cursing Shimei, a bloodthirsty Doeg ! The sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' o'ertaking ye, ride as fast as ye will.'

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the Whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them, exclaiming, 'Have at the red-coated tyrant !' made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, 'Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake — for the sake,' he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognise him, 'of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you.'

'Henry Morton !' replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand ; 'did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham ? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning. But for this booted apostle of Prelacy, he shall die the death ! We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling ; therefore hinder me not,' he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evandale, 'for this work must not be wrought negligently.'

'You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence,' said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him. 'I owed my life to him this morning — my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you ; and to

shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me.'

Burley paused. 'Thou art yet,' he said, 'in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom He hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance. Thou art unarmed. Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur.'

So saying, he set spurs to his horse and continued to pursue the chase.

'Cuddie,' said Morton, 'for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men. You are wounded, my lord. Are you able to continue your retreat?' he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

'I think so,' replied Lord Evandale. 'But is it possible? Do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?'

'My interference would have been the same from common humanity,' replied Morton; 'to your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude.'

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

'God-sake, munt—munt and ride like a fleeing hawk, my lord,' said the good-natured fellow, 'for ne'er be in me if they arena killing every ane o' the wounded and prisoners!'

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

'Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life. Mr. Morton,' he continued, addressing Henry, 'this makes us more than even; rely on it, I will never forget your generosity. Farewell.'

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insur-

gents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

'What wad ye hae had us to do!' cried Cuddie. 'Had we aught to stop a man wi' that had 'twa pistols and a sword? Sudna ye hae come faster up yoursells, instead of flyting at huz?'

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and revered by, most of the Wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

'Touch them not, harm them not,' exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones; 'this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from Prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days when there was power and efficacy, and convincing and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowships of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden.'

'And this is my son Cuddie,' exclaimed Mause, in her turn, 'the son of his father, Judden Headrigg, wha was a douce honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o' your ain folk. Is it not written, "Cut ye not off the tribe of the families of the Kohathites from among the Levites"? Numbers fourth and aughteenth. O, sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi' honest folk when ye suld be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye.'

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah-Nissi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to

his companions in adversity, lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad, with many exaggerations, among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various ; but it was universally agreed that young Morton of Milnwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummy, and a singular devout Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.¹

¹ See Skirmish at Drumclog. Note 24.

CHAPTER XVIII

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fists instead of a stick.

Hudibras.

IN the meantime, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed from this state of disorganisation that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favourers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessities; and while all complained of

hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigences, he proposed that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty; that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen; and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself and two or three of their leaders held a private council of war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions or senseless clamour of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing; and certainly no lungs or doctrine excepting his own could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, 'Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children. And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine: and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.'

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first

part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions; and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous; some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish Presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, 'Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it.'

Kettledrummle had no sooner ended his sermon and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The Reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, Ephraim Macbriar by name, was hardly twenty years old; yet his thin features already indicated that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils,

by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect; and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which in their mouths was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

'Your garments are dyed, but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood,' he exclaimed, 'but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings,

whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman ; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs that is steaming in your nostrils ; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those who held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle ; they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver ; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar with censers and with torches ; but ye hold in your hands the sword and the bow and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow ; turn not back from the path in which you have entered like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of His name and the deliverance of His afflicted people ; halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land ; blow a trumpet upon the mountains ; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field ; but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens ; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters ; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you and has broken the bow of the mighty ; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter ; for the banner of reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

‘ Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the

children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise ; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing ; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance ; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution ; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance ; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man — all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arrows at the hand of His servant, — a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever ! Amen.'

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply in broken accents, 'God bless you, my brethren — it is His cause. Stand strongly up and play the men ; the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to Heaven.'

Balfour and the other leaders had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to

refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had despatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that, whereas formerly some of their number had begun to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER XIX

Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Henry IV. Part II.

WE must now return to the Tower of Tillietudlem, which the march of the Life Guards on the morning of this eventful day had left to silence and anxiety. The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word ; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercession to be a successful rival ; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him ? She therefore resigned herself to the most heartrending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jenny Dennison brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Milnwood would come to no harm ; then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection that Lord Evandale was the better and more appropriate match of the two ; then, there was every chance of a battle in which the said Lord Evandale might be killed, and there wad be nae mair fash about that job ; then, if the Whigs gat the better, Milnwood and Cuddie might come to the Castle and carry off the beloved of their hearts by the strong hand. 'For I forgot to tell ye, madam,' continued the damsel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, 'that puir Cuddie's in the hands of the Philistines as weel as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tam Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the

puir creature ; but Cuddie wasna sac thankfu' as he needed till hae been neither,' she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face ; 'so I will ne'er waste my een wi' greeting about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them.'

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seigniorial rights.

'The Colonel,' she said, 'ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows ; and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate — which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable — he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my bailie, and justified at his sight.'

'Martial law, sister,' answered Major Bellenden, 'supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you ; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale — I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy council — a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fag-end of a ditty as old as myself.' And therewithal he hummed a stanza :

'And what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old ?
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on Loudon Hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning. Woe's me, the time has been that I would have liked ill to have sate in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me ! But, as the old song goes,

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow ;
Was ever wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow ?

'We are well pleased you will stay, brother,' said Lady Margaret; 'I will take my old privilege to look after my household, whom this collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone.'

'O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse,' replied the Major. 'Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties. Where is Edith?'

'Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff,' said her grandmother; 'as soon as she wakes, she shall take some drops.'

'Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers,' answered Major Bellenden. 'She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the Civil War were to break out again.'

'God forbid, brother!' said Lady Margaret.

'Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say; and, in the meantime, I'll take a hit at trick-track with Harrison.'

'He has ridden out, sir,' said Gudyill, 'to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle.'

'D—n the battle,' said the Major; 'it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before; and yet there was such a place as Kilsyth, John.'

'Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honour,' replied Gudyill, 'where I was his honour my late master's rear-rank man.'

'And Alford, John,' pursued the Major, 'where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the Great Marquis's aid-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o' Dee.'

'And Philiphaugh, your honour,' said John.

'Umph!' replied the Major; 'the less, John, we say about that matter, the better.'

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaigns, the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point,

though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the 'shadows of coming events,' which occupy the imagination of the Highland seer. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation, 'Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older!'

'How is that, Harrison? what the devil do you mean?' exclaimed the astonished veteran.

'Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed; and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant.'

'I will never believe that,' said the Major, starting on his feet — 'I will never believe that the Life Guards would retreat before rebels; and yet why need I say that,' he continued, checking himself, 'when I have seen such sights myself? Send out Pike and one or two of the servants for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit if it were but victualled and garrisoned, and it commands the pass between the high and low countries. It's lucky I chanced to be here. Go, muster men, Harrison. You, Gudyill, look what provisions you have, or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for. The well never goes dry. There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition we should do well enough.'

'The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return,' said Harrison.

'Hasten, then,' said the Major, 'and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin. Lucky that I was here! I will speak to my sister instantly.'

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her walls was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if

collected in a body ; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops. 'Woe's me ! woe's me !' said she ; 'what will all that we can do avail us, brother ? What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house and on the bairn Edith ! for, God knows, I thinkna on my ain auld life.'

'Come, sister,' said the Major, 'you must not be cast down. The place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided ; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence. What news, Pike ? Another Philiphaugh job, eh ?'

'Ay, ay,' said Pike, composedly ; 'a total scattering. I thought this morning little gude would come of their new-fangled gate of slinging their carabines.'

'Whom did you see ? Who gave you the news ?' asked the Major.

'O, mair than half a dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like.'

'Continue your preparations, Harrison,' said the alert veteran ; 'get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meal you can gather. We must not lose an instant. Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there ?'

'No, brother,' said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure ; 'since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned ; sae that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it.'

'It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you,' said the Major ; 'for the Whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe.'

'So be it then,' said Lady Margaret ; 'and, dear brother, as the nearest blood relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you by this symbol (here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood) the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of

Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has not disdained ——’

‘Pshaw! sister,’ interrupted the Major, ‘we have no time to speak about the King and his breakfast just now.’

And hastily leaving the room he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls and very narrow windows, having also a very strong courtyard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against any thing but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be scaled and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower along the highroad, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the courtyard he barricadoed yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included, so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the government. Major Bellenden and his trusty servant Pike made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one-half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier that she declared she would rather the

Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission; the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements, the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sound of female laments.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the Castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the Castle. Six voices speaking at once informed her, in reply to her first inquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand Whigs were marching to besiege the Castle, headed by John Balfour of Burley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the Castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

'Where is Lady Margaret?' was Edith's second question.

'In her oratory,' was the reply—a cell adjoining to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for by national or domestic calamity.

'Where, then,' said Edith, much alarmed, 'is Major Bellenden?'

'On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon,' was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

'In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?' exclaimed Edith.

'The matter, my love!' answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun. 'The matter! — Why, raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill. — The matter! Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the Whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter.'

'Gracious powers!' said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, 'and yonder they come!'

'Yonder! where?' said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. 'Stand to your guns, my lads!' was the first exclamation; 'we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh. But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life Guards.'

'O no, uncle, no,' replied Edith; 'see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning.'

'Ah, my dear girl!' answered the Major, 'you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life Guards it is, for I see the red and blue and the king's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however.'

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

'It is Claverhouse, sure enough,' said the Major; 'I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news.'

CHAPTER XX

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rade he north the plain,
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same.

Hardyknute.

COLONEL GRAHAME of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the 'Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the derangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

'I am grieved, Colonel Grahame,' said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, 'deeply grieved.'

'And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret,' replied Claverhouse, 'that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the king's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort — if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway — to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best.'

'I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame,' replied Lady Margaret; 'but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there's a brave man that says he can defend it.'

'And will Major Bellenden undertake this?' said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran. 'Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Major?'

'All but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied,' answered the Major.

'As for men,' said Claverhouse, 'I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved.'

'I will make it good for that space, Colonel,' replied the Major, 'with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country.'

'And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request,' said Lady Margaret, 'I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth.'

'The sergeant's wars are ended, madam,' said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, 'and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give.'

'Pardon me,' said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, 'but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard.'

'You are right, Major Bellenden,' answered Claverhouse firmly; 'my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty, as became him.'

'Great God!' exclaimed the Major, 'how unhappy! The handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!'

'He was indeed all you say,' answered Claverhouse; 'poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I — I — Major Bellenden (he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke), I live to avenge him.'

'Colonel Grahame,' said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, 'I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude.'

'I am not a selfish man,' replied Claverhouse, 'though the world will tell you otherwise — I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield

to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others.'

'I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair,' pursued the Major.

'Yes,' replied Claverhouse, 'my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge; I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign; I can repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight; I shall find a time to show them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet, peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen.'

'What a fatal day!' ejaculated the Major. 'I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field.'

'Not so, Major,' said Grahame; 'let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed or prisoner I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed.'

'They have rallied again soon,' said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

'Yes,' answered Claverhouse, 'my blackguards had little temptation either to desert or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broomsticks. But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties.'

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general in-

surrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety ; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them that though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the succours which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed ; for the old Cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his own office that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the Castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the Tower.

'I shall leave Inglis with you,' said Claverhouse, 'for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank ; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance, I authorise you to detain them ; for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority.'

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

'And hark ye, gentlemen,' was his concluding harangue, 'I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant to the king. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice,

neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord ; you know I keep my word for good and evil.'

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

'Adieu,' he said, 'my stout-hearted old friend ! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both.'

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan ; and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Tillietudlem than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they also had abroad their detachments and advanced guards to collect supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders, in the name of the king and in that of the kirk ; the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the Castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudon Hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected ; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to ; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

'Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft,' said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff ; 'but I'se aye keep a calm sough. Jenny, what meal is in the gernel ?'

'Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease,' was Jenny's reply.

'Aweel, hinny,' continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, 'let Bauldy drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog ; he's a Whig, and was the auld gudewife's pleughman ; the mash-lum bannocks will suit their muirland stamachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie — as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the

house — he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Luddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tass o' whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth.'

'And what are we to eat oursells then, father,' asked Jenny, 'when we hae sent awa the haill meal in the ark and the girnel?'

'We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink,' said Niel in a tone of resignation; 'it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is. The Englishers live amaisht upon't; but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better.'

While the prudent and peaceful endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The Royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependents to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the Presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the Presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and although by no means united among themselves either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most of them considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms; and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon Hill.

CHAPTER XXI

Ananias. I do not like the man. He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.

Tribulation. You must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.

The Alchemist.

WE return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating by one of the watch-fires his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

‘Henry Morton,’ said Balfour, abruptly, ‘the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men.’

‘Mr. Balfour,’ replied Morton, without hesitation, ‘I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause ere I can agree to take a command amongst you.’

‘And can you doubt of our principles,’ answered Burley, ‘since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?’

‘I will own frankly, Mr. Balfour,’ replied Morton, ‘much of this sort of language, which I observe is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware

of this before we commune further together.' The young clergyman here groaned deeply. 'I distress you, sir,' said Morton; 'but perhaps it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation.'

The young divine seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

'Hush, Ephraim!' said Burley, 'remember he is but as a babe in swaddling-clothes. Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason which is for the present thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men, at their own wicked pleasure?'

'Most certainly,' said Morton; 'such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword.'

'Nay, but,' said Macbriar, 'ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath——'

'Peace, Ephraim Macbriar!' again interrupted Burley.

'I will not peace,' said the young man. 'Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a profane and Erastian destroying of His authority, usurpation of His power, denial of His name, to place either King or Parliament in His place as the master and governor of His household, the adulterous husband of His spouse?'

'You speak well,' said Burley, dragging him aside, 'but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslaked mortar? If a fox go up, it will breach it.'

'I know,' said the young clergyman in reply, 'that thou art faithful, honest, and zealous, even unto slaying ; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporising with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away ; and I fear me Heaven will not honour us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means.'

'I tell thee,' answered Balfour, 'thy zeal is too rigid in this matter ; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians ; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council ; the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us.'

'I tell thee I like it not,' said Macbriar ; 'God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland Hills paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stewart.'

'Well, then,' said Balfour, 'thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted — to make a comprehending declaration that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds ; but abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth, whom my soul travails for ; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners.'

'Do as thou wilt, then,' said Macbriar ; 'but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will ensure his eternal reward.'

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately,

habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the Presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the Whigs he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland as the author of the sufferings of the Presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudon Hill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharp. The more violent among them did indeed approve of this act as a deed of justice executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the Presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than Prelacy or Popery. Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and in secular affairs to acknowledge his authority,

so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder sect, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians, went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were therefore thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Balfour, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence. Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of Presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was on this account particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the Presbyterians; and as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost ensured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately perhaps ingratiate himself so far with them as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exalted to the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less wary and uncompromising companion, Macbriar, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them; but he argued that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as,

for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the Presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indulgence all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western shires, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur who, seeing the distress of the country and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects, meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of Presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

‘I am willing,’ he said, ‘to contribute every thing within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced.’

Burley’s blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

‘You mean,’ he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—‘you mean the death of James Sharp?’

‘Frankly,’ answered Morton, ‘such is my meaning.’

‘You imagine, then,’ said Burley, ‘that the Almighty in times of difficulty does not raise up instruments to deliver His church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer’s crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomster? Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?’

‘I have no wish to judge this individual action,’ replied Morton, ‘further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in His mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance.’

‘And were we not so?’ said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. ‘Were not we — was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland — bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands when we looked out but for one of His inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, “Ye shall surely take him and slay him”? Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patrols of their garrisons; and yet who interrupted the great work? What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying,

and the dispersing? Then, who will say — who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?’

‘You deceive yourself, Mr. Balfour,’ said Morton; ‘such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an act of violence which no man can justify — the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and therefore condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eyes, though not in mine or in those of sober reason. I only now mention it because I desire you to understand that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilised nations, without in any respect approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it.’

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived with disappointment that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-arms possessed a clearness of judgment and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment’s pause, however, he said, with coolness, ‘My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where or by whom I am called on to do so, whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting to arrange the future march of the army and the means of improving our victory.’

Morton arose and followed him in silence, not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER XXII

And look how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain — so many hollow factions.

Troilus and Cressida.

IN a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut — a miserable cottage, which, as the only inclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the Presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord, wild and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of country-men, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against impertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a clouded canopy as opake as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a

few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm ; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks showed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon Hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had in various ways given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the Indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter should be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them ; and such divines, having many of them taken advantage of the Indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of their more violent brethren, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifestoes which they intended to publish of the reasons of their gathering in arms ; but it had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and to his great vexation he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry, Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the Wanderers being at the very spring tide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broadsword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of Presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamour of their

adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the recollection of texts wherewith they battered each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalised at the disunion implied in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn farther discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the precious cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the Resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stewart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterwards brought in to the oppression both of kirk and country. They added, however, that on this great day of calling they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal

or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition the insurgents of Poundtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the Tower of Tillicudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the Cavaliers and Malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the Royalists.

'I opine,' said Poundtext, for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters, of which he was profoundly ignorant — 'I opine that we should take in and raze that stronghold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws.'

'What are their means and men of defence?' said Burley. 'The place is strong; but I cannot conceive that two women can make it good against a host.'

'There is also,' said Poundtext, 'Harrison the steward, and John Gudyill, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose.'

'Pshaw!' returned Burley, scornfully, 'a butler!'

'Also, there is that ancient Malignant,' replied Poundtext, 'Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints.'

'If that,' said Burley, 'be Miles Bellenden, the brother of

Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years.'

'There was word in the country as I rode along,' said another of the council, 'that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the Tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house.'

'We will not, with my consent,' said Burley, 'engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming.'

'Howbeit,' said Poundtext, 'we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place into our mercy though they be a rebellious people.' And we will summon the women to come forth of their stronghold—that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her^d grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they in times bye-past have done to the martyred saints.'

'Who talks of safe conduct and of peace?' said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

'Peace, brother Habakkuk,' said Macbriar in a soothing tone to the speaker.

'I will not hold my peace,' reiterated the strange and unnatural voice; 'is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?'

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which

hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

'In the name of Heaven! who is he?' said Morton in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

'It is Habakkuk Mucklewrath,' answered Poundtext in the same tone, 'whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth.'

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—'Who talks of peace and safe conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the Malignants? I say take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezabel, the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!'

'He speaks right,' said more than one sullen voice from behind; 'we will be honoured with little service in the great cause if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies.'

'This is utter abomination and daring impiety,' said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. 'What blessing can you expect in a cause in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?'

'Hush, young man!' said Kettledrummy, 'and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured.'

'We judge of the tree by the fruit,' said Poundtext, 'and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws.'

'You forget, brother Poundtext,' said Macbriar, 'that these are the latter days when signs and wonders shall be multiplied.'

Poundtext stood forward to reply ; but ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition. 'Who talks of signs and wonders ? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me ? I heard it. When did I hear it ? Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea ? And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it. Where did I see it ? Was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills ; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host ? What did I see ? Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood. What heard I ? The voice that cried, "Slay, slay, smite, slay utterly, let not your eye have pity ! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey. Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain !"'

'We receive the command,' exclaimed more than one of the company. 'Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed. We receive the command ; as he hath said, so will we do.'

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley, who had his eye on his motions.

'Whither are you going ?' said the latter, taking him by the arm.

'Anywhere, I care not whither ; but here I will abide no longer.'

'Art thou so soon weary, young man ?' answered Burley. 'Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it ? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father ?'

'No cause,' replied Morton, indignantly, — 'no cause can prosper so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a bloodthirsty madman ; another leader is an old scholastic pedant ; a third' — he stopped, and his companion continued

the sentence — ‘Is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley? I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England during her Parliament of 1640, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts wilder than the Anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land.’

‘But their affairs,’ replied Morton, ‘were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their counsels, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But *our* councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion.’

‘Thou must have patience, Henry Morton,’ answered Balfour; ‘thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends that the counsellors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war and protecting those to whom mercy should be shown. Art thou now satisfied?’

‘It will give me pleasure, doubtless,’ answered Morton, ‘to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war; and I will not leave the post I have taken unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody executions after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely, if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy.’

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

‘Thou wilt find,’ he said, ‘that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal must be chastised with

scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, "I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant." But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton.'

'I own to you,' replied Morton, 'that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment.'

'Thou art yet but a youth,' replied Balfour, 'and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid; thyself shall vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them.'

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present; and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

'And you,' answered Morton, 'do not you go to rest also?'

'No,' said Burley; 'my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the choosing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at their consultation.'

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the fields as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of their number.

CHAPTER XXIII

Got with much ease — now merrily to horse.

Henry IV. Part I.

WITH the first peep of day Henry awoke and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

‘I hae been just putting your honour’s things in readiness again ye were waking,’ said Cuddie, ‘as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service.’

‘I take you into my service, Cuddie?’ said Morton; ‘you must be dreaming.’

‘Na, na, stir,’ answered Cuddie; ‘didna I say when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye gat loose I would be your servant, and ye didna say no? and if that isna hiring, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae arles, indeed, but ye had gien me eneugh before at Milnwood.’

‘Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes ——’

‘Ou ay, I’s warrant us a’ prosper weel eneugh,’ answered Cuddie, cheeringly, ‘an anes my auld mither was weel putten up. I hae begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy enough to learn.’

‘Pillaging, I suppose?’ said Morton, ‘for how else could you come by that portmanteau?’

‘I wotna if it’s pillaging, or how ye ca’t,’ said Cuddie, ‘but it comes natural to a body, and it’s a profitable trade. Our folk had tirl’d the dead dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were loose amaist. But when I saw the Whigs a’ weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set off at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honour’s. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o’ mony a horse-foot; and sure eneugh I cam to a place where there had been some clean leatherin’, and a’ the

puir chields were lying there buskit wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning — naebody had found out that pose o' carcages; and wha suld be in the midst thereof, as my mither says, but our auld acquaintance, Sergeant Bothwell?

'Ay, has that man fallen?' said Morton.

'Troth has he,' answered Cuddie; 'and his een were open and his brow bent, and his teeth clenched thegither, like the jaws of a trap for fowmarts when the spring's down. I was amaist feared to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en ripped his pouches, as he had dune mony an honest man's; and here's your ain siller again — or your uncle's, which is the same — that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither.'

'There can be no harm, Cuddie,' said Morton, 'in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me.'

'Bide a wee — bide a wee,' said Cuddie. 'Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon down on his breast, — I am thinking it has been a love-token, puir fallow, there's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses, — and there's a book wi' a wheen papers, and I got twa or three odd things, that I'll keep to mysell, forbye.'

'Upon my word, you have made a very successful foray for a beginner,' said his new master.

'Haena I e'en now?' said Cuddie, with great exultation. 'I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things. And forbye, I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that has left his loom and his bien house to sit skirling on a cauld hillside, had catched twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a gowd noble for them baith. I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it's an unco ill place to get change in. Ye'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse.'

'You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; but what is that portmanteau?'

'The pockmantle?' answered Cuddie. 'It was Lord Evan-dale's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder; ilka dog has its day. Ye ken what the auld sang says,

Take turn about, mither, quo' Tam o' the Linn.

And speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mither, puir auld body, if your honour hasna ony immediate commands.'

'But, Cuddie,' said Morton, 'I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense.'

'Hout fie, stir,' answered Cuddie, 'ye suld aye be taking; for recompense, ye may think about that some other time; I ha'e seen gay weel to mysell wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel enough.'

Not being able to prevail on the self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of anything for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some changes of linen and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern-bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and persecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the privy council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book were one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietor, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not

discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavoured to soothe, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper the writer seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

‘It matters not,’ these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, ‘I have them by heart.’

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton’s opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period :

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
 As in that well-remember’d night,
 When first thy mystic braid was wove,
 And first my Agnes whisper’d love.
 Since then, how often hast thou press’d
 The torrid zone of this wild breast,
 Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
 With the first sin which peopled hell ;
 A breast whose blood ’s a troubled ocean,
 Each throb the earthquake’s wild commotion !
 O, if such clime thou canst endure,
 Yet keep thy hue unstain’d and pure,
 What conquest o’er each erring thought
 Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought !
 I had not wander’d wild and wide,
 With such an angel for my guide ;
 Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
 If she had lived, and lived to love me.
 Not then this world’s wild joys had been
 To me one savage hunting-scene,
 My sole delight the headlong race,
 And frantic hurry of the chase,
 To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
 Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
 Then from the carcass turn away ;
 Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
 And soothed each wound which pride inflamed ; —
 Yes, God and man might now approve me,
 If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me !

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate, attachment.

‘Alas! what are we,’ said Morton, ‘that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and depraved; that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom which license, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, “Thus far shall ye come, and no farther.”’

While he thus moralised, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

‘Already awake?’ said that leader. ‘It is well, and shows zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?’ he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie’s successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs or public business; but when he came to the verses he threw them from him with contempt.

‘I little thought,’ he said, ‘when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction can touch a tinkling lute or a gittern, to soothe the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair.’

‘Your ideas of duty, then,’ said Morton, ‘exclude love of the

fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind ?’

‘To me, young man,’ answered Burley, ‘and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord.’

‘I have heard my father observe,’ replied Morton, ‘that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition, — but of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated ?’

‘I have,’ answered Burley. ‘The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations.’

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettle-drummle ; and on that of the Moderate party Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillietudlem, and summon that stronghold, as they expressed it, of Malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault ; and should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management ; and thus Morton’s

first enterprise in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations! He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them; and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the Presbyterian army as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XXIV

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drench'd in blood and rain.

FINLAY.

WE must now return to the fortress of Tillietudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudon Hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret, called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life Guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the courtyard, so reduced by loss of blood that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Lady Margaret, 'that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!'

'Thank God!' added Edith, 'that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst. But you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of assisting you.'

'My wounds are only sword-cuts,' answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; 'the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood. But it was not my purpose to bring my

weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you? Permit me,' he added, addressing Lady Margaret — 'permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam — as your brother, Edith!'

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiments.

'We are preparing for our defence,' said the old lady with great dignity; 'my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve.'

'How gladly,' said Evandale, 'would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state I should be but a burden to you; nay, something worse, for the knowledge that an officer of the Life Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault.'

'And can you think so meanly of us, my lord,' said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which woman so often evinces, and which becomes her so well, her voice faltering through eagerness, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language — 'can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we hold to be strong enough for our own defence?'

'Lord Evandale need never think of it,' said Lady Margaret. 'I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him — the meanest trooper that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Evandale. Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The Tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred ——'

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

'We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle,' said Edith — 'a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force.'

'Lord Evandale!' exclaimed the veteran. 'I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least.'

'I should have been slain, but for a friend of yours,' said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. 'I was unhorsed and defenceless, and the sword raised to despatch me, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping.'

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution; he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read, in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, 'Since Henry Morton has influence with these rascals, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old Presbyterian scoundrel, Pound-text, who, after enjoying the Indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shown himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his crop-eared congregation, to join the host of the fanatics. But how did you escape after leaving the field, my lord?'

'I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must,' answered Lord Evandale, smiling. 'I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours — you will hardly guess where.'

'At Castle Bracklan, perhaps,' said Lady Margaret, 'or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?'

'No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents.'

'Indeed!' said Lady Margaret Bellenden; 'and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity? But she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?'

'Far from it, madam,' continued the young nobleman; 'she was in principle a rigid recusant, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a Cavalier and a soldier. She bound my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger.'

'It was nobly done,' said Miss Bellenden; 'and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity.'

'I am running up an arrear of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences,' replied Lord Evandale; 'but when I can attain the means of showing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting.'

All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

'Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the fellows whom Claverhouse has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way.'

'That,' said Lord Evandale, 'is an unanswerable argument, since it shows me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state.'

'For your wounds, my lord,' said the Major, 'if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of

the incorporation of barber-surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly-bred army surgeons, as you may well suppose. You agree to stay with us, then ?

'My reasons for leaving the Castle,' said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, 'though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to inquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared ? or can I attend you to examine the works ?'

It did not escape Miss Bellenden that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. 'I think, sir,' she said, addressing the Major, 'that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions.'

'Edith is right,' said the old lady ; 'you must go instantly to bed, my lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand ; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine. John Gudyill, let the house-keeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings and examine the state of the wounds.'

'These are melancholy preparations, madam,' said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall ; 'but I must submit to your ladyship's directions, and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden.'

With these words he left the apartment.

'An excellent young man, and a modest,' said the Major.

'None of that conceit,' said Lady Margaret, 'that often makes young folk suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience.'

'And so generous and handsome a young nobleman,' said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom they were bestowed.

Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow. 'After a', it's true that my leddy says, there's nae trusting a Presbyterian; they are a' faithless man-sworn louns. Whae wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae taen on wi' thae rebel blackguards?'

'What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?' said her young mistress, very much displeased.

'I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam,' answered Jenny, hardily, 'and it's as little pleasant for me to tell; but as gude ye suld ken a' about it sune as syne, for the haill Castle's ringing wi't.'

'Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?' answered Edith, impatiently.

'Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi' the rebels, and ane o' their chief leaders.'

'It is a falsehood!' said Edith — 'a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country, such cruelty to me — to — to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean — who must suffer in a civil war; I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense.'

'Dear! dear! Miss Edith,' replied Jenny, still constant to her text, 'they maun be better acquainted wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they're capable or no capable o'. But there has been Trooper Tam and another chield out in bonnets and grey plaids, like country-men, to recon — reconnoitre, I think John Gudyill ca'd it; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood mounted on ane o' the dragoon horses that was taen at Loudon Hill, armed wi' swords and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the foremost o' them, and dreeling and commanding the men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Sergeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o' blue ribbands at it for the auld cause o' the Covenant — but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband — and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o' the land; it sets the like o' him, indeed!'

'Jenny,' said her young mistress, hastily, 'it is impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant.'

‘Because Tam Halliday,’ answered the handmaiden, ‘came in just five minutes after Lord Evandale; and when he heard his lordship was in the Castle, he swore — the profane loon! — he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca’d it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said naething till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it (here Jenny looked a little down), just to vex me about Cuddie.’

‘Poh, you silly girl,’ said Edith, assuming some courage, ‘it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you.’

‘Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon — he’s an auld hard-favoured man, I wotna his name — into the cellar, and gae him a tass o’ brandy to get the news out o’ him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr. Gudyill was in sic a rage that he tauld it a’ ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o’ my Leddy and the Major, and Lord Evandale; that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet; and troth I am muckle o’ that opinion mysell.’

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress’s extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young lady, an effect rendered doubly violent by the High Church principles and prejudices in which Miss Bellenden had been educated. Her complexion became as pale as a corpse, her respiration so difficult that it was on the point of altogether failing her, and her limbs so incapable of supporting her that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

‘God forgie me! what hae I done?’ said the repentant *fille-de-chambre*. ‘I wish my tongue had been cuttit out! Wha wad hae thought o’ her taking on that way, and a’ for a young lad? O, Miss Edith — dear Miss Edith, haud your heart up about it; it’s maybe no true for a’ that I hae said. O, I wish my mouth had been blistered! A’body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my Leddy comes? or the Major? and she’s sitting in the throne, too, that naebody has sate in since that weary morning the King was here! O, what will I do? O, what will become o’ us?’

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

'If he had been unfortunate,' she said, 'I never would have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him; if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his king, a traitor to his country, the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common stabbers, the persecutor of all that is noble, the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred, — I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!'

She wiped her eyes and rose hastily from the great chair (or throne, as lady Margaret used to call it), while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall apparently in deep meditation.

'Tak my arm, madam — better just tak my arm; sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless ——'

'No, Jenny,' said Edith, with firmness, 'you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength.'

'But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sae sair grieved.'

'Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny; duty can support itself, — yet I will do nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct, and then — cast him off for ever,' was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, 'Odd, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I'm sure I ne'er cared half sae muckle about Cuddie Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. Forbye that, it's maybe as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for, if the Whigs suld come to tak the Castle, as it's like they may, when there's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what's o't, ou, in that case, Milnwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their freendship wad be worth

siller; I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news.

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XXV

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more !

Henry V.

ON the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence ; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever ; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances, he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made ; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received ; but the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government with the most scornful incredulity.

'I know the lad better,' was the only reply he deigned to make ; 'the fellows have not dared to venture near enough,

with the butt-end of a sermon instead of a parley on the trumpet.'

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture ; only that, instead of a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale — for it was no less a personage — uplifted, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm :

‘Ye gates lift up your heads ! ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up ——’

‘I told you so,’ said the Major to Evandale, and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

‘I come,’ replied the ambassador, in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences — ‘I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal Malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood.’

‘And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale ?’ answered the Major.

‘Are you the parties ?’ said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

‘Even so, for fault of better,’ said the Major.

‘Then there is the public summons,’ said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale’s hand, ‘and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth, who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted.’

The summons ran thus : ‘We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend His own good cause !’

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as

quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language :

‘I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored which, without injury to the king’s constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws for that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

‘With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood; that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

‘Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honourable character which you have so deservedly won, and so long borne. If the regular soldiers, to whom I will ensure a safe retreat, are dismissed from the place, I trust no more

will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest ; and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal ; but I fear, as I must in the present instance appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you that, whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased ; and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let not that prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable ; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

‘HENRY MORTON.’

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands of Lord Evandale.

‘I would not have believed this,’ he said, ‘of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it ! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor ! rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm, that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a Presbyterian ; I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again, and a Presbyterian, he would be a rebel in three months ; it is in the very blood of them.’

‘Well,’ said Lord Evandale, ‘I will be the last to recommend surrender ; but, if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening to get the ladies, at least, safe out of the Castle.’

‘They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite,’ answered the Major, indignantly ; ‘I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador. My friend,’ he said, turning to Langcale, ‘tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that, if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old

walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame.'

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main body than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised in front of their ranks an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As the signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, was immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

'I think,' said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in recharging his guns, 'they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them. It's no for nought that the hawk whistles.'

But as he uttered these words the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their firearms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden rendered this success unavailing; for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to reoccupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were

specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay, under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the redcoats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush, from crag to crag, from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharp-shooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advan-

tage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

‘Kill, kill! down with the enemies of God and His people! No quarter! The Castle is ours!’ were the cries by which he animated his friends, the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this *coup-de-main*.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the courtyard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharp-shooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy’s fire. On the contrary, he had

edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions, 'There's a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' the winnock, forbye creeping in whiles mysell to get some daffin' at e'en after the pleugh was loosed.'

'And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?' said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

'There's no muckle to hinder us, an that were a', answered Cuddie; 'but what were we to do neist?'

'We'll take the Castle,' cried the other; 'here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate.'

'Come awa wi' you, then,' said Cuddie; 'but mind, deil a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or, aboon a', on Jenny Dennison, or ony body but the sodgers; cut and quarter amang them as ye like, I carena.'

'Ay, ay,' said the other, 'let us once in, and we will make our ain terms with them a'.'

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics, to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him

behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, 'Murder! murder! — we are a' harried and ravished — the Castle's taen — tak it amang ye!' she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged; and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes which the lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself,

for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested; for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricadoed positions without the precincts of the castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the leaders were in the purpose of reducing the place, and how well seconded by the zeal of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of reducing them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions; and the dragoons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that Major Bellenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprise.

CHAPTER XXVI

The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.

Henry IV. Part II.

THE leaders of the Presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillietudlem. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared that, if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the government. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillietudlem. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

‘He had the strongest personal motives,’ he said, ‘for desiring to remain near Tillietudlem; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers.’

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague’s reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Cuddie and the enthusiasm of old Mause, to get much information concerning Morton’s relations with the family of Tillietudlem. He therefore took

the advantage of Poundtext's arising to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time (which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and seized that moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him :—

'Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy lust for a Moabitish woman.'

'I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Balfour, nor relish your allusions,' replied Morton, indignantly; 'and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge or to use such uncivil language.'

'Confess, however, the truth,' said Balfour, 'and own that there are those within yon dark Tower over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies.'

'If you mean that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be,' replied Morton, 'perfectly right.'

'And not wholly wrong,' answered Burley, 'in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem.'

'Certainly,' replied Morton; 'I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden not to wish to be of service to him, as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him.'

'I am aware of that,' said Burley; 'but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month.'

'This is not the case,' answered Morton; 'we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption.'

'Ay, but,' continued Burley, 'I have since had proof, of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed Malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and destroy us.'

'And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?' said Morton.

'To what purpose?' said Balfour. 'Why need we undeceive

Kettledrummle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale upon such a point? Thyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the host out of the mouth of the preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week. What would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month?’

‘But why conceal it, then, from me? or why tell it me now? and, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?’ continued Morton.

‘There are many proofs,’ replied Burley; and he put into his hands a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, etc., to such an amount that the sum total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they took from another, and abused the Major’s press for stores pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the king for men.

‘And now,’ continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, ‘I have only to say that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the Malignant party, since their fort is abundantly victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth.’

‘And why,’ continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour’s reasoning — ‘why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge.’

‘And therefore, young man,’ answered Burley, ‘have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by danger. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently.

But thy career is yet to run. Thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon Hill thou wert a captive, and at the last assault it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and, shouldst thou now remain before these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me, that men will say that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father.'

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

'Mr. Balfour,' he said, 'let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding those feelings. Be assured that, whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude or my persevering resentment will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case.'

'If there be a threat implied in that denunciation,' replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, 'it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise, from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit.'

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

'Our defeat will relieve the garrison,' said he, internally, 'ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the Moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it.'

He therefore followed Balfour to the council, where they

found Kettledrummle [Poundtext] adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, intrenched, or rather barricadoed, themselves in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The Presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the college and cathedral church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour.

Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were intrenched behind breastworks which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action; their followers shrunk from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that 'this came of trusting to latitudinarian boys; and that, had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be.'

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

‘I have no retreat,’ he said to himself. ‘All shall allow—even Major Bellenden—even Edith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father.’

The condition of the army after the repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganisation, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at Loudon Hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton’s division. He had, however, the mortification to see that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence beyond his years which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh, and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, ‘who cared for none of those things.’ What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such an endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavoured to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command—for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favour everything that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general—Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.¹

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every prospect of success.

¹ See Dissensions among the Covenanters. Note 25.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second assault from the insurgents, with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organising new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with at least the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The privy council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupified with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which these measures had excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the king the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters to their engaging in such a cause.

Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed Presbyterians. It was, therefore, resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest, large estate, and a numerous following, as it was called, in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field ; while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favourable disposition which he showed to Presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds and tend to reconcile them to the government. The Duke was, therefore, invested with a commission, containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and despatched from London with strong succours to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XXVII

I am bound to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either do or die.

Old Ballad.

THERE was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge, near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley; but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillietudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a license which was taken by every one else in this disorderly army—to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for the military council of the insurgents were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As

the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old Cavaliering baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the control of a sordid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

'I shall fall young,' he said, 'if fall I must, my motives misconstrued and my actions condemned by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body and gibbet my limbs; but other days will come, when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided.'

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate

no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions — bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs. Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

‘Where is my uncle, Alison?’ said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

‘Lordsake, Mr. Harry! is this you?’ returned the old lady. ‘In troth, ye garr’d my heart loup to my very mouth. But it canna be your ainsell, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do.’

‘It is, however, my own self,’ said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time. ‘I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys.’

‘Sad times indeed!’ echoed the old woman; ‘and O that you suld be endangered wi’ them! But wha can help it? ye were ill enough guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn.’

‘You were always my advocate, Ailie,’ said he, and the housekeeper no longer resented the familiar epithet, ‘and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that. Where is my uncle?’

‘In Edinburgh,’ replied Alison; ‘the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimley when the reek rase. A vex’d man he’s been and a feared — but ye ken the Laird as weel as I do.’

‘I hope he has suffered nothing in health?’ said Henry.

‘Naething to speak of,’ answered the housekeeper, ‘nor in gudes neither; we fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow and auld Hackie — ye’ll mind them weel — yet they sauld us a gude bargain o’ four they were driving to the Castle.’

‘Sold you a bargain?’ said Morton; ‘how do you mean?’

‘Ou, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison,’ answered the housekeeper; ‘but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country couping and selling a’ that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellen-den was laird o’ the least share o’ what they lifted, though it was taen in his name.’

‘Then,’ said Morton, hastily, ‘the garrison must be straitened for provisions?’

'Stressed enough,' replied Ailie, 'there's little doubt o' that.' A light instantly glanced on Morton's mind.

'Burley must have deceived me; craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed.' Such was his inward thought; he said aloud, 'I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson; I must go forward directly.'

'But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu', entreated the affectionate housekeeper, 'and I'll mak it ready for you as I used to do afore thae sad days.'

'It is impossible,' answered Morton. 'Cuddie, get our horses ready.'

'They're just eating their corn,' answered the attendant.

'Cuddie!' exclaimed Ailie; 'what garr'd ye bring that ill-faur'd, unlucky loon alang wi' ye? It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house.'

'Tut, tut,' replied Cuddie, 'ye should forget and forgie, mistress. Mither's in Glasgow wi' her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair; and I'm the Captain's wallie now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did; saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?'

'In troth and that's true,' said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought much improved by his dress. 'I'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood; that's nane o' my sewing.'

'Na, na, mistress,' replied Cuddie, 'that's a cast o' my hand; that's ane o' Lord Evandale's braws.'

'Lord Evandale!' answered the old lady, 'that's him that the Whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say.'

'The Whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?' said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

'Ay, troth are they,' said the housekeeper. 'Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca't — my mother's name was Sally; I wonder they gie Christian folks' names to sic unchristian doings — but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was taen, an' the Whig Captain Balfour garr'd set up a gallows, and swore — or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear — that if the garrison was not gien ower the morn by daybreak, he would hing up the young lord, poor thing, as high as Haman. These are sair times! but folk canna help them, sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye suldna hae kenn'd a word about it, an I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinny.'

'Fed or unfed,' exclaimed Morton, 'saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle.'

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts, which he called his studies, in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he entirely agreed with Morton that, whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the Presbyterians and the government irreconcilable, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the Moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Poundtext to add that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacency to the probability held out by Morton of Lord Evandale's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his headquarters.

They were challenged by the sentinel, who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another soldier kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet¹ of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs. Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

¹ See The Cameronians' Gibbet. Note 26.

‘What has brought ye hither?’ said Burley, hastily. ‘Is there bad news from the army?’

‘No,’ replied Morton; ‘but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned. Lord Evandale is your prisoner?’

‘The Lord,’ replied Burley, ‘hath delivered him into our hands.’

‘And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?’

‘If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by day-break,’ replied Burley, ‘God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God’s saints.’

‘We are in arms,’ replied Morton, ‘to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?’

‘If thou art ignorant of it,’ replied Burley, ‘thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun.’

‘But we,’ answered the divine, ‘live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us.’

‘That is to say,’ said Burley, ‘that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to controvert me in this matter?’

‘We are,’ rejoined Poundtext, ‘two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner’s head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel.’

‘I judged it would come to this,’ answered Burley, ‘when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders.’

‘Such as I!’ answered Poundtext. ‘And who am I, that you should name me with such scorn? Have I not kept the flock of this sheepfold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, wert fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand. Who am I, say’st thou?’

‘I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know,’ said Burley. ‘Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; thou art one of those that follow the Gospel

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de-camp who slept in the next apartment, 'let the guard posted on the Malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them. The prisoner,' he said, again addressing Poundtext and Morton, 'is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting.'

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment without bidding them good evening. His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached for the time to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called by their companions the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of sentinels, and he left with them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him if anything remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession for the night of such quarters as the overcrowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose till they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the Moderate Presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend Gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of Church and State, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were or had been in arms for obtaining these ends should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the Moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanaticism, find advocates even among the Royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and accessible disposition, well known to be favour-

able to the Presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton that all that was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early in the morning, in order to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Gie ower your house, lady, he said, —
Gie ower your house to me.

Edom of Gordon.

MORTON had finished the revisal and the making out of a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

‘Enter,’ said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. ‘Come in,’ said Morton, ‘and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?’

‘Na, stir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi’ you.’

‘Who is that, Cuddie?’ inquired Morton.

‘Ane o’ your auld acquaintance,’ said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid. ‘Come, come, ye needna be sae bashfu’ before auld acquaintance, Jenny,’ said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. ‘Tell his honour, now, there’s a braw lass — tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress.’

‘What was I wanting to say,’ answered Jenny, ‘to his honour himsell the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash? D’ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour crowdy-eater?’

This reply was made with Jenny’s usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

‘What is the matter, Jenny?’ said Morton, kindly. ‘You

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‘What is the matter, Jenny?’ said Morton, kindly. ‘You

know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power.'

'Many thanks, Milnwood,' said the weeping damsel; 'but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now.'

'What do they say of me?' answered Morton.

'A'body says,' replied Jenny, 'that you and the Whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill threeps ye're to gie a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the Book o' Common-prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the King cam hame.'

'My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me,' answered Morton. 'I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever.'

'Bless your kind heart for saying sae,' said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; 'and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food.'

'Good God!' replied Morton, 'I have heard of scarcity, but not of famine. Is it possible? Have the ladies and the Major ——'

'They hae suffered like the lave o' us,' replied Jenny; 'for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle. I'm sure my poor een see fifty colours wi' faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane.'

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek, and the sharpness of her features, bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

'Sit down,' he said, 'for God's sake!' forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. 'I knew not of this,' he exclaimed in broken ejaculations — 'I could not know of it. Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fanatic — deceitful villain! Cuddie, fetch refreshments — food — wine, if possible — whatever you can find.'

'Whisky is gude eneugh for her,' muttered Cuddie; 'ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs.'

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle without bursting into a laugh, which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.

‘You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale? Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law.’

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, ‘Your honour is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth.’

‘Be assured, Jenny,’ said Morton, observing that she hesitated, ‘that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me.’

‘Weel, then, ye maun ken we’re starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie ower the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots — and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forbye being teugh in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gie up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while byepast; and since Lord Evandale’s taen, there’s nae guiding them; and Inglis says he’ll gie up the garrison to the Whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsells.’

‘Scoundrels!’ said Morton; ‘why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?’

‘They are fear’d for denial o’ quarter to themsells, having dune sae muckle mischief through the country; and Burley has hanged ane or twa o’ them already; sae they want to draw their ane necks out o’ the collar at hazard o’ honest folks.’

‘And you were sent,’ continued Morton, ‘to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men’s mutiny?’

‘Just e’en sae,’ said Jenny; ‘Tam Halliday took the rue, and tauld me a’ about it, and gat me out o’ the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him.’

‘But how can he help you?’ said Morton; ‘he is a prisoner.’

‘Well-a-day, ay,’ answered the afflicted damsel; ‘but maybe he could mak fair terms for us; or maybe he could gie us

know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power.'

'Many thanks, Milnwood,' said the weeping damsel; 'but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now.'

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on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognised in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon Hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

‘I am sorry to see you thus, my lord,’ said that youthful leader.

‘I have heard you are an admirer of poetry,’ answered the prisoner; ‘in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines —

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind can take
These for a hermitage.

But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement.’

‘By death?’ said Morton.

‘Surely,’ answered Lord Evandale; ‘I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and I expect to meet its extremity.’

‘But Major Bellenden,’ said Morton, ‘may surrender in order to preserve your life.’

‘Never, while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved should I be if he changed it for my sake.’

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

‘What is to be done?’ he said. ‘How is this misfortune to be averted?’

‘Hear me, my lord,’ said Morton. ‘I believe you may not be unwilling to bear the olive branch between our master the King and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice but necessity.’

‘You construe me but justly,’ said Lord Evandale; ‘but to what doth this tend?’

‘Permit me, my lord —’ continued Morton. ‘I will set

you at liberty upon parole ; nay, you may return to the Castle, and shall have a safe conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In contributing to bring this about you will only submit to circumstances ; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your lordship must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms.'

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

'Mr. Morton,' he said, 'in my simple judgment I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended ; nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth ; and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms.'

'The doing so,' answered Morton, 'would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up ; and that, for one, I will never agree to.'

'Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should,' said Lord Evandale ; 'and yet on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation.'

'It is all we can wish or expect,' replied Morton ; 'the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes. You accept, then, the safe conduct ?'

'Certainly,' answered Lord Evandale ; 'and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less.'

'And the garrison of Tillietudlem ?' said Morton.

'Shall be withdrawn as you propose,' answered the young nobleman. 'I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason ; and I tremble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this bloodthirsty ruffian, Burley.'

‘You are in that case free,’ said Morton. ‘Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties.’

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale’s prison. Two men whom he did not know entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him downstairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the courtyard a tumult which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and everything announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was sentinel. On hearing Lord Evandale’s voice he instantly and gladly admitted him, and that nobleman arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Bellen-den and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villainy, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

'Take away those arms,' said Lord Evandale to the people of the Castle; 'they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are intrusted with them. And now,' he continued, addressing the mutineers, 'begone! Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House of Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality show that you mean to atone for this morning's business.'

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

'My dear Major, we must give up the place.'

'Is it even so?' said Major Bellenden. 'I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies.'

'Not a man—not a pound of meal,' answered Lord Evandale.

'Yet I am blythe to see you,' returned the honest Major; 'we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny. But what is to be done now?'

'I have myself no choice,' said Lord Evandale; 'I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe conduct and horses for you and your retinue. For God's sake make haste; you cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men, and without provisions. Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to government. More were needless, as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived

at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton. The possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary.'

'If you think so, my lord,' said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh — 'I know you only advise what is honourable — if, then, you really think the case inevitable, I must submit; for the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls. Gudyill, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march. But if I could believe that my remaining in these old walls, till I was starved to a mummy, could do the king's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body!'

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced, though not without some groans and sighs on the part of Lady Margaret, which referred, as usual, to the disjune of his most sacred Majesty in the halls which were now to be abandoned to rebels. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, the ladies, with Major Bellenden, Harrison, Gudyill, and the other domestics, were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And when the sun arose the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XXIX

And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand
Were worth a thousand daggers.

MARLOW.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted for a few minutes at the small town of Bothwell, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh, amid the lights of dawn which were now rising on the horizon. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and every precaution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, with the large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features.

They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice. 'Miss Bellenden,' he said, 'must have friends wherever she is known, even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there anything that such can do to show their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?'

'Let them learn for their own sakes,' replied Edith, 'to venerate the laws and to spare innocent blood. Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more.'

'You think it impossible, then,' rejoined the cavalier, 'for any one to serve in our ranks, having the weal of his country

sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty ?'

'It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power,' replied Miss Bellenden, 'to answer that question.'

'Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier,' replied the horseman.

'I have been taught candour from my birth,' said Edith ; 'and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart ; men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government and of our own property, are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over.'

'The guilt of civil war,' rejoined the horseman, 'the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen.'

'That is assuming the question,' replied Edith, 'which ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword ; as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence.'

'Alas !' said the horseman, 'were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance ! But I perceive,' he continued, sighing deeply, 'that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it.'

'Pardon me,' answered Edith ; 'I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents ; of their persons I know nothing — excepting in one solitary instance.'

'And that instance,' said the horseman, 'has influenced your opinion of the whole body ?'

'Far from it,' said Edith ; 'he is — at least I once thought him — one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed ; he is — or he seemed — one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend

his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics or canting hypocrites, the leader of brutal clowns, the brother-in-arms to banditti and highway murderers? Should you meet such an one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name than over the distresses of her own house; and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted.'

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

'And yet,' she said, 'should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of — of — an early friend, say to him that sincere repentance is next to innocence; that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done.'

'And in what manner?' asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed and almost choked voice.

'By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt; and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end will best deserve the thanks of this age and an honoured remembrance in the next.'

'And in such a peace,' said her companion, with a firm voice, 'Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown?'

'I am but a girl,' was the young lady's reply; 'and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects

from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it.'

'Miss Bellenden,' answered Henry Morton, raising his face and speaking in his natural tone, 'the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure.'

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

'Henry Morton!' exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

'The same,' answered Morton; 'who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale,' he continued, turning towards the young nobleman and bowing to him, 'the charge of undeceiving his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden. All happiness attend you and yours! May we meet again in happier and better times!'

'Believe me,' said Lord Evandale, 'your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden and all whose esteem you value.'

'I expected no less from your generosity, my lord,' said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their *tête-à-tête*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

'Fare ye weel, Jenny,' said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan. 'Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes, an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny — ye'll think o' him now and then?'

'Whiles — at brose-time,' answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected, — caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

'Deil's in the fallow,' said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress, 'he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'. Coming, my leddy, coming. Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us!'

'Jenny,' said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, 'was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?'

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's-maid, and lied.

'I dinna believe it was him, my leddy,' said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; 'he was a little black man, that.'

'You must have been blind, Jenny,' said the Major; 'Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man.'

'I had ither thing ado than be looking at him,' said Jenny, tossing her head; 'he may be as fair as a farthing candle for me.'

'Is it not,' said Lady Margaret, 'a blessed escape which we have made out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a fanatic?'

'You are deceived, madam,' said Lord Evandale; 'Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman.'

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with

which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

‘I were worse than ungrateful,’ he said, ‘were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life.’

‘I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord,’ replied Major Bellenden; ‘and I own he has behaved handsomely to your lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present courses.’

‘You are to consider,’ replied Lord Evandale, ‘that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice and harshly concerning his principles and motives.’

‘You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord,’ answered Major Bellenden. ‘I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents——’

‘They were probably hidden, Major,’ replied the generous Lord Evandale, ‘even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate that they shall not want my hearty recommendation.’

‘And have you hopes,’ said Lady Margaret, ‘to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?’

‘I should have, madam, were every Whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword.’

It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his noble-minded rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

‘Civil feuds and domestic prejudices,’ she said, ‘may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart; but it is no small relief to know assuredly that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there.’

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King’s Guards, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts was added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.¹

Large bodies composed of the Highland clans, having in language, religion, and manners no connexion with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and these Amorites, or Philistines, as the insurgents termed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the king’s command was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of forfeiting and fining such men of property whom their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though prudence prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In short, every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents that the king’s vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these

¹ See Royal Army at Bothwell Bridge. Note 27.

reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them that the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of those discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they chanced, as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely.

Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed that, if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who regarded every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640 as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who

sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts or cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX

The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils !

Venice Preserved.

THE prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr. Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom he left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had despatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then despatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned ; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next inquiries were directed after Lord Evandale ; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away overnight by a party

of the Marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

'The villain !' exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbriar, 'the base, mean-spirited traitor, to curry favour for himself with the government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble might now have been in our hands !'

'But is it not in our hands ?' said Macbriar, looking up towards the keep of the Castle ; 'and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls ?'

'A stratagem, a mere trick,' said Burley, 'an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits.'

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

'I have watched,' he said, 'I have fought, I have plotted, I have striven for the reduction of this place, I have forborne to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour, I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls ; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth without a beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler ! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it ?'

'Nay,' said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, 'chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments ; and who knows but this youth ——'

'Hush ! hush !' said Burley ; 'do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painted sepulchre, this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us : this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that

would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity.'

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

'Let us instantly,' he said, 'go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen.'

'But will such be the fitting aids of the children of the Covenant?' said the preacher. 'We have already among us too many who hunger after lands, and silver and gold, rather than after the Word; it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out.'

'Thou errest,' said Burley; 'we must work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments. At all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the Malignant Evandale nor the Erastian Morton shall possess yonder castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof.'

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter-room and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron grate and the keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton, with the tidings that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

'And ye see,' concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, 'that

they will then possess a majority in the council ; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or preceesely termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red-herring ; whoever has the stronger party has Langcale.'

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure ; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his effectual support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification.¹ Thus backed and comforted, Poundtext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians to the general rendezvous.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively, while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts or reprobates. These men entered the Presbyterian camp rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms. Burley made no private visits to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbriar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the Malignant called

¹ See Moderate Presbyterians. Note 28.

Lord Evandale had been freed from the doom of death justly denounced against him.

‘By my authority and Mr. Morton’s,’ replied Poundtext, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

‘And who, brother,’ said Kettledrummle — ‘who gave you authority to interpose in such a high matter?’

‘The tenor of our commission,’ answered Poundtext, ‘gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us.’

‘Go to, go to,’ said Burley; ‘we know your motives: it was to send that silkworm, that gilded trinket, that embroidered trifle of a lord to bear terms of peace to the tyrant.’

‘It was so,’ replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour — ‘it was so; and what then? Are we to plunge the nation in endless war in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?’

‘Hear him!’ said Balfour; ‘he blasphemeth.’

‘It is false,’ said Morton; ‘they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it — Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannise over those of others.’

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half-way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr. Poundtext should preach to the army in the morning, and Kettledrummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the Moderate party ventured upon another proposal,

which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

‘You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life,’ said one of them, addressing Morton; ‘the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorise retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back and save his mettle to-day, that he may save your life to-morrow.’

‘I cannot think,’ said Morton, ‘that, even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorised, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission.’

The two officers looked at each other.

‘I have an idea,’ said the younger, ‘that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke.’

‘Is my Lord Evandale in the army?’ said Morton.

‘He is not,’ replied the officer; ‘we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?’

‘It is, sir,’ answered Morton.

‘We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir,’ said the officer, with more civility of manner; ‘but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so.’

‘I shall be sorry to find it thus,’ said Morton; ‘but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him.’

‘Lumley,’ said the superior officer, ‘let the Duke know of Mr. Morton’s arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly.’

The officer returned with a message that the General could

not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would receive him by times in the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and everything provided for his accommodation.

Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience. The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army; there were the Scottish Life Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat; other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled; and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers, a people, as already mentioned, particularly obnoxious to the western Whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an air so imposing that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

'You see the entertainment prepared for you,' said the officers.

'If I had no appetite for it,' replied Morton, 'I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties.'

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a

knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded —

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please ;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was open'd in his face.¹

Yet to a strict observer the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed, and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breastplate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell,² a man more feared and hated by the Whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the

¹ Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* (Laing).

² See Note 29.

same violences against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of Presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being entrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

'You come, sir, from these unfortunate people now assembled in arms,' said the Duke of Monmouth, 'and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the purport of your errand?'

'It is contained, my lord,' answered Morton, 'in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?'

'He has done so, sir,' answered the Duke; 'and I understand from Lord Evandale that Mr. Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks.'

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority, and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

'There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and,

although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves.'

'To do so, my Lord Duke,' replied Morton, undauntedly, 'were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of.'

'Mr. Morton,' replied the Duke, 'you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive that requests, by no means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported.'

'We may reply, my lord,' answered Morton, 'that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed.'

'Mr. Morton,' said the Duke, 'I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences. I think, gentlemen,' he added, turning to his two colleagues, 'this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons?'

'By my faith,' answered Dalzell, suddenly, 'and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to.'

Monmouth blushed deeply. 'You hear,' he said, addressing

Morton, 'General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour.'

'General Dalzell's sentiments, my lord,' replied Morton, 'are such as we expected from him; your Grace's such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed, I cannot help adding that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may.'

'Good morning, sir,' said the Duke; 'I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood.'

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse.

The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity. 'Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn nor incurs your displeasure.'

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, 'It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments.'

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed, and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the nonconformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

'I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Morton of Milnwood?'

'It is not Colonel Grahame's fault,' said Morton, smiling sternly, 'that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence.'

'Allow me at least to say,' replied Claverhouse, 'that Mr. Morton's present situation authorises the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty.'



GENERAL THOMAS DALZELL.
From a contemporary print.



‘To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine,’ said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

‘Nay, but stay an instant,’ said Claverhouse; ‘Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the bloodthirsty assassins who head them. Therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you, instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself; for, be assured, they cannot stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you; Dalzell will not; I both can and will, and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity.’

‘I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks,’ answered Morton, coldly, ‘did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable that, in an hour’s time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand.’

‘I shall be happy to meet you there,’ said Claverhouse, ‘but still more so should you think better on my first proposal.’

They then saluted and parted.

‘That is a pretty lad, Lumley,’ said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; ‘but he is a lost man, his blood be upon his head.’

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

But, hark ! the tent has changed its voice,
There's peace and rest nae langer.

BURNS.

The Lowdien mallisha they
Came with their coats of blew ;
Five hundred men from London came,
Claid in a reddish hue.

Bothwell Lines.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated the counsels of the insurgents raged even among their meanest followers ; and their picquets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack ; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened ; and, entertaining the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin ; for on the defence or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope that, by occupying two or three houses on the left

bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the Bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outposts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than before they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalised at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press to learn, and if possible to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the Puritans during the earlier Civil War, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose; but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A

temporary pulpit or tent was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honour was assigned as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon Hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, 'Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which you have not known'; and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorised and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the Moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton by name the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

'Fear not,' he said, 'because of the neighing of horses or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor

their rock as our rock ; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight ? I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, "Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury." Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton — this wretched Achan, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy — take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon ; he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold.'

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporised more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly that those who were not with them were against them ; that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the church if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause ; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext and one or two others made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch — 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren.' No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of in-

subordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid, part of the assembly were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment, when Morton arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side and of imprecation on the other.

‘What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?’ he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

‘It means,’ he replied, ‘that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies.’

‘Not so,’ answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; ‘it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert Him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion. Hear me,’ he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion — ‘I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward’s wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom He had once chosen — the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!’

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting and exclaiming — ‘To your tents, O Israel!’

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed, 'Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties. There shall at least one Scottish man die in their defence. Let any one who loves his country follow me!'

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plaided clans who seemed to search for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other and on their leaders with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar. 'Ephraim,' he said, 'it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian youth. He that loves the light, let him follow Burley!'

'Tarry,' replied Macbriar; 'it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this nullifidian Achan. Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemen.'

'Hinder me not,' replied Burley; 'he hath well said that all is lost if the enemy win the bridge; therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary? Array yourselves under your leaders; let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!'

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant

and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into 'a quaver of consternation,' and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon Hill in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the Bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

Old Ballad.

ERE Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his Marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in

modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copsewood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the Royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of *Loch Sloy*.¹ The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partizans to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broadswords of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire.

¹ See Note 30.

Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

'There is yet time,' said the former, 'to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge; hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body.'

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

'He flies!' they exclaimed — 'the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!'

'I do not fly,' said Morton. 'I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well.'

'Follow him not! Follow him not!' — such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; 'he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!'

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the king crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with

all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound — the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers — ‘Kill — kill! no quarter! think on Richard Grahame!’ The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon Hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to show their zeal for king and country by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

‘Sheathe your sword, I command you, General!’ exclaimed the Duke, ‘and sound the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the king’s misguided subjects.’

‘I obey your Grace,’ said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; ‘but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?’

‘Basil Olifant!’ said the Duke. ‘Who or what is he?’

‘The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set

aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden ; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion.'

'Be his motives what they will,' replied Monmouth, 'he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped.'

'It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands,' answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton ; but, while labouring to induce the flyers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

'May the hand be withered that shot the shot !' he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. 'I can fight no longer.'¹

Then, turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the flyers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two inclosures and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

'It is impossible they can ever make head again,' said Morton.

'The head's taen aff them, as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo !' rejoined Cuddie. 'Eh, Lord ! see how the broadswords are flashing ! war's a fearsome thing. They 'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again. But, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength !'

¹ This incident, and Burley's exclamation, are taken from the records.

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER XXXIII

They require
Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
Yea and the fierceness too.

FLETCHER.

EVENING had fallen ; and for the last two hours they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farmhouse, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

‘Our horses,’ said Morton, ‘will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible.’

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured ; and when they knocked at the door no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable or shed in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

‘This meeting bodes luck,’ said Cuddie ; ‘and they hae walth o’ beef, that’s ae thing certain, for here’s a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o’ a stot not half an hour syne : it’s warm yet.’

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

‘Whoever ye be,’ answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, ‘disturb not those who mourn

for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled.'

'They are wild western Whigs,' said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, 'I ken by their language. Fiend hae me, if I like to venture on them!'

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth, as he put his head within the window, 'That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire'; and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire, on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the firelight, Morton had no difficulty in recognising several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the fanatical Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up His hand from His people, and not make an end in the day of His anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentinels whispered to Cuddie, 'Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition. Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee.'

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

'Winnocks are no lucky wi' me,' was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. 'They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn! but I'se tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity.'

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture and lowering, downward look with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

'You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen,' said he, addressing them. 'I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them.'

'Out upon thee! out upon thee!' exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up: 'the Word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jireh, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!'

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the Whigs were all provided with firearms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance.

The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment. 'Tarry yet a while, brethren; let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us. Come,' he said, addressing himself to Morton, 'we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not,' he continued, 'made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?'

'He has — he has,' murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

'He hath ever urged peace with the Malignants,' said one.

'And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the Indulgence,' said another.

'And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth,' echoed a third; 'and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge.'

'Gentlemen,' said Morton, 'if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder.'

'I say, hear the youth,' said Macbriar; 'for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him.'

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

'I may not, gentlemen,' he said, 'be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannising over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver that, had others been of my mind in council, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory.'

'He hath spoken the word,' said one of the assembly; 'he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism: let him die the death!'

'Peace yet again,' said Macbriar, 'for I will try him further. Was it not by thy means that the Malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?'

'I am proud to say that you have spoken the truth in both instances,' replied Morton.

'Lo! you see,' said Macbriar, 'again hath his mouth spoken it. And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of Prelacy, a toy with which the arch-

enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?'

'You are incapable,' answered Morton, boldly, 'of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed.'

'Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth,' said another dark-browed man; 'and didst thou not so act that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her granddaughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were ensured possession of these women's worldly endowments?'

'I never heard of such a scheme,' said Morton, 'and therefore I could not thwart it. But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?'

'Peace,' said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; 'it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, "What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?" Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away. Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon.'

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this

was removed, the party resumed their devotions. Macbriar, whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the timepiece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious that amid the spectators were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference but with triumph, upon his execution, — without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement, — awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop — it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a



MORTON AWAITS HIS DEATH.
From a painting by William Douglas, R.S.A.



strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and, unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

'There lacked but this,' he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, 'to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a Prelatist, who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver! let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand.'

'I take up my song against him!' exclaimed the maniac. 'As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity.'

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

'Hist!' he said; 'I hear a distant noise.'

'It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles,' said one.

'It is the sough of the wind among the bracken,' said another.

'It is the galloping of horse,' said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood. 'God grant they may come as my deliverers!'

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

'It is horse,' cried Macbriar. 'Look out and descry who they are.'

'The enemy are upon us!' cried one who had opened the window in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

'Have at the bloody rebels ! Remember Cornet Grahame !' was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired ; the Whig who stood next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where firearms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

'Is the prisoner safe ?' exclaimed the well-known voice of Claverhouse ; 'look about for him, and despatch the Whig dog who is groaning there.'

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.¹

'I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands of the Whigs, sae being atween the deil and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he 'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in har'st ; and Monmouth gies quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up your heart, an' I'se warrant we 'll do a' weel enough yet.'

¹ See Morton's Capture and Release. Note 31.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

WHEN the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

‘You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the king and council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape.’

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his sergeant-major.

‘How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?’

‘Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden — six in all; four prisoners.’

‘Armed or unarmed?’ said Claverhouse.

‘Three of them armed to the teeth,’ answered Halliday; ‘one without arms, he seems to be a preacher.’

‘Ay, the trumpeter to the long-ear’d rout, I suppose,’ replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, ‘I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, d’ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place — Drumshinnel, I think, they call it. Look after the preacher till to-

morrow; as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination; or better, perhaps, take him before the privy council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery. Let Mr. Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's shoulder with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little.'

All these various orders—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice—'Mischief shall haunt the violent man!' to which Grahame only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life—had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

'I will pledge you, with all my heart,' said Claverhouse; 'for here is a black-jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the Whigs never miss to find it out. My service to you, Mr. Morton,' he said, filling one horn of ale for himself and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered and set down the untasted cup.

'You are but young in these matters, Mr. Morton,' said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; 'and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity reconcile men to everything.'

'I trust,' said Morton, 'they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these.'

'You would hardly believe,' said Claverhouse in reply, 'that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt; it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those Whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast.¹ But in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care so much for death, light upon us or around us whenever it may? Men die daily: not a bell tolls the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other; and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? it is all a lottery: when the hour of midnight came, you were to die; it has struck, you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any given moment; it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun, that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear; *that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!'

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to

¹ The Author is uncertain whether this was ever said of Claverhouse. But it was currently reported of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, another of the persecutors, that a cup of wine placed in his hand turned to clotted blood.

flit for ever, and exclaimed, with his usual wildness of ejaculation, 'Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood? Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee? Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed.'

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints!'

As he uttered the last word he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed; and he often thought of it afterwards when that wish seemed to be accomplished. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewrath's appearance he had put his hand to his pistol, but, on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked in an unconcerned tone of voice — 'How came the fellow here? Speak, you staring fool!' he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, 'unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man.'

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faltering voice — 'That the dead fellow had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside and covered him.'

‘Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame. This is a new incident, Mr. Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly. But we have had a busy day; they are tired, and their blades blunted with their bloody work; and I suppose you, Mr. Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours’ repose.’

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated for the evening with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER XXXV

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged — a terrible show !

Beggar's Opera.

SO deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveille. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were deprived of their firearms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners ; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him ; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable, qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help in his heart contrasting him with Balfour of Burley ; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

‘You are right,’ said Claverhouse, with a smile — ‘you are very right, we are both fanatics ; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition.’

‘Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse,’ said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

‘Surely,’ said Claverhouse, with the same composure ; ‘but of what kind ? There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors ; some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale ?’

‘Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension,’ replied Morton. ‘God gives every spark of life, that of the peasant as well as of the prince ; and those who destroy His work recklessly or causelessly must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Grahame’s protection now more than when I first met him ?’

‘And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say ?’ answered Claverhouse. ‘Why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old Roundheaded rebel, and the nephew of a sordid Presbyterian laird ; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the information has not been unfavourable to you.’

‘But yet,’ said Morton —

‘But yet,’ interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, ‘you would say you were the same when I first met you that you are now ? True ; but then, how could I know that ? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may show you how high your abilities stood in my estimation.’

‘Do you expect, General,’ said Morton, ‘that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem ?’

‘Poh ! poh ! you are critical,’ returned Claverhouse. ‘I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Froissart ?’

‘No,’ was Morton’s answer.

‘I have half a mind,’ said Claverhouse, ‘to contrive you should have six months’ imprisonment in order to procure you

that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, *benedicite*! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour or on the other! But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy; as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse.

'There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom,' said Morton, 'in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour.'

'You mean,' said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum-book, 'one Hatherick — Hedderick — or — or — Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrigg — here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillietudlem made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune.'

'He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe,' said Morton.

'Tis the better for him,' said Claverhouse. 'But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye. Here, Halliday; bring me up the black book.'

The sergeant, having committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

'Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 50, indulged, close, sly, and so forth — pooh! pooh! He — He — I have him here — Heathercat; outlawed — a preacher — a zealous Cameronian — keeps a conventicle among the Campsie Hills — tush! O, here is Headrigg — Cuthbert; his mother a bitter Puritan — himself

a simple fellow, like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots, more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to ——' Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone. 'Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety.'

'Does it not revolt a mind like yours,' said Morton, 'to follow a system which is to be supported by such minute inquiries after obscure individuals?'

'You do not suppose *we* take the trouble?' said the General, haughtily. 'The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish; they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years.'

'Indeed!' replied Morton. 'Will you favour me by imparting it?'

'Willingly,' said Claverhouse; 'it can signify little, for you cannot avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time.'

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land; but ere he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, 'Henry Morton, son of Silas Morton, colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Milnwood; imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years; excellent at all exercises; indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the Presbyterian; has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age; modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is —— Here follow three red crosses, Mr. Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are. But what does this fellow want?'

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton — 'Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Burley. Hear how he sets forth: "*Dear Sir*" — I wonder when we were such inti-

mates — “may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory” — hum — hum — “blessed his Majesty’s army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,” and so forth. Subscribed Basil Olifant. You know the fellow by name, I suppose?’

‘A relative of Lady Margaret Bellenden,’ replied Morton, ‘is he not?’

‘Ay,’ replied Grahame, ‘and heir-male of her father’s family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted admirer of the estate of Tillietudlem and all thereunto belonging.’

‘He takes an ill mode of recommending himself,’ said Morton, suppressing his feelings, ‘to the family at Tillietudlem by corresponding with our unhappy party.’

‘O, this precious Basil will turn cat in pan with any man!’ replied Claverhouse. ‘He was displeased with the government because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his own daughter; he was displeased with Lady Margaret because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, providing always he needed no help, that is, if you had beat us yesterday. And now the rascal pretends he was all the while proposing the king’s service, and, for aught I know, the council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them; and a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot or hanged, while this cunning scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well-lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy.’

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that, since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the conse-

quences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power.

At length they approached Edinburgh.

'Our council,' said Claverhouse, 'being resolved, I suppose, to testify by their present exultation the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but, as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and at the same time to save you from yours.'

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan (now a lieutenant-colonel), and, turning his horse into a byelane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettledrums contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprised him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magistrates of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors with their welcome at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbriar and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded and strongly bound, yet looked around them

with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcries and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzza for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they wore the *sanbenitos* of the condemned heretics in an *auto-da-fé*.¹

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, foaming with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to everything but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high

¹ See Prisoners' Procession. Note 32.

houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognised in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonised features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Cuddie.

'Lord forgie us, sir !' said the poor fellow, his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers; his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse — 'Lord forgie us, sir ! we maun instantly gang before the council ! O Lord, what made them send for a puir body like me, sae mony braw lords and gentles ! And there's my mither come on the lang tramp frae Glasgow to see to gar me testify, as she ca's it, that is to say, confess and be hanged ; but deil tak me if they mak sic a guse o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But here's Claverhouse himsell — the Lord preserve and forgie us, I say anes mair !'

'You must immediately attend the council, Mr. Morton,' said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, 'and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us ; shall we go ?'

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

'I must apprise you,' said the latter, as he led the way downstairs, 'that you will get off cheap ; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet.'

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy.

'Deil a fear o' me,' said he, 'an my mither disna pit her finger in the pie.'

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

'O, hinny, hinny !' said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, 'glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field !'

'Whisht, whisht, mither !' cried Cuddie, impatiently. 'Odd,

ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things? I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr. Poundtext, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that. He's gotten life for himsell and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket.'

'O, Cuddie, man, laith wad I be they suld hurt ye,' said old Mause, divided grievously between the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; 'but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae battled for the faith, and dinna let the dread o' losing creature comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight.'

'Hout tout, mither,' replied Cuddie, 'I hae fought e'en ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' a' thae arms, and muskets, and pistols, buff-coats, and bandoliers, lang eneugh, and I like the pleugh-paidle a hantle better. I ken naething suld gar a man fight—that's to say, when he's no angry—bye and out-taken the dread o' being hanged or killed if he turns back.'

'But, my dear Cuddie,' continued the persevering Mause, 'your bridal garment! Oh, hinny, dinna sully the marriage garment!'

'Awa, awa, mither,' replied Cuddie; 'dinna ye see the folks waiting for me? Never fear me; I ken how to turn this far better than ye do; for ye're bleezing awa about marriage, and the job is how we are to win bye hanging.'

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER XXXVI

My native land, good night !

LORD BYRON.

THE privy council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

‘You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General,’ said a nobleman of high place amongst them. ‘Here is a craven to confess, a cock of the game to stand at bay, and what shall I call the third, General?’

‘Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested,’ replied Claverhouse.

‘And a Whig into the bargain?’ said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

‘Yes, please your Grace, a Whig, as your Grace was in 1641,’ replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

‘He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke,’ said one of the privy councillors.

‘Ay, ay,’ returned the Duke, laughing, ‘there’s no speaking to him since Drumclog; but come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record.’

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts until his Majesty’s pleasure was

further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand merks to each of his securities.

'Do you accept of the king's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?' said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

'I have no other choice, my lord,' replied Morton.

'Then subscribe your name in the record.'

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

'He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!' he exclaimed, with a deep groan. 'A fallen star! a fallen star!'

'Hold your peace, sir,' said the Duke, 'and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge; ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you. Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first.'

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

'Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brig?' was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied, with true Caledonian indirectness of response, 'I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there.'

'Answer directly, you knave — yes or no? You know you were there.'

'It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour,' said Cuddie.

'Once more, sir, were you there? — yes or no?' said the Duke, impatiently.

'Dear stir,' again replied Cuddie, 'how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?'

'Speak out, you scoundrel,' said General Dalzell,¹ 'or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?'

'Aweel, then,' said Cuddie, 'since naething else will please ye, write down that I cannot deny but I was there.'

'Well, sir,' said the Duke, 'and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?'

'I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir,' said the cautious captive, 'on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better.'

'Better than what?'

'Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it,' replied Cuddie.

'Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose,' replied his Grace. 'And are you content to accept of the king's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the king?'

'Blythely, stir,' answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; 'and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude.'

'Egad,' said the Duke, 'this is a hearty cock. What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?'

'Just ill example, stir,' replied the prisoner, 'and a daft auld jaud of a mither, wi' reverence to your Grace's honour.'

'Why, God-a-mercy, my friend,' replied the Duke, 'take care of bad advice another time; I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair.'

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

'Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?' was, in like manner, demanded of him.

'I was,' answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

'Were you armed?'

'I was not: I went in my calling as a preacher of God's Word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His cause.'

'In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?' said the Duke.

'Thou hast spoken it,' replied the prisoner.

'Well, then,' continued the interrogator, 'let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? I presume you know him?'

¹ See Dalzell's Brutality. Note 33.

'I bless God that I do know him,' replied Macbriar; 'he is a zealous and a sincere Christian.'

'And when and where did you last see this pious personage?' was the query which immediately followed.

'I am here to answer for myself,' said Macbriar, in the same dauntless manner, 'and not to endanger others.'

'We shall know,' said Dalzell, 'how to make you find your tongue.'

'If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle,' answered Lauderdale, 'he will find it without you. Come, laddie, speak while the play is good; you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else.'

'I defy you,' retorted Macbriar. 'This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon.'

'Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate,' said Lauderdale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose; but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

'Do you know who that man is?' said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

'He is, I suppose,' replied Macbriar, 'the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages.'

'Do your duty,' said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant

voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

'Let him choose for himself,' said the Duke; 'I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable.'

'Since you leave it to me,' said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, 'take the best; I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer.'¹

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for farther orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, 'When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?'

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to Heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible, 'Thou hast said Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power!'

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon and stood prepared to give a second blow.

'Will you yet say,' repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, 'where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?'

'You have my answer,' said the sufferer resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claver-

¹ This was the reply actually made by James Mitchell when subjected to the torture of the boot for an attempt to assassinate Archbishop Sharp.

house, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, 'For God's sake, think where you are!'

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

'He is gone,' said the surgeon — 'he has fainted, my lords, and human nature can endure no more.'

'Release him,' said the Duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, 'He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?'

'Ay, despatch his sentence and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind.'

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the council,¹ and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

'Doomster,' he continued, 'repeat the sentence to the prisoner.'

The office of doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions.² The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, 'And this I pronounce for doom,' he answered boldly, 'My lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed

¹ See Heads of the Executed. Note 34.

² See a note on the subject of this office in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

carcass, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not? Ye send me to a happy exchange, to the company of angels and the spirits of the just for that of frail dust and ashes. Ye send me from darkness into day, from mortality to immortality, and, in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!’

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Grahame.

‘Marvellous firmness and gallantry!’ said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbriar’s conduct; ‘what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fiercer features of his sect!’

‘You mean,’ said Claverhouse, ‘his resolution to condemn you to death? To that he would have reconciled himself by a single text; for example, “And Phinehas arose and executed judgment,” or something to the same purpose. But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?’

‘We are on the road to Leith, I observe,’ answered Morton. ‘Can I not be permitted to see my friends ere I leave my native land?’

‘Your uncle,’ replied Grahame, ‘has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements; he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillietudlem putting matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret’s muniments of antiquity, and have desecrated and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?’

Morton sighed deeply as he answered, 'No; it would avail nothing. But my preparations — small as they are, some must be necessary.'

'They are all ready for you,' said the General. 'Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaigns under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Seneff.¹ There are also bills of exchange for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it.'

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an astounded and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

'And my servant?' he said.

'He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal retainers, or go a-Whigging a second time. But here we are upon the quay, and the boat awaits you.'

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

'I shall never forget,' he said, 'the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way.'

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took an opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus: — 'Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fled before his enemies hath in some measure atoned for thy unhappy owning of the Erastian interest. These are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel. I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger. But turn from that folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in

¹ August 1674. Claverhouse greatly distinguished himself in this action, and was made captain.

death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and Malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of meting unto them with their own measure of ruin and confiscation. The resistance of their stronghold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There is an honest remnant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliverance. Join thyself unto them like the true son of the stout and worthy Silas Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my incomings and outgoings, by inquiring after Quintin Mackell of Irongray, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Bessie Maclure, near to the place called the Howff, where Niel Blane entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, resisting unto blood, and striving against sin. Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that wakes in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Esau, and shall make false professors as straw and Malignants as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the mighty in the waste field.'

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of B.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man; who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy, was even now endeavouring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces. But he felt no sort of desire in the present moment to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or to renew an association which, in so many ways, had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Burley held out against the family of Bellenden, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defence of Tillietudlem; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant whether he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale intimation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his menaces would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clue to prevent them, by apprehending his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the name and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails swelled out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted finally into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Whom does time gallop withal ?

As You Like It.

IT is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the unities of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind's simile, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale ; for, betwixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay and his final departure for Holland hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I entreat the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive ; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions and the general change of government in church and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so unruly that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own

frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings and form associations for mutual defence, which the government termed treason, while *they* cried out persecution.

The triumphant Whigs, while they re-established Presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the Nonconformists under Charles and James, loudly demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous covenanted monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the government gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation to extirpate idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures by which government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant — the Magna Charta, as they termed it — of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequence of open rebellion. But as the murmurers were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against Socinianism, Erastianism, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfanned by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they

sunk into the scattered remnant of serious, scrupulous, and harmless enthusiasts of whom Old Mortality, whose legends have afforded the groundwork of my tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the Cameronians continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom government wished to discourage, while they prudently temporised with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the Episcopalian and Jacobite interest, notwithstanding their ancient and national animosity, yet repeatedly endeavoured to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontents to obtain their assistance in recalling the Stewart family. The Revolutionary government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate Presbytery, and formed in a great measure the party who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatised by the Cameronians for having exercised that form of worship under the declaration of Indulgence issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was on a delightful summer evening that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymer de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits. The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, or, it might be, the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion was a small cottage, pretty much in the

situation of a porter's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him, before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy Knowe. The child set down her water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering, 'What's your wull?' which is usually a peasant's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

'I wish to know the way to Fairy Knowe.'

'Mammie, mammie,' exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, 'come out and speak to the gentleman.'

Her mother appeared—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally sly and *espiègle* in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

'What was your pleasure, sir?' said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without anything resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, 'I am seeking a place called Fairy Knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Headrigg. You can probably direct me to him?'

'It's my gudeman, sir,' said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; 'will you alight, sir, and come into our puir dwelling? Cuddie, Cuddie (a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut). Rin awa, my bonny man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him. Or, stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense, rin ye awa and tell him; he's down at the Four-acres Park. Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir? Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our gudeman comes? It's gude ale, though I shouldna say sae that brews it; but ploughman lads work hard, and maun hae something to keep their hearts abume by ordinar, sae I aye pit a gude gowpen o' maut to the browst.'

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dullness with occasional sparkles which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, 'What's your wull wi' me, sir?'

'I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country,' said the traveller, 'and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them.'

'Nae doubt, sir,' said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation. 'But I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae many questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kenn'd a' ye wadna wonder at my jalousing a'thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch, whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than "effectual calling"; and the "did promise and vow" of the tane were yokit to the end o' the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them.'

'You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country.'

'Country!' replied Cuddie. 'Ou, the country's weel eneugh, an it werena that dour deevil, Claver'se—they ca' him Dundee now—that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Dugalds that ever wore bottomless breeks driving about wi' him, to set things asteer

again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably weel settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his fairing, I'll be caution for it.'

'What makes you so positive of that, my friend?' asked the horseman.

'I heard it wi' my ain lugs,' answered Cuddie, 'foretauld to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Drumshinnel.'

'Indeed?' said the stranger; 'I can hardly believe you, my friend.'

'Ye might ask my mither, then, if she were in life,' said Cuddie; 'it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At ony rate, he spake of the casting out of the Stewarts by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver'se and his dragoons. They ca'd the man Habakkuk Mucklewrath; his brain was a wee ajeer, but he was a braw preacher for a' that.'

'You seem,' said the stranger, 'to live in a rich and peaceful country.'

'It's no to compleen o', sir, an we get the crap weel in,' quoth Cuddie; 'but if ye had seen the bluid rinnin' as fast on the tap o' that brig yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it sae bonny a spectacle.'

'You mean the battle some years since? I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action,' said the stranger.

'Then ye saw a bonny stour,' said Cuddie, 'that sall serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life. I judged ye wad be a trooper by your red scarlet lace-coat and your looped hat.'

'And which side were you upon, my friend?' continued the inquisitive stranger.

'Aha, lad,' retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such, 'there's nae use in telling that, unless I kenn'd wha was asking me.'

'I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary; I know you acted on that occasion as servant to Henry Morton.'

'Ay!' said Cuddie, in surprise, 'how came ye by that secret? No that I need care a bodle about it, for the sun's on our side o' the hedge now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't.'

'And what became of him?' said the rider.

'He was lost in the vessel gaun to that weary Holland — clean

lost, and a'budy perished, and my poor master amang them. Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' mair.' Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

'You had some regard for him, then?' continued the stranger.

'How could I help it? His face was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a'budy that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was. O, an ye had but seen him down at the brig there, fleeing about like a fleeing dragon to gar folk fight that had unco little will till 't! There was he and that sour Whigamore they ca'd Burley — if twa men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day.'

'You mention Burley. Do you know if he yet lives?'

'I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad and our sufferers wad hold no communion wi' him, because o' his having murdered the Archbishop. Sae he cam hame ten times dourer than ever, and broke aff wi' mony o' the Presbyterians; and, at this last coming of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae countenance nor command for fear of his deevilish temper, and he hasna been heard of since; only some folk say that pride and anger hae driven him clean wud.'

'And — and,' said the traveller, after considerable hesitation, 'do you know anything of Lord Evandale?'

'Div I ken ony thing o' Lord Evandale? Div I no? Is not my young leddy up-bye yonder at the house, that's as gude as married to him?'

'And are they not married, then?' said the rider, hastily.

'No, only what they ca' betrothed; me and my wife were witnesses, it's no mony months bye-past. It was a lang courtship; few folk kenn'd the reason bye Jenny and mysell. But will ye no light down? I downa bide to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west ower Glasgow-ward, and maist skeely folk think that bodes rain.'

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

'The deil's in this man,' said Cuddie to himself; 'I wish he would either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himsell in Hamilton or the shower begin.'

But the rider sate motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some uncommon effort. At length, recovering himself as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie 'if Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived.'

'She does,' replied Cuddie, 'but in a very sma' way. They hae been a sad changed family since thae rough times began; they hae suffered enough first and last; and to lose the auld Tower and a' the bonny barony and the holms that I hae pleughed sae often, and the mains, and my kale-yard, that I suld hae gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheepskin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillietudlem.'

'I have heard something of this,' said the stranger, deepening his voice and averting his head. 'I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?'

'It's but a corner of a place, sir,' said Cuddie, 'but we'se try, rather than ye suld ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be free wi' ye, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel.'

'I am liable to a dizziness,' said the stranger, 'but it will soon wear off.'

'I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir,' said Cuddie; 'and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be laith a stranger suld lack what we have, though we are jimpely provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has sae mony bairns—God bless them and her—that troth I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik or outshot o' some sort to the onstead.'

'I shall be easily accommodated,' said the stranger, as he entered the house.

'And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted,' said Cuddie; 'I ken weel what belongs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane.'

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny, or Mrs. Headrigg, if the reader pleases, requested him to lay aside the cloak, belt, and flapped hat which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and to divert the time till Cuddie's return he entered into some chat with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

What tragic tears bedim the eye !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

LOGAN.

C UDDIE soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, 'that the horse was properly suppered up, and that the gudewife should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him.'

'Are the family at the house?' said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

'No, stir; they're awa wi' a' the servants — they keep only twa nowadays — and my gudewife there has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fee'd servant. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there we behovedna to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa they will be weel pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Bellenden wad help a' the haille warld, an her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Leddy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor bodies neither. And now, wife, what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sowens?'

'Never mind, lad,' rejoined Jenny, 'ye sall hae them in gude time; I ken weel that ye like your brose het.'

Cuddie fidgeted, and laughed with a peculiar expression of intelligence at this repartee, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence betwixt his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question — 'Can you tell me when Lord Evandale's marriage takes place?'

'Very soon, we expect,' answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; 'it wad hae been ower afore now, but for the death o' auld Major Bellenden.'

'The excellent old man!' said the stranger; 'I heard at Edinburgh he was no more. Was he long ill?'

'He couldna be said to haud up his head after his brother's wife and his niece were turned out o' their ain house; and he had himsell sair borrowing siller to stand the law; but it was in the latter end o' King James's days, and Basil Olifant, who claimed the estate, turned a Papist to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him; sae the law gaed again the leddies at last, after they had fought a weary sort o' years about it; and, as I said before, the Major ne'er held up his head again. And then cam the pitting awa o' the Stewart line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he couldna brook that, and it clean broke the heart o' him, and creditors cam to Charnwood and cleaned out a' that was there: he was never rich, the gude auld man, for he dow'd na see ony body want.'

'He was indeed,' said the stranger, with a faltering voice, 'an admirable man; that is, I have heard that he was so. So the ladies were left without fortune as well as without a protector?'

'They will neither want the tane nor the tother while Lord Evandale lives,' said Jenny; 'he has been a true friend in their griefs. E'en to the house they live in is his lordship's; and never man, as my auld gudemother used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served sae lang and sae sair for a wife as gude Lord Evandale has dune.'

'And why,' said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion — 'why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?'

'There was the lawsuit to be ended,' said Jenny, readily, 'forbye many other family arrangements.'

'Na, but,' said Cuddie, 'there was another reason forbye; for the young leddy——'

'Whisht, haud your tongue and sup your sowens,' said his wife. 'I see the gentleman's far frae weel, and downa eat our coarse supper; I wad kill him a chicken in an instant.'

'There is no occasion,' said the stranger; 'I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone.'

'You'll gie yoursell the trouble then to follow me,' said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, 'and I'll show you the way.'

Cuddie also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, 'That the bairns would be left to fight thegither and coup ane anither into the fire,' so that he remained to take charge of the menage.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but when she returned was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sobs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She prudently drew back until he raised his head, and then showing herself, without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated them, and only bending his head as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bedchamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy Knowe, connecting on one side with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and on the other with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as speedily as she could to her own mansion.

'O, Cuddie!' she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, 'I doubt we're ruined folk!'

'How can that be? What's the matter wi' ye?' returned the imperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at anything.

'Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is? O, that ever ye suld hae asked him to light here!' exclaimed Jenny.

'Why, wha the muckle deil d'ye say he is? There's nae law against harbouring and intercommunicating now,' said Cuddie; 'sae, Whig or Tory, what need we care wha he be?'

'Ay, but it's ane will ding Lord Evandale's marriage ajee yet, if it's no the better looked to,' said Jenny; 'it's Miss Edith's first jo, your ain auld maister, Cuddie.'

'The deil, woman!' exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, 'trow ye that I am blind? I wad hae kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton amang a hunder.'

'Ay, but, Cuddie lad,' replied Jenny, 'though ye are no blind, ye are no sae notice-taking as I am.'

'Weel, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did ye see about the man that was like our Maister Harry?'

'I will tell ye,' said Jenny. 'I jaloused his keeping his face frae us, and speaking wi' a made-like voice, sae I e'en tried him wi' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didna just laugh—he's ower grave for that nowadays—but he gae a gledge wi' his ee that I kenn'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mair taen down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman, only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first gat word that him and you—ye muckle graceless loon—were coming against Tillietudlem wi' the rebels. But what's the matter wi' the man now?'

'What's the matter wi' me, indeed!' said Cuddie, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of. 'Am I no gaun up this instant to see my maister?'

'Atweel, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate,' said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

'The deil's in the wife!' said Cuddie; 'd'ye think I am to be Joan Tamson's man, and maistered by women a' the days o' my life?'

'And whase man wad ye be? And wha wad ye hae to maister ye but me, Cuddie lad?' answered Jenny. 'I'll gar ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Naeboddy kens that this young gentleman is living but oursells, and frae that he keeps himsell up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he fand Miss Edith either married or just gaun to be married, he wad just slide awa easy, and gie them nae mair trouble. But if Miss Edith kenn'd that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauld to her; I'se warrant she wad say "No" when she suld say "Yes."'

'Weel,' replied Cuddie, 'and what's my business wi' that? If Miss Edith likes her auld jo better than her new ane, what for suld she no be free to change her mind like other folk? Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday aye threeps he had a promise frae yoursell.'

'Halliday's a liar, and ye're naething but a gomeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice, lack-a-day! ye may be sure a' the gowd Mr. Morton has is on

the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Leddy Margaret and the young leddy ?'

'Isna there Milnwood ?' said Cuddie. 'Nae doubt, the auld laird left his housekeeper the life-rent, as he heard nought o' his nephew ; but it's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they may a' live brawly thegither, Leddy Margaret and a'.'

'Hout tout, lad,' replied Jenny, 'ye ken them little to think leddies o' their rank wad set up house wi' auld Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to take favours frae Lord Evandale himsell. Na, na, they maun follow the camp, if she tak Morton.'

'That wad sort ill wi' the auld leddy, to be sure,' said Cuddie ; 'she wad hardly win ower a lang day in the baggage-wain.'

'Then sic a flyting as there wad be between them, a' about Whig and Tory,' continued Jenny.

'To be sure,' said Cuddie, 'the auld leddy's unco kittle in thae points.'

'And then, Cuddie,' continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, 'if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free house, and the kale-yard, and the cow's grass ? I trow that baith us and thae bonny bairns will be turned on the wide world !'

Here Jenny began to whimper. Cuddie writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he broke out, 'Weel, woman, canna ye tell us what we suld do, without a' this din about it ?'

'Just do naething at a',' said Jenny. 'Never seem to ken ony thing about this gentleman, and for your life say a word that he suld hae been here, or up at the house ! An I had kenn'd, I wad hae gien him my ain bed and sleepit in the byre or he had gane up-bye : but it canna be helpit now. The neist thing's to get him cannily awa the morn, and I judge he'll be in nae hurry to come back again.'

'My puir maister !' said Cuddie ; 'and maun I no speak to him, then ?'

'For your life, no,' said Jenny ; 'ye're no obliged to ken him ; and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning.'

'Aweel,' said Cuddie, sighing heavily, 'I'se awa to pleugh the outfield then ; for, if I am no to speak to him, I wad rather be out o' the gate.'

'Very right, my dear hinny,' replied Jenny; 'naebody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wi' me ower your affairs, but ye suld ne'er do ony thing aff-hand out o' your ain head.'

'Ane wad think it's true,' quoth Cuddie; 'for I hae aye had some carline or quean or another to gar me gang their gate instead o' my ain. There was first my mither,' he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed; 'then there was Leddy Margaret didna let me ca' my soul my ain; then my mither and her quarrelled, and pu'ed me twa ways at anes, as if ilk ane had an end o' me, like Punch and the Deevil rugging about the Baker at the fair; and now I hae gotten a wife,' he murmured in continuation, as he stowed the blankets around his person, 'and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a' thegither.'

'And amna I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life?' said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horseback, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy Knowe, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognised as Miss Bellenden and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Evandale.

'Had I no better gang to the house to put things to rights?' said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

'We want nothing but the pass-key,' said Miss Bellenden. 'Gudyill will open the windows of the little parlour.'

'The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled,' answered Jenny, who recollected the local sympathy between that apartment and the bedchamber of her guest.

'In the red parlour, then,' said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Morton had been conducted.

'All will be out,' thought Jenny, 'unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way.'

So saying, she sped up the bank in great tribulation and uncertainty.

'I had better hae said at ance there was a stranger there,' was her next natural reflection. 'But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O, safe us! what will I do? And there's Gudyill walking in the garden, too!' she exclaimed internally, on approaching the wicket, 'and I daurna gang in

the back way till he's aff the coast. O, sirs! what will become of us?'

In this state of perplexity she approached the *ci-devant* butler, with the purpose of decoying him out of the garden. But John Gudyill's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many peevish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to teaze those whom he conversed with; and on the present occasion all Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at Fairy Knowe, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers, which he had taken under his special protection, and which he propped, dug, and watered, prosing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying, with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. As soon as the ladies entered the house they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

'He is not yet come,' she said. 'What can your brother possibly mean? Why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? And why not come to Castle Dinnan, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him.'

'Evandale was never capricious,' answered his sister; 'I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not I will help you to scold him.'

'What I chiefly fear,' said Edith, 'is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Claverhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular that one so rational and so deeply

sensible of the errors of the exiled family should be ready to risk all for their restoration !’

‘What can I say?’ answered Lady Emily; ‘it is a point of honour with Evandale. Our family have always been loyal; he served long in the Guards; the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years; he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactivity to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connexions and early predilections influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet, though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so.’

‘And how is it in my power?’ said Miss Bellenden.

‘You can furnish him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host: “He has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.”’

‘I have promised,’ said Edith, in a faint voice; ‘but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time.’

‘Nay,’ said Lady Emily, ‘I will leave Evandale — and here he comes — to plead his own cause.’

‘Stay, stay, for God’s sake!’ said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

‘Not I — not I,’ said the young lady, making her escape; ‘the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast I will be found in the willow-walk by the river.’

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered. ‘Good-morrow, brother, and good-bye till breakfast-time,’ said the lively young lady; ‘I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning.’

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

‘And now, my lord,’ said Edith, ‘may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?’

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but, upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim — ‘For God’s sake, what is the matter?’

‘His Majesty’s faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee —’

‘Has fallen?’ said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

‘True — most true; he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a man remains of talents and influence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James’s service. This, Edith, is no time for temporising with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening.’

‘Do not think of it, my lord,’ answered Edith; ‘your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adventure so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?’

‘Listen to me, Edith,’ said Lord Evandale. ‘I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present motives of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life Guards, with whom I served so long, although new-modelled and new-officered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master; and (and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears) when my foot is known to be in the stirrup two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper’s service and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Lowlands; but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves? Meantime, the zeal of the soldiers will die away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death.’

‘And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be,’ said Edith, ‘take a part of such dreadful moment?’

‘I will,’ said Lord Evandale — ‘I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it.’

‘And all for the sake,’ continued Miss Bellenden, ‘of a prince whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?’

‘Most true,’ replied Lord Evandale; ‘and as I resented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune; I will neither do the one nor the other.’

‘And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment

must still term rashly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting ?'

'Were it not enough to answer,' said Lord Evandale, 'that ere rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride? Surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and showing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural.'

'But why in this place, my lord?' said Edith; 'and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?'

'Because,' he replied, putting a letter into her hand, 'I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when prefaced by these credentials.'

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

'My dearest childe,' such was its tenor in style and spelling, 'I never more deeply regretted the reumatizm, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy Knowe, with my poor dear Willie's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer as because it hath now not given way either to cammome poultices or to decoction of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present campaign both by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his departure to the wars between you and him, in implement of the indenture formerly entered into for that effect, whereuntill, as I see no reasonable objection, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and obedient childe, will not devise any which has less than reason. It is true that the contrax of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our Rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses; as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own freewill, as well as those of the kingdom where we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better right to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with masterful usurpers and rebels as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred

Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor house of Tillietudlem by taking his disjune therein,' etc. etc. etc.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the solemnisation of her marriage without loss of time.

'I never thought till this instant,' said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, 'that Lord Evandale would have acted ungenerously.'

'Ungenerously, Edith!' replied her lover. 'And how can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine ere I part from you perhaps for ever?'

'Lord Evandale ought to have remembered,' said Edith, 'that when his perseverance, and, I must add, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative to hurry me with precipitate and even indelicate importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation.'

Lord Evandale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke — 'I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mentioned to Miss Bellenden my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably despise on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeiture as a traitor, by the usurping government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange or some Dutch favourite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evandale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having condescended to share the titles and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her.'

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

'And yet,' she said, 'such is the waywardness with which

my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot (she burst into tears) suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons.'

'We have already fully considered this painful subject,' said Lord Evandale; 'and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as mine, had fully convinced you that these regrets were fruitless.'

'Fruitless indeed!' said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon Lord Evandale's assurances that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

'It sounded strangely distinct,' she said, 'and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them.'

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to soothe her alarm, and reconcile her to a measure which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of ensuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had evinced by so many and such various services. These Edith felt the more the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour excepting a causeless reluctance, which she herself was ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared, and he explained with joyful alacrity that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the lodge with a faithful domestic, once a non-commissioned officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Headrigg and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnised, a circumstance which, had their union been public, must have drawn upon him the attention of the government, as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his

bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation; when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble; when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

‘I must own,’ she said, ‘that I am something at a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connexion. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale that he will seek no woman’s hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden, but your present distress augurs ill for my brother’s future happiness, and I must needs say that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and dolour, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long and in so many ways.’

‘You are right, Lady Emily,’ said Edith, drying her eyes and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks — ‘you are quite right; Lord Evandale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause, that I have hid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection.’

But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be so no longer; my lot is cast with Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints or the resentment of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions recall the memory of other days ——

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Dennison; but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

‘Press me no farther,’ she said to Lord Evandale; ‘it cannot be: Heaven and earth, the living and the dead, have leagued themselves against this ill-omened union. Take all I can give, my sisterly regard, my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage.’

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

‘Emily,’ he said to his sister, ‘this is your doing; I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here; some of your confounded folly has driven her mad!’

‘On my word, brother,’ answered Lady Emily, ‘you’re sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister, who has been arguing in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet hearing, when all of a sudden a man looked in at a window, whom her crazed sensibility mistook either for you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an excellent tragic scene.’

‘What man? What window?’ said Lord Evandale, in impatient displeasure. ‘Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me; and yet what else could have ——’

‘Hush! hush!’ said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; ‘for Heaven’s sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover.’

OLD MORTALITY

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retreated, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith beckoned Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

'Forgive me, my lord!' she exclaimed — 'forgive me! I must deal most untruly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude. You have more: you have my word and my faith. But, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine — you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!'

'You dream, my dearest Edith!' said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree; 'you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind. The person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness.'

'You are mistaken, Lord Evandale,' said Edith, solemnly. 'I am not a sleep-walker or a madwoman. No; I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But, having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes.'

'Seen *him*? — seen whom?' asked Lord Evandale, in great anxiety.

'Henry Morton,' replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly fainting when she had done so.

'Miss Bellenden,' said Lord Evandale, 'you treat me like a fool or a child. If you repent your engagement to me,' he continued, indignantly, 'I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling.'

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing was less intended than imposture, and that by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unaffected awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavouring to soothe and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

'I saw him!' she repeated — 'I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was

apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the coinciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Bellenden's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the 'Vryheid' of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly show himself, since the present government favoured his party in politics. When Lord Evandale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on demonology in which, after quoting Delrio, and Burthoog, and De L'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry civilians and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else, that the said Henry Morton, being still *in rerum natura*, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong *déceptio visus*, or striking similitude of person, had deceived the eyes of Miss Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill:

'I will not leave this place,' he exclaimed, 'till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for, whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation.'

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden — who, in despite of her rheumatism, caused herself to

be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness—rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously awaited until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation ere his departure on his expedition.

'She shall never,' said the generous young man, 'look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding.'

CHAPTER XXXIX

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shades !

Ah, fields beloved in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

IT is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren ; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his distresses are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy Knowe. To know that his long-loved and still-beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services as hardly left her a title to refuse his addresses, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow.

During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped for many a day that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, ignorant of its miscarriage, could only conclude himself laid aside and forgotten, according to his own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride of Lord Evandale ; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent

with Morton's generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, proscribed by absence, never sanctioned by the consent of friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why, then, did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, near whose mansion he must necessarily pass, were absent; and learning that Cuddie and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden — alas! no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy Knowe conscious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled by faith and honour to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud — 'Edith, I yet live!' and as often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death, withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

'No, Edith!' was his internal oath, 'never will I add a thorn to thy pillow. That which Heaven has ordained, let it be; and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom's weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never — never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!'

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little closet and the sashed door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlour window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognising, or even being sensible that he had seen, him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first bye-road in preference to the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from learning that he was actually in existence; for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killiecrankie had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the government, on all the passes, for fear of some commotion among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had in some unaccountable manner been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the bye-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his sword-belt, were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the

noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all manly exercises, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain or holm, which seemed to promise an easy egress from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt, at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, succeeded better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the farther and left-hand bank of the Clyde.

'But whither,' said Morton, in the bitterness of his heart, 'am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God, could the wish be without a sin, that these dark waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was and that which is!'

The sense of impatience which the disturbed state of his feelings had occasioned scarcely had vented itself in these violent expressions ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how signally the life which he now held so lightly, in the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

'I am a fool!' he said, 'and worse than a fool, to set light by that existence which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner. Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen — what have I heard, but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They (he durst not utter their names even in soliloquy) — they are embarrassed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?'

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdrawing his

mind from his own disappointment and compelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory like a ray of light darting through a mist.

‘Their ruin must have been his work,’ was his internal conclusion. ‘If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright rectitude of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least; and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably never learn that I am now suppressing my own grief to add, if possible, to their happiness!’

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the highroad; and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two inclosures ere he found himself on the road to the small burgh where the feast of the popinjay had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind sad indeed and dejected, yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; for virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Burley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of guiding himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting that, from Cuddie’s account of a schism betwixt Burley and his brethren of the Presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less rancorously disposed against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted himself to possess over her fortunes more favourably than heretofore.

Noontide had passed away when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle’s habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Morton that mournful impression, soft and affecting, yet withal soothing, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early

youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

'Old Alison,' he thought, 'will not know me, more than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion; well, be it so. I have enough to sorrow for, to enable me to dispense with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame to a line of respectable, if not distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more.'

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be doubled under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Everything, indeed, was in repair; there were no slates deficient upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the courtyard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the doorway and the staples. Living sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was usual to reconnoitre visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a 'toy,' from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

'I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wilson who resides here,' said Henry.

'She's no at hame the day,' answered Mrs. Wilson *in propria persona*, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, inspired her with this direct mode of denying herself; 'and ye are but a mislear'd person to speer for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson of Milnwood.'

'I beg pardon,' said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Ailie the same jealousy of disrespect which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—'I beg pardon; I am but a

stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language.'

'Did ye come frae foreign parts?' said Ailie; 'then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country that they ca' Henry Morton?'

'I have heard,' said Morton, 'of such a name in Germany.'

'Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend — or stay, gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a laigh door; it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open 't — and tak care ye dinna fa' ower the tub, for the entry's dark — and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll haud straught forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen — it's a' the kitchen that's at Milnwood now — and I'll come down t' ye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye may very safely tell it to me.'

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back door to the little kitchen, but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of these straits to experience danger, either from the Scylla which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking-tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of recognition.

'The little dogs and all!' said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favourite. 'I am so changed that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!'

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an annunciation which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations for housekeeping which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was

preparing the dinner of the old woman and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated, by its thin and watery vapour, that Ailie had not mended her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance, the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good-natured, the coif, the apron, the blue checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laced pinnars, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson, life-rentrix of Milnwood, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

'What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs. Wilson, sir? I am Mrs. Wilson,' was her first address; for the five minutes' time which she had gained for the business of the toilette entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and shine forth on her guest in unchastened splendour.

Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent.

Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question. 'What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir? Ye said ye kenn'd Mr. Harry Morton?'

'Pardon me, madam,' answered Henry; 'it was of one Silas Morton I spoke.'

The old woman's countenance fell.

'It was his father then ye kent o', the brother o' the late Milnwood? Ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think; he was come hame afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Maister Harry.'

'It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton,' said Henry. 'Of the son I know little or nothing; rumour says he died abroad on his passage to Holland.'

'That's ower like to be true,' said the old woman with a sigh, 'and mony a tear it's cost my auld een. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough'd awa wi' it in his mouth. He had been gieing me preceeze directions anent the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed

round the company — for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, painstaking man — and then he said, said he, “Ailie” — he aye ca’d me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance — “Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood’s gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.” And sae he fell out o’ ae dwam into another, and ne’er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou’dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to dee wi’. He cou’d ne’er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.’

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, ‘Down, Elphin! Down, sir!’

‘Ye ken our dog’s name,’ said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise — ‘ye ken our dog’s name, and it’s no a common ane. And the creature kens you too,’ she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone. ‘God guide us! it’s my ain bairn!’ So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton’s neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy.

There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered — ‘I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country.’

‘Friends!’ exclaimed Ailie, ‘ye’ll hae mony friends — ye’ll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny — ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o’t! But, eh, sirs!’ she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face — ‘eh, sirs! ye’re sair altered, hinny: your face is turned pale, and your een are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turned a’ dark and sunburnt. O, weary on the wars! mony’s the comely face they destroy. And when cam ye here, hinny? And where hae ye been? And

what hae ye been doing? And what for did ye na write to us? And how cam ye to pass yoursell for dead? And what for did ye come creepin' to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gie poor auld Ailie sic a start?' she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XL

Aumerle that was,
But that is gone for being Richard's friend ;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

Richard II.

THE scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilson's own matted room, the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. 'It was,' she said, 'better secured against sifting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and it was more fitting for her use than the late Milnwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts'; and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded by pickle-pots and conserves of all kinds, which the *ci-devant* housekeeper continued to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself nor any one else ever partook of the comfits which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had early secured the skiff, and were just putting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. By his advice, he shunned going immediately to The Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

'Our Prince,' said the veteran, 'must as yet keep terms with his father-in-law and with your King Charles; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish malcontent would

take up the lairdship ye maun tak the auld name and designation again.'

'I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to conceal my being alive from every one but you; and as for the lairdship of Milnwood, it is in as good hands.'

'As gude hands, hinny!' re-echoed Ailie; 'I'm hopefu' ye are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower failed to tak a helpmate, though Wylie Mactrickit, the writer, was very pressing, and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me. He canna whilly-wha me as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure enough for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny. Ye'll hae learned that in Holland, I'se warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell. But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Milnwood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as often as three times a-week, it keeps the wind out o' the stamack.'

'We will talk of all this another time,' said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. 'You must know,' he continued, 'that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions.'

'E'en be it sae, my jo,' replied Ailie, 'I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and weel auld Milnwood kenn'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folk like to hae as private as possibly may be. But come awa wi' me, hinny, till I show ye the oak-parlour how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day; I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' diversion to me, though whiles the tear wan into my ee, and I said to mysell, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks, ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully.'

With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily

employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not 'dighting his shune,' which showed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed that the worked-worsted chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind; that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splendour; that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom; and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, 'the counterfeit presentment of two brothers,' which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle, in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

'It was an idle fancy,' Ailie said, 'to dress the honest auld man in thae expensive fal-lalls that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' his douce raploch grey, and his band wi' the narrow edging.'

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for anything approaching to the dress of a gentleman sate as ill on the ungainly person of his relative as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now extricated himself from Ailie to visit some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing; an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton might have cackled on to a good old age ere Ailie could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid out for futurity, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the dexterity with which she was to exercise her duty as governante. Morton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and castle-building during moments of

such pleasure, and deferred till some fitter occasion the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the Continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a grey doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and firearms, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times.

When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was first thankful 'that they fitted him sae decently, since, though he was nae fatter, yet he looked mair manly than when he was taen frae Milnwood.' Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called 'beet-masters to the new,' and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmigration to bid her good-bye.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

'And where are ye gaun? And what wad ye do that for? And whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae mony years frae hame?'

'I feel all the unkindness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily.'

'But whar are ye gaun, then?' said Ailie, once more. 'Saw e'er mortal een the like o' you, just to come ae moment and flee awa like an arrow out of a bow the neist?'

'I must go down,' replied Morton, 'to Niel Blane, the Piper's Howff. He can give me a bed, I suppose?'

'A bed! I'se warrant can he,' replied Ailie, 'and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I daresay ye hae lost your wits in thae foreign parts, to gang and gie siller for a supper and a bed, and might hae baith for naething, and thanks t' ye for accepting them.'

'I assure you, Ailie,' said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrances, 'that this is a business of great importance,

in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser.'

'I dinna see how that can be, if ye begin by gieing maybe the feck o' twal shillings Scots for your supper; but young folks are aye venturesome, and think to get siller that way. My puir auld master took a surer gate, and never parted wi' it when he had anes gotten 't.'

Persevering in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Ailie and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

'I am not very extravagant,' was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town; 'but were Ailie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out.'

CHAPTER XLI

Where's the jolly host
You told me of? 'T has been my custom ever
To parley with mine host.

Lover's Progress.

MORTON reached the borough-town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain incognito. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brows exhibited the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognise the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only chance was, that here and there some Whig whom he had led to battle might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed full and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Niel Blane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in purse as in corpulence; for in Scotland a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous barmaid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the exercise of her vocation. Both showed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated, then returned to the house, and, seating himself in the public room (for to request one to

himself would, in those days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit); he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory at the game of the popinjay, a jocular preferment which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their 'dribbles o' brandy'; two or three dragoons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their cornet did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the curate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of *aqua mirabilis* with the grey-cloaked Presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

'Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will,' Morton thought, as he looked around him, 'enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual difference and the same general resemblance.'

After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlord appeared with the pewter measure foaming fresh from the tap (for bottling wine was not then in fashion), he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down, along with his guest, in a secluded nook near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected functions, upon the news of the country—the births, deaths; and marriages, the change of property, the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme; and it was only in answer to a question of Morton that he replied with an air of indifference, 'Um! ay! we aye hae sodgers amang us, mair or less. There's a wheen German